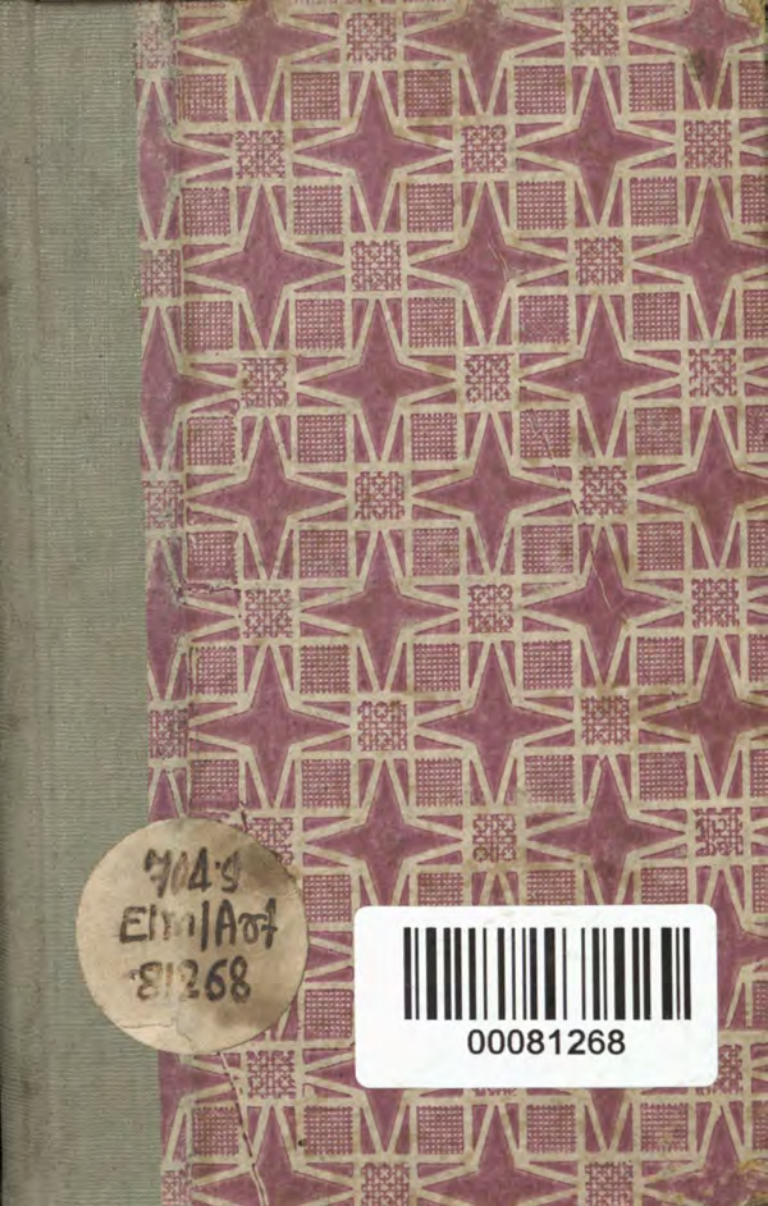
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MICHAEL ANGELO.

THE ARTS
and
ARTISTS,
OR
ANECDOTES & RELICS,
of the
Schools of
PAINTING, SCULPTURE & ARCHITECTURE.
BY
JAMES ELMES, M.R.I.A.

VOL. II.

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Residence of Michael Angelo

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THE

ARTS AND ARTISTS.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

LEONARDO DA VINCI became in succession the contemporary of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, of Titian, of Raffaelle, and of Correggio. The elegance of his person and manners, as well as his great and brilliant genius, rendered him always a welcome visitor at the most splendid courts of Europe. He lived with honour, and he died in the arms of his patron and friend, Francois Premier.

CORREGGIO'S CELEBRATED ALTAR-PIECE, IN THE CHURCH OF THE FRANCISCANS, AT CORREGGIO.

THE sum of one hundred ducats having been bequeathed to the Franciscan Convent of Minor

Friars at Correggio, for the erection of an altar-piece in their church, they selected Antonio Allegri for the work; and with the consent of his father, Pellegrino, he entered into an agreement, for the purpose, on the 30th of August, 1514. The price stipulated was one hundred ducats, of which fifty were paid in advance, exclusive of the wood, which was provided by the community, at the expense of twenty-two ducats more. Ten ducats were also assigned for leaf gold, besides the charge for erecting the scaffolding and other preparations. This sum, as his recent biographers justly argue, indicates no ordinary degree of reputation, and completely refutes the idle assertions of Vasari and his superficial copyist, that Correggio was ill paid for his works; since such a recompence, according to the comparative value of money, would be deemed a liberal reward, for so young an artist, even at the present day.

This altar-piece represented the Virgin, supporting the infant Saviour in her lap, with St. Joseph on one side, and on the other St. Francis, kneeling. The height was two braccia, and the breadth, one and two thirds, or nearly five feet by four. The painting remained in its place until August, 1638, when it was stolen, and an inferior performance substituted, as was supposed, by a Spanish painter, who, by the permission of the governor, Annibale Molza, was suffered to take a copy.

The loss of so valuable a picture was regarded as a public calamity, and almost occasioned a commotion; for after the convocation of a general council, above two hundred persons of all ranks assembled in the antechamber of the governor's palace, to complain of the robbery, and demand justice on the offenders. A deputation of nobles was also sent to the Duke of Modena and to the Bishop of Reggio, for permission to prosecute the friars, who had connived at the theft. Memorials were presented to the Pope, to the sacred college, and to the general and provincial of the order; but all these efforts were ineffectual, and no traces of the original have been since discovered.

SALVATOR ROSA'S DEATH OF REGULUS.

THE DEATH OF REGULUS, one of Salvator Rosa's grandest compositions, was painted for Carlo Rossi, who paid for it one hundred piasters. A hundred doubloons were immediately offered for a *replico*, but in vain. All that could be obtained from the uncomplying artist, whose genius was beyond all sordid controul, was a bold and spirited etching by the same master-hand that painted the subject. "Had I that subject now to paint," said Salvator, in a letter to Recciardi, "I would not take less than four hundred doubloons!"

On the death of Carlo Rossi, his heirs, the Sig-

nori Valtore and Tarpenti, sold and dispersed the greatest part of his pictures. The Regulus was purchased at an enormous price by the Colonna family. The mal-administration of the revenues of this once illustrious house, about the beginning of the last century, and more lately the greedy division of moveable property by litigious and contending heirs (and not, as has been falsely supposed, the contributions levied by the French,) had caused the dispersion of the treasures of the superb gallery of Colonna. Of the twenty-six admired Salvators, mentioned in the Colonna Catalogue of 1783, two only now remain in the gallery, and these are his two Johns preaching in the Wilderness. The vacant space, however, where the Regulus once hung, is still pointed out by the old Cicerone as a consecrated spot. The Regulus, together with Salvator's well known "Pythagoras teaching his doctrines to the fishermen," is now in the possession of the Earl of Darnley, at *Cobham Hall.* It was purchased by his lordship at a large price from an Italian, who brought part of the *debris* of the Colonna and other Roman galleries to England. There is also an *on dit*, that his lordship pays five hundred pounds a-year for this picture. Of the etching, Salvator himself observes, in one of his letters to Ricciardi, "Per soddisfarvi circa a quel *pinxit* delle mil carte, vel'ho messo per mia cortesia, e per far credere ch'io intanto l'ho intagliate

in quanto l'avevo defenite; ma la verità e' che dall' Attileo in poi, tra le grandi, e dal Democrito e Diogene della Scodella fra le mezzane, ness un' altra è stato da me colorita."

SIR THOMAS BARING'S DRAWINGS BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

A SERIES of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, for the celebrated work of the Last Supper, which were formerly in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, are now in the possession of Sir Thomas Baring Bart., and from the great injuries which that sublime composition has sustained, these may now be considered as among the precious reliques of this master. The drawing which represents the head of the Saviour is magnificent, and is probably superior to the same head in the picture itself, which is well known was left unfinished. Whether this circumstance arose from the troubles which then existed in Italy, and in which the Sforza family were so immediately engaged, or from a feeling on the part of the artist, that he had not been able to surpass that sublimity of character to which he had attained in his first design, and therefore left the same to a more happy moment, may now be matter of speculative conjecture.

BAPTISM OF PAINTERS.

"AT this time" of Salvator Rosa (says Passeri,) "the Ultramontanes, according to their different

nations, associated together, the French with the French, the Dutch with the Dutch, the Flemish with the Flemish: and when money was rife, and one of their countrymen arrived at Rome, he was obliged to invite the whole band of his compatriots to a sumptuous feast, given at one of the most celebrated taverns. To these feasts every one contributed his share, though the novice was the principal paymaster. The recreation lasted twenty-four hours, at the least, without leaving the table; for the wine was brought to them in hogsheads. This brawl they were wont to call the baptism. Their indiscretion in giving this holy appellation to their festivity arose from the circumstance of a new name being affixed on the novice, generally derived from some peculiarity in his face, figure, or demeanour, as for instance, Peter Wander, who was ill-proportioned, was christened *Bamboccio*, and so on with others."

SALVATOR ROSA AND CARDINAL SFORZA.

SALVATOR ROSA is said never to have suffered the rank or office of his auditors to interfere with the freedom of his expression in his poetical recitations. Cardinal Sforza Pallavicini, one of the most splendid patrons and rigid critics of his day, was curious to hear the improvisatore of the *Via Babbuina*, and sent an invitation requesting Salvator's company at his place. Salvator frankly

declared that two conditions were annexed to his accepting the honour of the Eminentissimo's acquaintance; first, that the cardinal should come to *his* house, as he never recited in any other; and next, that he should not object to any passage, whose omission would detract from the original character of his works, or compromise his own sincerity. The cardinal accepted the conditions. The next day all the literary coxcombs of Rome crowded to the levee of the hypercritical Porporato, to learn his opinion of the poet, whose style was without precedent. The cardinal declared, with a justice which posterity has sanctioned, that "Salvator's poetry was full of splendid passages, but that, as a whole, it was unequal."

THE MARQUESS OF STAFFORD'S CORREGGIO.

MANY pictures and sketches have been commemorated, as executed by Correggio in the early period of his career. He is said to have painted landscape and other pieces, which were sometimes given to his friends, and sometimes sold publicly at his native place. Among these we may perhaps rank the curious and interesting sketch, now in the collection of the Marquess of Stafford, and formerly preserved in the gallery of the Duke of Orleans. It is slightly coloured, and represents a muleteer conducting a loaded mule and a foal, and engaged in conversation with a peasant. It is

supposed to have been once used as a sign to an inn, though on what authority is unknown.

CORREGGIO'S FRESCOES, IN THE MONASTERY OF ST. PAULO AT PIACENZA.

CORREGGIO is said to have been patronized and recommended by the Cavaliere Scipione to Giovanna Piacenza, Abbess of the monastery of St. Paulo, a lady of great taste and munificence, who was desirous of enriching her establishment with choice specimens of art, and who had already employed the ablest artists of the city, in embellishing the church of the monastery, particularly Araldi in decorating the choir. By this noble lady he was engaged to paint the sides and vault of an apartment, which she had herself erected, with subjects of classical antiquity in fresco. Part of the work has been obliterated, but various figures and ornamental decorations are still left, in high preservation. Among these are an elegant frieze, ornamented with drapery, vases, and the heads of goats; boys or cupids, sporting with animals, and emblems of the chase; a figure of Juno suspended in the clouds by a chain, with the anvils at her feet, as described by Homer; the graces, and the three sister fates; a vestal with a dove, the emblem of virginity; a satyr; a priestess sacrificing; Fortune standing on the globe; and over the chimney, Diana riding in a triumphal car, drawn by

hounds, and evidently intended as the principal figure.

Not only from records of some antiquity, but from internal evidence, these paintings are proved to owe their existence to the pencil of Correggio; and they have been considered particularly valuable in the history of art, as furnishing a proof of the time at which he adopted his last and best style; for the foreshortening is singularly bold, the chiaro-scuro presents all the magic of his pencil, and the beauty and grace of the figures are inimitable. The date of the work is fixed, with every appearance of truth, about the year 1519, and it was therefore the earliest of his productions at Parma. This painting owes its celebrity to the diligence of father Affo, who examined it minutely, and spared no research into its history. It was commemorated by Lanzi; and Pungileoni has not only minutely described it, but given a sketch of the various opinions as to its merits and history.

LORENZO LIPPI'S PEDESTRIANISM.

Lippi might have rivalled any modern English pedestrian. One morning at dinner, he suddenly took it into his head to go to Prato, a town ten miles distant from Florence; so, starting from table, he arrived at Prato, saluted some of his friends, and returned home to finish his meal. Baldinucci says, that he died the victim of his "in-

defatigable walking:" having made one of his usual tours in very hot weather, he was attacked with pleurisy, and perished in his fifty-eighth year, about 1652.

MENGS'S AND CORREGGIO.

MENGS considered the St. Sebastian of Correggio as one of his best productions before he was employed at Parma. In this instance, however, he does not seem to have manifested his usual discernment; for the whole character of the piece, and in particular the management of the chiaroscuro, seem to assign it to a more advanced period, when the painter had attained his last and best style. This opinion is corroborated by historical evidence; for, according to the Chronicle of Lancillotto, as quoted by Pungileoni, the church of the community of St. Sabastian was not rendered fit for divine service till 1524; and it is not likely that the picture would have been ordered and painted, seven years before the church, for which it was designed, was ready for its reception. Here we find it soon after the death of Correggio; for it was one of the pictures copied by Girolamo Carpi, before the middle of the sixteenth century.

CAPABILITY BROWN.

THIS eminent landscape gardener, who was so justly famed for his knowledge of design, having often remarked in his neighbourhood a ruinous

cottage, where the lines came in just as painter could wish, and admitted a fine breadth of light and shadow, he resolved to make a drawing of it; while he was at work, an old woman came out and dropping a very low curtsey, said "I am very glad your honour is come to look at it yourself; I have told the steward over and over again that the house would fall down about my ears, but he did not mind me. I hope your honour will order it to be done soon."

CHARACTERS OF THE LEADING SCHOOLS OF ITALY, FLANDERS, HOLLAND, AND GERMANY.

The Italian Schools.

THE works of the Italian painters are generally distinguished, and classed, under a particular denomination, according to the style and manner adopted by the artist in composition and colouring; each school having a character in some measure peculiar to itself. Some of the celebrated masters have, however, blended the several excellencies, and to such it is difficult to assign a place which may not be disputed.

The schools of Florence, Rome, Venice, and Lombardy, are the most eminent: they are characterized from the manners adopted, and in a great measure established, by the masters who founded hem.

The FLORENTINE SCHOOL, which is the mother of all the rest, is distinguished by a certain severity and gigantic grandeur, which gives elevation and majesty to the compositions of its artists superior to all others. The ROMAN SCHOOL, formed by the study of the antique, exhibits scientific design, a supreme beauty of form, and justness of expression; but in colour it is inferior to the rest. The VENETIAN SCHOOL is distinguished for its knowledge of colours; and the SCHOOL of LOMBARDY for grace, tasteful design, delicacy of pencilling, and harmonious arrangment in the chiaro scuro. Each of these schools has produced masters who are exceptions to its general character, but the above distinctions serve for the purpose of classification.

The Flemish, Dutch, and German Schools.

These three schools, justly admired for the richness of their colouring, and their exquisite harmony, are no less distinguished for the admirable precision with which they have imitated the several objects of nature. In the last, some of them have reached the utmost perfection.

The FLEMISH SCHOOL, of which Rubens is the principal master, to brilliancy of colour and the magic of chiaro scuro added a great knowledge of design, grandeur of composition, and in portraits a striking air of nature, with a noble expression.

Yet, on the whole, it only produced a sort of natural beauty, partaking neither of the Antique, nor of the Italian mode of representing it.

The DUTCH SCHOOL, speaking of it in general, did not possess the advantages of the Flemish; far from aiming at the beauties of form and expression, the Dutch artists delighted in the delineation of the lowest, and often the most disgusting objects. The truth of their representations, and the harmony of their colouring and chiaroscuro, have been thought by many a full compensation for their defects in taste; and there certainly is a charm about their pictures that attracts the most refined amateurs, even while they cannot but condemn the subject of their admiration.

Of the GERMAN SCHOOL little can be said, seeing that it offers no connected series of artists to make up the idea of a school. The earlier masters were dry and hard in their manners, though some of them arose superior to their Italian contemporaries in the splendour of their colouring. The latter masters have followed the schools of Italy and Holland, and consequently belong rather to them than to that of their native country.

ISABELLA OF VALOIS, AND BECERRA THE SCULPTOR.

BECERRA, the Spanish sculptor, was commissioned by Isabella, of Valois, to carve a wooden

image of the Lady of the Solidad, for the convent of San Francisco de Paulo. He applied himself with diligence to the work; and after the labour of a year, completed an image to his entire satisfaction. He presented it to the Queen with assurance of success, but unfortunately, his image did not reach the ideas of the Queen, the expression did not please her, and she commanded him not only to make a better, but do it in less time. Becerra executed his order a second time, and produced an image which gained universal admiration; even the fathers of the convent acknowledged it to be an exact representation of nature. It was submitted to the Queen, who condemned it as falling short of her conceptions of our Lady of the Solidad. The unhappy artist was threatened to be superseded in the commission by some abler master; but anxious to maintain his pre-eminence, and fulfil her Majesty's wishes, he again applied with ardour to the task. He racked his imagination without ceasing; to form some visage, and to devise some form, which Isabella might confess bore a resemblance to the image in her mind. Wearied with tormenting investigation, the exhausted artist one day fell into a profound sleep, and saw, or thought he saw, a female figure present herself at the foot of his bed. He looked, in hopes perhaps to have obtained a model for his image; but the lady, unluckily, concealed her face; at length addressing him in the most

courteous style, she desired him to open his eyes, get out of bed, and take the log which he would find burning on his hearth, and set to work upon it, and he would find an image to his mind. Becerra awoke overjoyed, and lost no time in following the advice which had been given him. He found the log and quenched it; it was a convenient piece of timber, and from it he completed a figure to the entire satisfaction of Isabella. The monks received the miraculous image with joy; it was erected on the high altar of the convent in Valladolid, with all proper ceremonials fitting the solemnity; it was habited in the weeds of Queen Joanna, widow of Philip the Handsome, and remains, not indeed a monument of Becerra's art, (for no part of that is to be seen,) but of his patience; and proves that, however eminent might be his talents for sculpture, if it had not been for his faculty of dreaming, he would have made a shameful wreck of his fame.

ANCIENT MAP OF ROME.

THE Ichnography of Rome, in the fine collection of antiquities in the palazzo Farnese* was found in the temple of Romulus and Remus, which is now dedicated to St. Cosmo and Damiano, who are also two brothers; though incomplete, it is one of the most useful remains of antiquity. The names of

* It now belongs to the noble collection in the capitol.

the particular buildings and places are marked upon it, as well as the outlines of the buildings themselves; and it is so large, that the Horrea Lolliana (for instance,) are a foot and a half long; which may serve as a scale to measure any other buildings or places in it. It is published in Grævius's Thesaurus.

THE PORTLAND VASE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THIS splendid monument of the fine arts at a very remote period, the celebrated Barberini, or Portland Vase, was for more than two centuries the principal ornament of the Barberini Palace. It was purchased for Sir William Hamilton, about thirty years ago, by the Duchess of Portland, for a thousand guineas; since which period, it has been generally known by the name of the Portland Vase. It was found about the middle of the sixteenth century, two miles and a half from Rome, in the road leading to Frascot. At the time of its discovery, it was inclosed in a marble sarcophagus, within a sepulchre chamber, under the mount called Monte del Grano. This superb specimen of Greek art, was patriotically deposited in the British Museum, in 1810, by his Grace the Duke of Portland, upon condition, that it should always be open to the inspection of artists and of the public in general.

The material of which the Vase is formed, is glass; the figures, which are executed in relief, are of a beautiful opaque white; and the ground, which is in perfect harmony with the figures, is of a dark transparent blue. The height of the Vase is ten inches, and the diameter six;-in its make it is not quite perpendicular; a misfortune which doubtless befel it in cooling from the hands of the glass-blower, the materials being too precious to allow of its being laid aside for that reason; or perhaps the art had not arrived at such a degree of perfection as to allow of extreme nicety. The figures are of most exquisite workmanship, in bas-relief. Mr. Wedgwood was of opinion, from many circumstances, that the figures had been made by cutting away the external crust of white opaque glass, in which manner the finest cameos have been produced; and that it must have been the labour of a great many years.

There have been many opinions and conjectures concerning the figures on this celebrated Vase as well as to the period when it was made. Some antiquaries have placed its production many centuries before the Christian era, as sculpture was on the decline in the time of Alexander the Great.

Mr. Wedgwood, who made several beautiful copies of this wonderful production of art, has well observed, that it does not seem probable that the Portland Vase was purposely made for the ashes

of any particular deceased; because many years must have been necessary to execute it. "Hence," says Dr. Darwin, "it may be concluded, that the subject of its embellishments is not private history, but of a general nature. This subject (continues the learned doctor) appears to me to be well chosen, and the story to be finely told; and that it represents what, in ancient times, engaged the attention of philosophers, poets and heroes; I mean a part of the Eleusinian mysteries."

These mysteries were invented in Egypt, were afterwards transferred to Greece, and flourished more particularly at Athens, which was at the same time the seat of the Fine Arts. They consisted of scenic exhibitions, representing and inculcating the expectation of a future life after death, and on this account, were encouraged by the government insomuch, that the Athenian laws punished a discovery of their secrets with death; now as these were emblematic exhibitions, they must have been as well adapted to the purpose of sculpture as of poetry; and what subject could have been imagined so sublime for the ornaments of a funereal urn, as the mortality of all things, and their resuscitation? "Where could the designer be supplied with emblems for this purpose, before the Christian era, but from the Eleusinian mysteries?"

The use of the Vase was certainly sepulchral, and the sculptures may be believed to be symbo-

lical of Death on one side of the Vase, and Immortality on the other. The sculpture on the bottom of the Vase is emblematic of Silence; and is thus alluded to by Dr. Darwin, in his "Economy of Vegetation."

"*Beneath*, in sacred robes the Priestess dress'd,
The coif close hooded, and the fluttering vest,
With pointed finger guides the initiate youth,
Unweaves the many-coloured veil of Truth,
Drives the profane from Mystery's bolted door,
And Silence guards the Eleusinian lore."

DOMENICHINO'S CARICATURES.

AT the period when Domenichino was in Naples, he was visited by his biographer Passeri, then an obscure youth, engaged to assist in the repairs of the pictures in the Cardinal's chapel. "When we arrived at Frescati," says Passeri in his simple style, "Domenichino received me with much courtesy, and hearing that I took a singular delight in the belles lettres, it increased his kindness to me. I remember that I gazed on this man as though he were an angel. I remained there to the end of September, occupied in restoring the chapel of Saint Sebastian, which had been ruined by the damp. Sometimes Domenichino would join us, singing delightfully to recreate himself as well as he could. When night set in, we returned to our apartment; while he most frequently remained in his own, occupied in drawing, and permitting none

to see him. Sometimes, however, to pass the time he drew caricatures of us all, and of the inhabitants of the villa; and when he succeeded to his perfect satisfaction, he was wont to indulge in immoderate fits of laughter; and we, who were in the adjoining room, would run in to know his reason, and then he showed us his spirited sketches (*'spiritose galanterie.'*) He drew a caricature of me with a guitar, one of Cannini (the painter), and one of the Guarda Roba, who was lame with the gout; and of the Sub-guarda Roba, a most ridiculous figure. To prevent our being offended, he caricatured himself. These portraits are now preserved by Signor Giovanni Pietro Bellori in his study."

FINAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF SALVATOR ROSA BY HIS BROTHER ARTISTS AT ROME.

THE echo of the applauses which rose under the cupola of the Pantheon reached the painter in his remote work-room in Naples; and the entreaties of his friends Mercuri and Simonelli for his return were so warm, their accounts of his success so brilliant, that (says Passeri,) Raso "*preseanimo di così grata e gradita relazione,*" took courage from such pleasing news, and, once more bidding adieu to Naples, arrived at Rome ere the sensation awakened by his Promètheus had subsided. Neither the merit, however, of the picture, the genius of the artist, nor the exertions of the few and uninflu-

ential friends his talents had raised up for him, could procure his entrance into the *accademia* of St. Luke —then an indispensable distinction even for the first artists, but which even the dullest mediocrity, when backed by influence, never failed to obtain.

Salvator was struck to the soul by the injustice of his rejection; but like the statues of Brutus and Cassius in the funeral procession of Junia, he was, perhaps, only the more conspicuous for this exclusion. His bettered fortunes, however, though but comparatively good, now enabled him to indulge in the master passion of his existence,—independence. He declined the eleemosynary home, which he still could command in the uninhabited vastness of the Branciaccia palace, and for the first time became the master of a shed which he could call his own. He hired a house in the Via Babbuina, close to the fountain from which it takes its name; and near to the Strada Margutta. His first household acquisition was singular for an Italian, and one so young,—he collected books, and with very small means acquired a tolerable library. "With his books," says Pascoli, "and his pencil, he now passed his time; while his poetry and the spell of his fascinating conversation drew around him some of the young literati and artists, whose taste for music and poetry, and whose habits of life, assimilated with his own.

AUTHENTIC ANTIQUITIES OF EGYPT.

M. RIGAUD, one of the French savans of the Egyptian Institute, in his report says, "that the principal monuments erected on the left bank of the Nile, and the only ones which can be reasonably supposed to have been depended on at Thebes, are the Memnonium, or palace of Memnon, Medinet-Abou, another palace, and the two colossal statues so celebrated for their prodigious height. The Memnonium looks to the east; in one of its courts are seen the remains of the celebrated statue of red granite, which may be considered as that of Memnon. Its entire height was sixty-four feet, and its remains are scattered forty feet around it. The excavations are still visible where the wedges were placed which divided the monument when it was thrown down by Cambyses. At the entrance of the gate which leads from the second court to the palace, are the remains of a colossal statue of granite of lesser proportions; the head is in perfect preservation, and of rose-coloured granite, while the rest is black. It is the most valuable monument of ancient Egyptian sculpture: the execution is admirable: the Memnonium is in an unfinished state, like most of the Egyptian works, where by the side of objects roughly hewn, are often to be seen a specimen of the most exquisite workmanship."

OF ANTIQUE SCULPTURES IN ROME.

In 1824, there were ten thousand six hundred pieces of antient sculpture in Rome; (relievos, statues and busts;) and six thousand three hundred antient columns of marble. What multitudes of the latter sort have been sawed up for tables, or wainscotting chapels, or mixed up with walls and otherwise destroyed! And what multitudes may there yet lie undiscovered under ground! When we reflect on this, it may give us some faint idea of the vast magnificence of Rome in all its pristine, splendour!

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE OF ARCHITECTURE; A NEW ORDER.

That ignis-fatuus of philosophy, the search after the philosopher's stone, occupied the attention and bewildered the minds of the learned for ages; and some followers of architecture have also wandered out of their paths in the endeavour to discover or invent a new order, the philosopher's stone of architecture. The architects of Italy in the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries made many attempts of this kind, and in the reign of Louis XIV. the fancy extended to France. Would it had stopped there, but unfortunately the mania attacked this country too, and various futile attempts were made in this way. In France, a sixth order, absolutely new in all its parts, mouldings, and ornaments, was re-

ported to have been invented by Peter de la Roche. In the reign of Edward the Third, his son, the Black Prince, in consequence of his victory over the French at Cressy, adopted the crest of ostrich feathers worn by the King of Bohemia, who was killed in that battle, which has been retained by all our Princes of Wales to the present day. With this beautiful badge, says Mons. de la Roche, I adorn the capital of my new order,* and from the beauteous and graceful delicacy of the nodding plumes, from their enlarged size, and bold projections, they must, when thus applied, rank far above the Corinthian. We are farther told that this order was absolutely new in all its parts, and that it must eventually supersede the Corinthian, as it only required the sanction of antiquity to make it generally adopted; and, says Mons. Pierre de la Roche, when my order shall be hereafter found among the ruins of palaces and of cities, the effects

* Of something of this kind was Kent's odd composition of a new order, which, among other absurdities, was a single column at the bottom, and two at the top, like a forked elm. This inventor published a folio upon his new order, dedicated to King George III. in whose service he was formerly at Windsor. Batty Langly too, that prince of architectural absurdities, was also an inventor of orders. He published the five orders of Gothic architecture, the Tuscan Gothic, the Doric Gothic, the Ionic Gothic, the Corinthian Gothic, and the Composite Gothic.

of contemporary jealousy having subsided, then will posterity give the honour due to my invention. How far the inventor's anticipated idea of the opinion of posterity upon his design may be justified, we know not, for as yet this new order has never been executed in any single instance. In fact, inventions of this kind have always proved futile, for while the Corinthian order has afforded to the world admiration and delight for upwards of two thousand years, so far from a new order being invented after this lapse of time, not even a new member, or a new moulding, has been added to what was before known and used by the ancients; indeed it is as useless to attempt to improve upon the orders, as to gild on fine gold, to add perfume to the violet, to paint the lily, or to add another colour to the rainbow.

MODERN SCULPTURE IN ROME.

THE four most celebrated works of the modern sculptors in Rome, says Ficorini on the authority of Spence, are, MICHAEL ANGELO'S Moses; ALGARDI'S Story of Attila; FIAMINGO'S Susanna; and BERNINI'S Bibbianna.

TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

THIS celebrated monument is composed of twenty-four stones only, cut within, for the staircase. It is one hundred and twenty-eight Roman feet high, just the height of what was taken from the hill, to

make room for Trajan's forum, which was one of the most magnificent beauties in Rome. This column stood in the midst of it, and on that was his statue, and it is said, his ashes in an urn.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

As a distinct branch of the art, portrait painting only began with the commencement of the seventeenth century, when the name of "*ritrattisti*" was given to the Italian limners of that day. "Till we have other pictures than portraits," says H. Walpole, "and painting has ampler fields to range in than private apartments, it is in vain to expect that the arts will recover their genuine lustre." Kneller, the last eminent name given to the arts before that barbarous interval which occurred in England between his day and that of Sir J. Reynolds had turned the *profession* into a *trade*. Such men where they offered one picture to fame, sacrificed twenty to lucre, and lessened their own reputation, by making it subservient to their fortunes.

FUSELI'S CHARACTER OF ALBERT DURER.

FUSELI, in his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, admirably says of Albert Durer, that "He seems to have had a general capacity, not only for every branch of his art but for every science that stood in some relation with it. He was perhaps the best engraver of his time. He wrote treatises on proportion, perspective, geometry, civil

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ALBERT DURER.

and military architecture.—He was a man of extreme ingenuity, without being a genius. He studied, and as far as his penetration reached, established certain proportions of the human frame, but he did not invent or compose a permanent standard of style. Every work of his is a proof that he wanted the power of imitation; of concluding from what he saw, to what he did not see; that he copied rather than imitated the forms of individuals, and tacked deformity and meagreness to fulness and sometimes to beauty. Such is his design. In composition, copious without taste, anxiously precise in parts, and unmindful of the whole, he has rather shewn us what to avoid than what to follow: in conception he sometimes had a glimpse of the sublime, but it was only a glimpse. Such is the expressive attitude of his Christ in the Garden, and the figure of Melancholy as the Mother of Invention. His Knight attended by Death and the Fiend, is more capricious than terrible, and his Adam and Eve are two common models, hemmed in by rocks. If he approached genius in any part of the art it was in colour. His colour went beyond his age, and in easel-pictures as far excelled the oil-colour of Raphael for juice, breadth, and handling, as Raphael excels him in every other quality. His drapery is broad, though much too angular, and rather snapt than folded. Albert is called the father of the German school, and if nu-

merous copyists of his faults can confer that honour, he was. That the exportation of his works to Italy should have effected a temporary change in the principles of some Tuscan artists, in Andrea del Sarto and Jacopo da Pontormo, who had studied Michael Angelo, is a fact, which proves that minds at certain periods may be as subject to epidemic influence as bodies."

ANTIQUE MUSAICS.

THE fine old Musaic picture, of four pigeons drinking out of a basin of giallo antico, is much the finest Musaic now existing of the ancients; and is almost as good as what they do at present at Rome. It is an absolute painting, and the basin is so admirably rounded and hollowed at bottom, that the spectator appears to see under the side of it.

ARCHITECTURE AND LITERATURE COMPARED.

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS very justly observes, that it must not be imagined that buildings, considered merely as heaping stone upon stone, can be of advantage, or reflect honour either on countries or particular persons. Materials in architecture, are like words in phraseology, which, singly, have little or no power, and may be so arranged, as to excite contempt; yet, when combined with art, and expressed with energy, they actuate the mind with

unbounded sway. A good poet can move even with homely language; and the artful disposition of an able architect, will give lustre to the vilest materials, as the feeble efforts of an ignorant pretender must render the most costly enrichments despicable. The progress of other arts depends on that of architecture. When building is encouraged, painting, sculpture, gardening, and all the other decorative arts, flourish of course, and these have an influence on manufactures, even on the minutest mechanic productions; for design is of universal advantage, and stamps a value on the most trifling performances; the consequences of which, to a trading people, are too obvious to require illustration.

ANNIBAL CARACCI'S FRESCOES IN THE PALAZZO FARNESE.

AMONG the beautiful paintings at Rome, none are more deservedly admired than those in the Farnesian Gallery. They were executed in Fresco by Annibal Caracci, and represent the amours of the gods and goddesses, with the history of Andromeda.

All the paintings are so surprisingly beautiful, that the best judges are of opinion, that no gallery in the universe can be compared to this. But merit is not always properly rewarded. Caracci

experienced this; for when the gallery, which cost the labour of eight years, was finished, Pope Paul III. asked his favourite Gioseppino, otherwise Joseph d'Arpino, what it was worth? D'Arpino, who was himself a painter, and extremely jealous of Caracci's high reputation, told the Pope that two thousand crowns would do very well; though he knew, in conscience, that an hundred thousand would hardly be a sufficient equivalent. The silly Pontiff listened to his adviser; and Caracci hearing of this unjust transaction, was so enraged, that he vowed he would be revenged both of the Pope and adviser. He set out immediately for Naples, and having no money was obliged to travel on foot.

The first stage he stopped at was a wretched village, called Piperno, where the fatigues of his journey, and the vexations of his mind, threw him into a long and dangerous fit of sickness. To complete the poor artist's misfortunes, his landlord grew very insolent, taking every opportunity of teazing him for money. Caracci was long at a loss how to pacify his rude host; but at last thought of the following expedient, which, he apprehended, would at once satisfy the innkeeper, and his own resentment against the Pope. He had recourse to his pencil and colours, drew on a piece of a broken chest an ass of a monstrous size, magnificently accoutred, and decorated with the ignorant Pontiff's

arms. The driver of this beast was proportionally large and tall, representing to the life the envious Gioseppino.

This picture being finished, Caracci advised his landlord to set it up instead of the old sign-post of his inn. This being done, the novelty of the painting drew the eyes of travellers, and occasioned a considerable sum of money to be spent in the house. Many of them being well acquainted with Gioseppino, soon guessed the true reason of his portrait being placed there, and unravelled the whole design of the emblem. This occasioned much mirth and laughter in Rome, at the expense of the Pope and his worthless favourite.

MARC WILLEMS, AND ONE OF HIS SITTERS.

Every one has heard of Hogarth threatening to convert into a monkey the portrait of a person who refused him his price. The following stratagem of Marc Willems may serve as a companion to it:—

He had a scholar and brother-in-law named Jacques de Foindre, whose pursuits were history and portrait, but chiefly the latter. A curious and amusing tale is related by Deschamps, of this last, who, like many other professional men, had found those who sat to him sometimes less solicitous about the recompense of his labours than he could have wished: having observed that an English officer, named Peter Andrew, whose likeness he had

painted, was in this way remiss in the performance of his promises, he conceived the idea of painting a grating of iron bars in distemper upon the surface of the portrait, so that the poor man appeared as if literally placed in limbo. Having done this, he exposed it in a conspicuous part of a window looking towards the street; when, from the fidelity of the resemblance to its original, it was immediately recognised by all his acquaintance, and he was constantly rallied upon the subject. He appears to have been greatly annoyed at the circumstance, and the painter's scheme succeeded to perfection, Mr. Peter Andrew making what haste he could to pay down his money, and redeem his effigy from disgrace: when this was done, one stroke with a wet sponge restored the appearance of the picture, and gave the prisoner his liberty.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST AND VANDYKE.

VANDYKE on his arrival in England set up a splendid household establishment, and revelled in luxury. He worked with such rapidity as to finish a portrait generally within the day: the person who sat to him in the morning was generally kept to dinner, the picture was completed in the course of the evening, and he rarely had any occasion to retouch it. But Vandyke's habits of expense increased still beyond the means which were thus afforded him: he was naturally of an extravagant

turn, and was far from growing wealthy. One day it happened that the king was uttering complaints to the duke of Norfolk of the low state of his finances: Vandyke was then employed in making his majesty's portrait; and the king turning round to him, said, "Well, chevalier, do you know what it is to be in want of five or six thousand guineas?" "Yes," he replied, "may it please your majesty; an artist who has always open table for his friends, and open purse for his mistresses, cannot help sometimes feeling the emptiness of his treasury." In this short answer he gave a true representation of his usual mode of living; his wants, indeed, were such, that finding the gains from his profession, enormous as they were, still very inadequate to his purposes, he was weak enough to turn alchymist, in the hope of enriching himself by finding out the true *elixir of wealth.*

THE SOLDIER TURNED PAINTER.

GIACOMO CORTESE (called "il Borgognone," from Burgundy, his birth-place,) was a soldier of fortune, who became enamoured of painting during his Italian campaigns. The battle of Constantine in the Vatican is related to have first fixed his vocation. He exchanged his sword for the pencil, and studied in most of the principal cities of Italy; but an unfortunate love affair finally drove him into the sanctuary of the church, and he took the habit

of the Jesuits at Rome, where he continued till the year 1676 to pray and paint, and "to fight all his battles o'er again" with such life and energy that (says one of his biographers of his pictures) "sembra di vedere il Coraggio che combatte per l'onore e par la vita; e di udirne il suono delle trombette, l'amtrire de' cavalli, e le strida di che cade"—one seems to see courage fighting for honour and for life, and to hear the sound of the trumpets, the neighing of the horses, and the screams of the wounded.

GERARD DOUW'S METHOD OF PAINTING.

GERARD DOUW was the son of a glass painter, which profession he also followed for some time. During the three years he was under Rembrandt he made extraordinary progress; but seemed more taken with his master's earlier and more finished manner, than with his latter rapid mode of execution. He evidently had a mind naturally turned to precision and exactness; and would have equally shewn this quality in any other profession which he might have happened to have fallen into. It is a fact well known, that, in a portrait which he made of a certain Madame Spierings, he consumed no less than five days' labour on one of the hands alone. Methodical and regular in all his movements, he ground his colours, and made his brushes, all with his own hand, and kept them always locked up in

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CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

his box, made for that purpose, that they might be free from soil. Scarcely ever was a breath of air allowed to ventilate his painting room, for fear of its raising the dust; he entered it as softly as he could tread, and, after taking his seat, waited some moments till the air was settled, before he opened his box, and set to his work. Into this *sanctum*, as may be imagined, few persons ever were admitted; Sandrart and Peter de Laer were, however, of this number, and seem to have been astonished at the extreme attention he paid to detail, which, though conversant with his works, was more, even than they were prepared to expect. He had then been three days employed in painting a single broom. Gerard Douw was in the habit of using a very ingenious artifice to assist his eye in representing the minutiæ of objects: this consisted of a concave mirror, in which his model was reflected; and on its front was placed a screen, divided by threads into several square compartments; then, by tracing corresponding marks on his canvass, he transferred the objects to it, according to the usual rules adopted for reduction.

His assiduity and skill were paid by the extreme high prices at which his pictures sold, and he well deserved it; for with all his minuteness, he makes no sacrifice of other excellencies in order to attain it. One of his chief patrons, M. Spierings, (the

Swedish minister at the Hague,) made him an annual present of a thousand florins, merely to be allowed the first choice of all his pictures painted within the year, paying for them afterwards their regular fixed price. The scale upon which he regulated the value of these does not appear exorbitant; being, it is said, an allowance only of twenty sous for each hour's labour. Another of his pictures, the subject of which was, a woman, with a child on her knees, playing with a little girl, was purchased by the Dutch East India Company, and thought worthy to be made a present by them to Charles the second, as a congratulatory offering upon his return to take possession of the throne of England.

MONUMENT TO KING JAMES I.

It appears that Charles I. had had some idea of erecting a monument for his father. In the lodgings of the warden of New College, Oxford, was a design for a mausoleum with arms, altar-tomb, columns and inscriptions in honour of that prince, dated 1630. It is certain King Charles had no less inclination for architecture than for the other arts. The intended palace at Whitehall would have been the most truly magnificent and beautiful fabric of any of the kind in Europe. His majesty did not send to Italy and Flanders for architects, as he

did for Albano and Vandyke; he had Inigo Jones, and under the direction of that genius the King erected the palace at Greenwich.

ARCHÆOLOGY ILLUSTRATIVE OF ARCHITECTURE.

When Mr. Holdsworth, the celebrated archæologist, a friend of Pope and Spence, was at Rome, they found a vast piece of marble near the *Forum Antonini*, which had been part of the architrave of that building. It was the only piece of antiquity, says Mr. Holdsworth, that he ever met with, that might serve to illustrate a passage in Vitruvius; where he is speaking of a particular manner of disposing the roses on architraves.—Going to see it, he found the workman very busy sawing it out, like common marble, to repair the arch of Constantine, and after all the remonstrance he could make to Galileo the architect, and others, there was only a rose or two saved at last, and sent into the museum at the capitol.

SALVATOR ROSA'S RECEPTION AT FLORENCE.

The departure of Salvator Rosa from Rome was an escape: his arrival in Florence was a triumph. The Grand Duke and the princes of his house received him, not as an hireling, but, as one whose genius placed him beyond the possibility of dependence. An annual income was assigned to him during his residence in Florence, in the service of the Court, besides a stipulated price for each

of his pictures: and he was left perfectly unconstrained, and at liberty to paint for whom else he pleased.

CHARACTER OF BARRY.

BARRY, take him all in all, was certainly a man of very extraordinary powers of mind, with the clearest views of what ought to be the objects of art, but with a temper so irritable, and manners so brutal, as totally to destroy all chance of success, in any of his propositions for its benefit, and almost to render nugatory the strength of his understanding. In his earliest letters from Italy this irritability is very palpable, and what is extraordinary, he seems never to have had any distinct view how to ground himself in the fundamental parts of his profession, or to have had patience to be slow in acquiring knowledge before he attempted to be rapid in executing it. Of this defect Burke seemed aware, and cautioned him often in his letters. "Whatever you do, my dear Barry," says he, in one of them, "*leave off sketching;* study with a knife in your hand; I am convinced that exquisite masterly drawing, the glory of the great school, can only be acquired by particular studies, and not by general compositions." This sound advice of Burke seems to have been very little heeded by Barry. Judging by his works one would say, it was evident he never had dissected, and his power of drawing

was ignorant and inadequate; he knew scarcely a principle of the human figure, and so blind was he to his own deficiencies, that he asserts that "the Adelphi works possessed the castigated purity of Grecian outline, and would bear comparison with any work ancient or modern."

(Annals of the Fine Arts.)

ANCIENT ROMAN COSTUME COLLECTED FROM MEDALS, STATUES, &c.

THE ancient Romans went with their heads bare, as we see from ancient coins and statues, except at sacred rites, games, festivals, when on a journey, and in war. Hence of all the honours declared to Cæsar by the senate, he is said to have been chiefly pleased with that of always wearing a laurel crown, because it covered his baldness, which was reckoned a deformity among the Romans. They used, however, in the city, as a screen from the heat or the wind, to throw over their head the lappet of their *toga*, which they took off when they met any one to whom they were bound to show respect, as to the consuls, &c. The Romans veiled their heads at all sacred rites, but those of Saturn,—in cases of sudden and extreme danger, in grief or despair, as did likewise Cæsar, when assassinated in the senate-house; Pompey when slain in Egypt; Crassus when defeated by the Parthians; and Appius when he fled from the Forum. At games and

festivals the Romans wore a woollen cap or bonnet, called PILEUS, which was worn by slaves when made free, who from this circumstance were called Pileati. On journeys they used a round cap like a helmet, called GALERUS, or a broad brimmed hat called PETASUS, whence *petasatus* was used to denote preparing for a journey. Caligula allowed the use of the petasus in the theatre as a screen from the heat.

FEMALE SCULPTOR.

PROPERTIA DA ROSSI, a female of Bologna of obscure birth, handled the chisel as a professional artist for emolument, and was extremely successful in her efforts. She united the delicacy of Praxiteles with the truth of Puget. In the Pontificate of Clement VII. she made several statues for the façade of San Petroni at Bologna; she was also a good painter, and an excellent engraver. Propertia became enamoured of a young artist, who did not make a suitable return to her love. This disappointment threw her into a lingering disorder, which brought her to the grave. Her last work was a basso rilievo, representing the history of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Her cruel lover was represented as Joseph; herself as the Egyptian queen. It is alleged to have been her best work, and may be truly said to have been executed *con amore*.

ROMAN HEAD DRESSES.

THE head dress of the Roman women, as well as their other attire, was different at different periods. At first it was very simple; they seldom went abroad, and when they did, they almost always had their faces veiled. But when riches and luxury increased, dress became with many the chief object of attention; hence a woman's toilet and ornaments were called MUNDUS MULIEBRIS, *her world.* They anointed their hair with the richest perfumes, and sometimes coloured it of a bright yellow, with a certain wash or composition, but never used powder, which is a very late invention, first introduced in France about the year 1593. The Roman women frizzled or curled their hair with hot irons, and sometimes raised it to a great height by rows and stories of curls, as may be seen in some of the busts in the Towneley Gallery of the British Museum. The slaves who assisted in frizzing and adjusting the hair were called CINIFLONES, and were in danger of punishment if a single lock was improperly placed: the whip was presently applied, or the mirror, which was made of polished metal, was aimed at the head of the offender. A number of females attended, who did nothing but give directions; every woman of fashion had at least one female hair-dresser. The hair was adorned with gold and pearls and precious stones; and some-

times with crowns or garlands, and chaplets of flowers, bound with fillets or ribbands of various colours. The head dress and ribbands of matrons differed from those of virgins. Ribbands were peculiar to modest women; and joined with the *Stola*, they were the badge of matrons. Immodest women used to cover their heads with mitres, which were also worn by men, but were looked upon as effeminate; and what was still more so, coverings for the cheeks tied with bands under the chin. An embroidered net or caul was also used for enclosing the hair behind.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

LANDSCAPE, treated separately as a distinct branch of painting, does not seem to have occupied a place in the practice of the arts, among the ancients, before the reign of Augustus, at which time Ludias, according to Pliny, introduced at Rome the custom of decorating interiors, with views of rural scenes. The descriptions which Pliny gives of the paintings of Ludius, leave no doubt respecting the branch which they cultivated, and which included also marine views: *maritimas urbes pingere instituit:* we must not, however, infer from the words *primus instituit*, that Ludius was the first who conceived the idea of painting landscapes. According to the evident meaning of the whole

passage, Ludius was only the first who introduced the use of landscape at Rome, for the purposes of decoration on the walls, porticos, vestibules, and even the external parts of buildings.

Many ancient paintings, which are called *arabesques*, prove that landscape was employed in the compartments of this species of ornament; and the style of the compositions of Ludius, as Pliny describes them, seems to have been here copied in miniature.

But did the Greeks, in the flourishing age of their painting, practice landscape as a separate branch? This is a question which cannot be answered but by conjecture. That they practised in detail, and partially imitated all the objects, of which landscape is composed, cannot be doubted, since these objects were necessary parts in the back grounds of their pictures, and equally indispensable accessaries in their compositions. Yet in the pretty extensive list which Pliny gives of the great painters of Greece and their works, he says nothing which can lead to a suspicion of the existence of the department in question; and there are more reasons than one to induce the belief, that in the most flourishing periods of the art, especially, this branch was unknown or neglected.

We meet also with the same negligence in the first two centuries of the revival of the arts among the moderns; and even at the period when they were at their height, that is, in the sixteenth cen-

tury, we do not find that landscape was treated separately.

It was in the Venetian school, that it began to share with historical subjects, the attention of painters, and space in their pictures. The success of landscape depends on the knowledge of the two kinds of perspective, especially of that called aërial; and this latter owed its developement to the schools of the colourists alone: in fact, we find the most beautiful studies of landscape in the historical pictures of Titian, Bassano, and Tintoret.

It is perhaps in the Netherlands that we must look for the first painters, who made landscape a distinct branch, and applied their talents to it exclusively: at the head of these painters we must place Matthew and Paul Brill. The latter died at Rome in 1626. It was really the 17th century which established this branch, and in which it flourished with the greatest splendor. Claude Lorraine, the two Poussins, and Salvator Rosa, who lived in that century, attained the limits of perfection in the various characters which nature presents to the landscape painter.

NICOLO POUSSIN AND SALVATOR ROSA.

AMONG the strolling parties of monks and friars, cardinals, and prelates, Roman princesses, and English peers, Spanish grandees, and French cavaliers, which crowded the *Pincio*, towards the latter

end of the seventeenth century, there appeared two groups, which may have recalled those of the Portico or the Academy, and which never failed to interest and fix the attention of the beholders. The leader of one of these singular parties was the venerable Nicolo Poussin! The air of antiquity which breathed over all his works seemed to have infected even his person and his features; and his cold, sedate, and passionless countenance, his measured pace and sober deportment, spoke that phlegmatic temperament and regulated feeling, which had led him to study monuments rather than men, and to declare that the result of all his experience was "to teach him to live well with all persons." Soberly clad, and sagely accompanied by some learned antiquary or pious churchman, and by a few of his deferential disciples, he gave out his trite axioms in measured phrase and emphatic accent, lectured rather than conversed, and appeared like one of the peripatetic teachers of the last days of Athenian pedantry and pretension.

In striking contrast to these academic figures, which looked like their own "grandsires cut in alabaster," appeared, unremittingly, on the Pincio, after sunset, a group of a different stamp and character, led on by one who, in his flashing eye, mobile brow, and rapid movement all fire, feeling, and perception—was the very personification of genius itself. This group consisted of Salvator Rosa, gal-

lantly if not splendidly habited, and a motley gathering of the learned and the witty, the gay and the grave, who surrounded him. He was constantly accompanied in these walks on the Pincio by the most eminent virtuosi, poets, musicians, and cavaliers in Rome; all anxious to draw him out on a variety of subjects, when air, exercise, the desire of pleasing, and the consciousness of success, had wound him up to his highest pitch of excitement; while many, who could not appreciate, and some who did not approve, were still anxious to be seen in his train, merely that they might have to boast "*nos quoque.*"

From the Pincio, Salvator Rosa was generally accompanied home by the most distinguished persons, both for talent and rank; and while the frugal and penurious Poussin was lighting out some reverend prelate or antiquarian with one sorry taper, Salvator, the prodigal Salvator, was passing the evening in his elegant gallery, in the midst of princes, nobles, and men of wit and science, where he made new claims on their admiration, both as an artist and as an *improvisatore;* for till within a few years of his death he continued to recite his own poetry, and sing his own compositions to the harpsichord or lute.

CURIOUS PICTURES BY ALBERT DÜRER.

THE Imperial Gallery at Vienna contains four

teen paintings by Dürer, in which it excels any other collection in number and beauty, viz. two sketches on gray paper, one of Samson's acts, the other of the Resurrection; an altar-piece representing the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus sitting on her knee, under a tree; two others of the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus on her knee; the emperor, Maximilian I., taken in the year in which he died: a holy Virgin, with a naked Christ in her arms; and spiritual and emblematical representation of the universal adoration of the Trinity; Christian martyrs; an ancient portrait; a Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus at her breast, a portrait of a fat, handsome man; also from the school of Dürer; the life, miracles, and sufferings of Christ, on eighty-five tablets, mostly painted on both sides; the adoration of the Magi; and a portrait of a young man.

ARCHITECTURE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

St. Petersburg is distinguished by a fine irregularity, or rather by a varied regularity, which gives it a great charm. Its streets are wide and well lighted. The eye is not here fatigued by chilling and monotonous straight lines, where the vision is continually lost in perspective; each street is in itself straight and regular, but its junction with others is varied by angles of all kinds. Compared with Paris, or Berlin, St. Petersburg has few

grand squares; that of the Winter Palace is singularly fine; environed by a single colossal edifice of the finest and most noble architecture, its effect is magnificent and imposing. In the square of Peter the Great, which is but a prolongation of the square of Isaac, the eye is struck at once by the Palace of the Senate, the New Admiralty, which strikes with admiration, the superb statue of the Czar Peter I, executed in the finest style of the antique by Falconet, bearing this modest inscription—PETRO PRIMO, CATHARINA SECUNDA, the view of numerous brilliant edifices situated by the side of the river: the Field of Mars between the two summer gardens is very fine and spacious, but is neither paved nor surrounded by fine houses; the fine bronze statue of Suwarrow, and the majestic obelisk of Romanzoff, the conqueror of the Turks, form two of its most striking beauties.

DEATH OF TORRIGIANO.

TORRIGIANO, the Florentine, after enriching the cities of Andalusia with several pieces of sculpture not unworthy the disciple and rival of Michael Angelo, was condemned to death by the Inquisition, and expired in the prison of Seville, under the horrors of an approaching execution, in the year 1522. This eminent sculptor had undertaken to carve a Madona and child of the natural size, for a Spanish grandee; it was to be made after the model

of one which he had already executed, and promise was given him of a reward proportioned to the merit of his work. His employer was one of the first grandees in Spain, and Torrigiano, who conceived highly of his generosity, and well knew what his own talents could perform, was determined to out-do his former production. The ingenious artist with much pains and application completed it, and presented to his employer a matchless piece of sculpture, the utmost effort of his art. The grandee surveyed the striking performance with great delight and reverence; he applauded Torrigiano to the skies: and impatient to possess himself of the enchanting idol, forthwith sent to demand the delivery of it. At the same time, to display his generosity, he loaded two lacqueys with the money; the bulk at least was promising, but when Torrigiano examined the bags, and found the specie within nothing better than a parcel of brass maravedi, amounting only to the paltry sum of thirty ducats, vexation at this sudden disappointment of his hopes, and just resentment for what he considered as an insult to his merit, so fired him, that, snatching up his mallet in a rage, and not regarding the perfection, or (what to him was of more fatal consequence) the sacred character of the image he had made, he broke it suddenly in pieces, and dismissed the lacqueys with their load of farthings to tell the tale. They executed their errand too well. The

grandee, filled with shame, vexation and revenge, and assuming horror for the sacrilegious nature of the act, presented himself before the Court of Inquisition, and impeached the unhappy artist at that terrible tribunal. It was in vain that poor Torrigiano urged the right of an author over works of his own creation. Reason pleaded on his side, but superstition sat in judgment; the decree was death with torture; but the Holy Office lost its victim. Torrigiano expired under the horrors, not under the hands, of the executioner.

ALBERT DURER'S DRAWINGS.

Among the papers which Dürer left behind him, were many very valuable relics of his genius, and especially the drawings he executed with the pen, a method he was in the habit of using, to sketch his passing ideas, which he thus traced very happily and finely; and however intricate and involved the strokes might be, they seldom produced the least confusion. The heads are extremely beautiful, and here and there have dotted lines to express the folds of the skin. Whereas the folds of the drapery hang down straight as lines, close to each other, and a certain dry Gothic taste reigns throughout these parts, which are in general infallible marks whereby to know his works. More genius appears in his slight sketches than in his copper-plates, but both are in the same style. In

Dürer's paintings, something new and peculiar to himself in the design, composition, and execution may always be observed, so that it is impossible not to perceive his creative spirit and distinguishing manner, in which he had no master to imitate.

ROYAL PORTRAITS.

"*L'amour propre aime les portraits,*" La Bruyere says—Of this axiom, Queen Elizabeth, Charles the First, and Louis the Fourteenth, give the most striking illustrations. Queen Elizabeth made it penal to buy an ugly picture, and *leze majesté* for a limner not to flatter her. She is generally represented with all the attributes of royal power and sovereign beauty, while Junos, Venuses, and Minervas fly before her to hide their diminished heads where they may. The melancholy countenance of Charles the First is to be seen in every collection in Europe, from the numberless portraits which filled his own gallery, the contents of which were so dispersed. He made Rembrandt paint him as Saint George; and Vandyke and others painted him under the form of every saint in the calendar. Louis the Fourteenth, on the contrary, flourishes on the walls and ceilings of Versailles and of the Tuilleries as Jupiter or Apollo, surrounded by his mistresses as the Graces; while the Virtues are oddly enough allegorized as monsters.

DEATH OF BARRY.

THE latter part of Barry's life was a comparative blank, living in filthy rags, and abortive schemes at his house in Castle-street, Oxford Market; a period which some of his friends have charitably supposed to have been darkened by occasional mental aberrations, and almost perpetual despondency. He seldom appeared before the public, and his last literary effort, was a Letter and Petition addressed to his Majesty, and published in the Morning Herald of December 3, 1799. In 1805, some friends of Barry, particularly the Earl of Buchan, supposing his circumstances to be difficult, raised a subscription in the Society of Arts, and purchased therewith a comfortable annuity for his life, but he did not live to receive even the first payment. Poor Barry's last illness was short. He was taken ill, at a tavern where he usually dined, and was carried to the house of the late Mr. Bonomi the architect, where he languished fifteen days, and expired February 22, 1806. After his death his body was laid in state, in the great room at the Adelphi, where he was surrounded by his grand ethical series of pictures, and it might then have been said of him, as of another great and neglected man, Sir Christopher Wren, "SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS CIRCUMSPICE." His remains were interred in a vault in the substructure of St. Paul's Cathedral, close to those of Sir Christopher Wren

and Sir Joshua Reynolds, covered with a flat stone inscribed

THE
GREAT HISTORICAL PAINTER
JAMES BARRY
DIED 22d FEBRUARY, 1806,
AGED 64.

EMULATION AND RIVALRY IN THE ARTS.

EMULATION carries with it neither envy nor unfair rivalry, but inspires only a powerful inclination to surpass all others by superiority alone. Such was the emulation and rivalry between Zeuxis and Parrhasius, which caused the improvement of both; and similar thereto was that which inspired the master-minds of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle; of Titian and Pordenone; and of Agostino and Annibale Caracci; and with similar results, Raffaelle's talents were excited by the presence of Michael Angelo in Rome, which had laid dormant during that great man's absence, and both the Caracci declined when their competition ceased, as it proved by the following facts.

The confraternity of the Chartreuse at Bologna, proposed to the artists of Italy to paint a picture for them in competition, and to send sketches or designs for selection. The Carracci were among

the competitors, and the sketch of Agostino was preferred; which first gave rise, according to some authors, to the jealousy between the two brothers.

The picture which Agostino painted, is his celebrated Communion of St. Jerome, which was formerly in the Louvre. This fine picture represents the venerable saint, feeling his approaching dissolution, is carried to the church of Bethlehem, when he receives the last sacrament of the Romish church, the Viaticum, in the midst of his disciples, while a monk writes down his last words. It is reckoned the master piece of the artist; the two brothers then commenced the Farnese gallery in conjunction, but the jealous feelings which existed between them, separated them. Agostino, who was according to all authority, the best tempered of the two, gave himself up entirely to the practice of his art. The noble emulation of high minds was lost, in this instance, in the meaner spirit of jealousy and rivalry.

CARLO MARATTI AND SALVATOR ROSA.

While Carlo Maratti was working with daily assiduity in the magnificent gallery of the most interesting palace in Rome (the Colonna,) condescending to paint Cupids and roses on fragile mirrors, (which, however, still decorate walls dismantled of nobler and more lasting ornaments,) Salvator Rosa was employed by the Constable

OPTIQUE
BOULAY
BLANCS
OPTIQUE

CARLO DOLCI.

Colonna in painting historical pictures for the same gallery, and even affected to barter compliments with the puissant prince. By more than *one* ill-timed but generous present to a man so greatly his superior in wealth and rank, he unconsciously laid the foundation of a calumny against his noted disinterestedness, which, inconsistent as it is, still stamps his liberal character with one solitary incident of ridicule, or of avarice. "The Constable Colonna," says a modern retailer of historical anecdotes, "sent a purse of gold to Salvator on receiving one of his beautiful landscapes. The painter not to be outdone in generosity, sent the prince another picture as a present, which the prince insisted on remunerating with another purse; another present and another purse followed; and this struggle between generosity and liberality continued to the time of many other pictures and presents, until the prince finding himself a loser by the contest, sent Salvator two purses, with the assurance that he gave in, "*et lui ceda le champ de battaille.*" The pictures painted at this time for the Constable Colonna were, "Mercury and the Peasant," "Moses found by Pharaoh's daughter," the two sublime St. Johns, and the landscapes which gave rise to the anecdote above recited.

CARLO DOLCE'S WEDDING DAY.

CARLO DOLCE not only dedicated his pencil to

the Virgin (as Titian did his violin to St. Anthony of Padua,) but made a solemn vow never to paint any but sacred subjects. His Madonnas, however, were all portraits of Maria Madelina Baldinucci. Carlo Dolce was a member of the Compagnia de San Benedetto, a very rigid congregation; he was the victim, says Baldinucci, of a pertinacious melancholy, which at times made it impossible to obtain a word from him; all his answers were sighs. On the day of his wedding, when the company were met for the ceremony, he was no where to be found. At last he was discovered in the church of the Annunziata, prostrate on the steps of the great altar, before a crucifix.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL, JOHN ELLIS HIS PUPIL, AND THE CHANDLER'S SHOP.

JOHN ELLIS, who was attached to Sir Robert Walpole, was a disciple of Sir James Thornhill, the painter. While Sir James was painting the saloon at Greenwich Hospital, young Ellis was in attendance upon his master; it was growing dark one evening, when the artist wishing to finish the subject he was treating, he sent his pupil to purchase candles. The youth not much liking his commission, wrapped Sir James's cloak about him, and imitating the gait of the owner, went with great parade to the chandler's shop for the candles, to the no small mortification of the artist, who was

accosted the next day by a number of gentlemen, offering him such or any other accommodation, rather than that he should be at the trouble of seeking it himself.

THE EARLIEST ARCHITECTURE OF ROME.

THE city of Rome, like the inhabitants, was at first rude and unadorned; the houses, agreeably to the name given them (tecta) were only a covering and defence against bad weather. They were not formed into regular streets, but flung together as chance directed; the walls were half mud, and the roofs pieces of boards. Any thing finer than ordinary was used in decking the temples; and when these began to be furnished with the statues of the gods (which was not till long after Numa's time) they were either of earthen ware or chopped out of wood. The chief ornament both of the temples and the houses, was their ancient trophies, which were trunks of trees loaded with the arms taken in war.

FUSELI'S OPINION OF ALBERT DURER.

FUSELI, in his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, admirably says of Albert Dürer, that "He seems to have had a general capacity, not only to every branch of the art, but for every science that stood in some relation with it. He was perhaps the best engraver of his time. He wrote treatises on proportion, perspective, geometry, civil and military architecture. He was a man of

extreme ingenuity without being a genius. He studied, as far as his penetration reached, established certain proportions of the human frame, but he did not invent or compose a permament standard of style. Every work of his is a proof that he wanted the power of imitation; of concluding from what he saw, to what he did not see; that he copied rather than imitated the forms of individuals, and tacked deformity and meagreness to fulness and sometimes to beauty. Such is his design. In composition, copious without taste, anxiously precise in parts, and unmindful of the whole, he has rather shewn us what to avoid than what to follow: in conception he sometimes had a glimpse of the sublime, but it was only a glimpse. Such is the expressive attitude of his Christ in the Garden, and the figure of Melancholy as the Mother of Invention. His Knight attended by Death and the Fiend, is more capricious than terrible, and his Adam and Eve are two common models, hemmed in by rocks. If he approached genius in any part of the art it was in colour. His colour went beyond his age, and in easel pictures as far excelled the oil-colour of Raphael for juice, breadth and handling, as Raphael excels him in every other quality. His drapery is broad, though much too angular, and rather snapt than folded. Albert is called the father of the German school, and if numerous copyists of his faults can confer that honour, he was. That

the exportation of his works to Italy should have effected a temporary change in the principles of some Tuscan artists, in Andrea del Sarto and Jacopo da Pontormo, who had studied Michael Angelo, is a fact, which proves that minds at certain periods may be as subject to epidemic influence as bodies."

PROPERTY LEFT BY SALVATOR ROSA AT HIS DEATH.

SALVATOR ROSA had two sons by Lucrezia Rosalba, the elder died young at Naples; Agosto, his heir, on the death of his father, became possessed of a respectable and most interesting property. According to various authorities, he found himself master of eight thousand *scudi* in specie; letters of credit on the bank of the Rossi for seven thousand more, (the accumulated prices of pictures which Salvator had painted for and left in the hands of this liberal and devoted friend;) a collection of pictures (some few of Salvator's own were among the number;) a library of valuable books; a quantity of rich furniture; a volume of Salvator's original designs, forming, says Pascoli "*un grosso volume*,"* and his manuscript writings,

* The drawings of Salvator Rosa are extremely scarce. The value placed even on the most careless sketches, says Lady Morgan, may be judged by the following anecdote:—Calling one day on Lorenzo Lippi at Florence, he

none of which, not even his satires, were published till after his death. The whole of this property was accumulated since the period of his last return to Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO, AS PAINTER, SCULPTOR AND ARCHITECT.

THIS great man showed from his infancy a strong inclination for painting, and made so rapid a progress in it, that he is said, at the age of fourteen, to have been able to correct the drawings of his master, Dominico Gilbandai. When he was an old man, one of these drawings being shown to him, he modestly said, "In my youth I was a better artist than I am now."

In the year 1504, he was called to Rome by Pope Julius II.; and being, like most of the Florentine school, master of the sister arts, soon procured employment in the triple capacity of sculptor, painter, and architect. As a painter, it

was detained some time waiting for his friend, and to beguile his *ennui*, he took up a card and made a sketch on it. This card has reached posterity, and is now carefully preserved in the lid of a snuff-box, in the possession of the Prince Rozzumoffski, a Russian noble. In the Baron Denon's vast and precious collection of original drawings, there is but one of Salvator's "*Et encore*," observes the accomplished collector, in a letter to the author of this work—"*Encore n'a-t-il pas un degré de caractère, qui puisse faire juger de ce maître.*"

was not at first his intention, it is said, to have entered the lists; and he wished to have transferred a commission offered him in the Sistine Chapel, to the hands of Raffaelle, against whom he could as yet have felt no grounds of jealousy. He yielded, however, after a time, to the solicitation of his patron; and after obtaining some instructions from Florence in the art of fresco painting, set himself to his work, and finally succeeded in producing the miracle of art which adorns the ceiling of that place.

During its progress, so entirely was he engrossed by his study, that he refused to have communication with any person, even at his own house; while the chapel was by his special desire, closed from the public eye. So strict was he in adhering to this idea, that he meant, it seems, to have excluded even the sovereign Pontiff himself; and when His Holiness had one morning crept in by stealth, in order to gratify his curiosity, Michael Angelo, as if by accident, let fall some of his instruments from the lofty scaffolding where he was employed, so near to His Holiness, that he was induced to make his retreat with considerable precipitation.

Such conduct was not likely to be passed over in silence by a character like that of Julius; he was so greatly incensed against him (that according to some historians) Michael Angelo was

forced to break off instantly from his work, and leave Rome till the storm should be appeased. Such, however, was his acknowledged superiority to all other painters at this day, that the Pope not only recalled him a few years afterwards, but was obliged to pay him considerable court, in order to induce him to resume it.

The chapel was opened to the public when he had completed one half of the work; and it was at this period that Raphael caught that sudden inspiration, from contemplating that marvellous novelty of its style, which laid the foundation of its future greatness. The rest was finished in twenty months, although he was so nice in his modes of preparation, that all the more laborious minutiæ, such as making his varnishes and grinding his colours, were entrusted to no hand but his own. On this picture being finished, he employed himself in the works of the chisel, as before, and his ordinary employment as architect of St. Peter's, until called upon a second time by the Pope, to assist in the works of the Sistine Chapel.

Angelo was requested by the Gonfaloniere Soderini at Florence, to undertake to form a statue out of a mis-shapen block, on which Simon da Fiescole had many years before been unsuccessfully employed in endeavouring to represent the proportions of a giant in marble. Angelo fearlessly accepted the commission; and in spite of the difficulties to be

encountered, succeeded in producing the beautiful figure, known under the name of the David, and which now stands in the front of Palazzo Vecchio.

The statue being finished, the Gonfaloniere, who professed himself a connoisseur, came to inspect his purchase; and among other criticisms which he made, objected to the nose, pronouncing it to be out of all due proportion to the rest of the figure, and added, that he wished some reduction should take place in its size. Angelo knew well with whom he had to deal; he mounted the scaffold, for the figure was upwards of twelve feet high, and giving a few sonorous but harmless blows with his hammer on the stone, let fall a handful of marble dust which he had scraped up from the floor below; and then descending from his station, turned to the Gonfaloniere with a look expectant of his approbation, "Aye," exclaimed the sagacious critic, "this is excellent; now you have given it life indeed." Michael Angelo was content, and receiving his four hundred scudi for his task, wisely said no more; it would have been no gratification to a man like him, to have shown the incapacity of a critic like Soderini.

Angelo worked by night at his sculpture with a hat on his head, and a candle in it; this saved his eyes, and threw the light properly upon the figure. He never wished to show any of his work to any one until it was finished. On Vasari coming one evening to him to see an unfinished figure, Michael

Angelo put out the candle as if by accident, and Vasari lost his errand.

GUIDO RENI AND THE ROMAN TAILOR.

A ROMAN tailor was so enraptured with the caricatures of Caravaggio, that he engaged the young and unknown Guido Reni to paint him several heads in that peculiar style. This obscure artist, the future creator of the celestial Aurora, gladly engaged with the patronizing tailor at seven scudi *per head;* but the Mæcenas of the needle was so pleased with his productions, that he raised his price to twelve, and at last to thirty scudi. At the same moment the Cardinal Farnese was haggling with Guido's immortal master, Annibale Carracci, who died the victim of the ostentatious parsimony of this mean and princely protector.

THE ACADEMY OF DOMENICHINO, AND THE SCHOOL OF SALVATOR ROSA.

WHEN Bernini led the arts in Rome, many of the galleries of the virtuosi and of the leading artist were open during the winter evenings to the young students of Rome. They were effectively lighted, and supplied with living models; and to the congress of students thus assembled, the name of "*accademia*" was given. Domenichino first introduced this mode in Rome for the benefit of his own pupils; and Nicolo Poussin and other foreign artists were proud to avail themselves of the

advantage of working under the eye of the greatest painter of the age. Since the fortunes of Domenichino had "*fallen into the sear*," and he had taken up his residence in Naples, the most fashionable *accademia* in Rome was the studio of Andrea Sacchi, where a certain "Caporale Leone," a military Apollo, and a living rival *of him of the Belvidere*, presented one of the finest models, for the grace and spirit of his attitudes that art had ever studied; but Salvator frequented none of these associations, which belonged more to the pretensions of the modern school, than to the genius of the old masters. When not shut up in his solitary workroom in the Brancaccia palace, he was transfixed in the Sistine Chapel before the gigantic splendours of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment. This he was wont to call his school of anatomy; and though enthusiastic in his admiration for Titian's colouring, the genius of Michael Angelo was that with which his own alone associated. If he followed any school save that of nature, it was the school of this his great prototype, whose "Three Fates" in the Pitti Palace at Florence, might pass for the "Weird Sisters" of Shakspeare, or "The Sorceresses" of Salvator Rosa.

POPE BARBERINI AND BERNINI.

WHEN Bernini presented himself to Urban, a few days after his elevation, the Pope addressed

him in the following flattering manner: "E gran fortuna la vostra Bernini, di vedere Papa il Card. Maffeo Barberini; ma assai maggiore è la nostra, che il Caval. Bernini viva nel nostro pontificato." "It a singular piece of good fortune for you, Bernini, to behold Maffeo Barberini Pope, but much more so for us to have Bernini living in our pontificate."

THE COOK TURNED PAINTER.

In his thirty-sixth year, Claude Gelée was cooking cutlets and grinding colours; in ten years afterwards, Claude Lorraine appears on the scene, the friend of the elegant Cardinal Bentivoglio the distinguished favourite of Urban VIII., the courted of him who was courted by all, Bernini, and the *patent* painter of fashion to all the aristocracy of Europe. "The road to his gallery (say some of his historians) was closed against all who held not the highest rank in the state." Pontiffs, potentates and princes, became the exclusive candidates for the splendid products of his creative genius. His enormous prices limited his purchasers to the wealthiest classes; and the public were in a manner shut out from bidding for pictures, of which *three* popes successively, and two sovereigns, sought to be the exclusive monopolists.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL AND MATT. PRIOR.

It is well known that Sir James Thornhill drew

the portraits of the visitors at Down Hall, under which their host, Matt. Prior, wrote verses. They frequently amused themselves in this way with select parties of friends, and with any kind of nonsense that occurred, between the intervals of dinner and supper. Under the head of Mr. Timothy Thomas, Chaplain to Lord Oxford, Prior wrote:

"This phiz so well drawn, you may easily know,
It was done by a Knight for one Tom with an O."

Under Christian, the seal engraver's head, Prior wrote:

"This done by candle-light and hazard,
Is meant to show Kit Christian's mazard."

SALVATOR ROSA'S FIRST ALTAR PIECE.

WHILE the chapel of the Nerli, in the *Chiesa de' Fiorentini*, was crowded with spectators, all pressing forward to see the "Martyrdom of Saint Cosmus and Saint Damian," the first altar-piece ever exhibited in Rome by "*Il Signore Salvatore*," the Signor Salvator himself was taking his wonted evening's lounge on the Monte Pincio, arm in arm with his dear friend Carlo Rossi. The graphic description of Passeri's interview with him on that day, as given by the quaint and reverend painter himself, is well worth citing:—"He (Salvator) had at last exposed his picture in the *San Giovanni de' Fiorentini;* and I, to recreate myself, ascended on that evening to the

heights of the *Monte della Trinita*, where I found Salvator walking arm in arm with Signor Giovanni Carlo dei Rossi, so celebrated for his performance on the harp of three strings *(tre registri,)* and brother to that Luigi Rossi, who is so eminent all over the world for his perfection in musical composition. And when Salvator (who was my intimate friend) perceived me, he came forward laughingly, and said to me these precise words :— "Well, what say the malignants now ? are they at last convinced that I *can* paint on the great scale ? Why, if not, then e'en let Michael Angelo come down and do something better. Now at last I have stopt their mouths, and shewn the world what I am worth." I shrugged my shoulders, and the Signor Rossi changed the subject to one which lasted us till night-fall; and from this (continues Passeri in his rambling way) it may be gathered how *gagliardo* he (Salvator) was in his own opinion. Yet it may be denied but that he had all the endowments of a marvellous great painter! one of great resources and high perfection; and had he no other merit, he had at least that of being the originator of his own style. He spoke this evening of Paul Veronese more than of any other painter, and loved the Venetian school greatly. To Raffaelle he had no great leaning, for it was the fashion of the Neapolitan school to call him hard, "*di pietra*" dry, &c.

WORKS OF ART IN GHENT.

GHENT possesses many monuments of ancient magnificence in art, for which it is indebted chiefly to the partiality of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who gloried in having been born here, and to the impulse given by his example. Part of the town-hall is modern, and consists of the three orders, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian, placed over one another in due proportions. The old part of it, as well as the cathedral, and three other churches with towers unfinished (perhaps from scarcity of stones), are fine specimens of the Moorish Gothic introduced here by the Spaniards. These, however, are more to be admired for the paintings and sculpture which they contain, than for their architecture. The statues, altar and mausoleums of beautiful white marble found near Namur, are the works of Delveaux and Du Quesnoy. The principal paintings—some of which had been taken to France by Bonaparte, and afterwards restored—are the Pascal Lamb, by Van Eyck, who is said to be the first painter in oil colours; the Death of Christ, by Van Houthurn; the Resurrection of Lazarus, by Van Veer; the Descent from the Cross, by Rubens; the Crucifixion, by Van Dyck; with the Assumption of the Virgin, by Franco; and the Annunciation, by Leus. There is also in this town a public gallery of paintings by the most celebrated native artists, besides many private collections.

THE BOLD AND SPIRITED STUDENT.

REYNOLDS and Burke being one evening at the Royal Academy, a student shewed his drawing to Sir Joshua, accompanied with the observation that he hoped it was bold and spirited: Reynolds in his usually mild manner, answered "very spirited," and handed it to Mr. Burke, who made no other remark, in returning the drawing, but "very bold indeed."

PARMEGIANO AND CHARLES V.

PARMEGIANO entertained a high opinion of his profession, and was extremely jealous of his reputation; for he never permitted any picture to go out of his hands, till quite finished. An instance of his punctilious delicacy is recorded by his biographer at this period. The Emperor Charles V. being crowned at Bologna by Pope Clement VII. Parmegiano, after witnessing the ceremony, drew from memory his portrait crowned by fame, with a boy in the character of an infant Hercules, offering him the globe. The pope, who was much delighted with the sketch, sent it to the emperor, who was not less pleased, and desired to retain it; but the artist excused himself, because it was unfinished. In a short time Charles departed from Bologne, and Parmegiano thus lost the patronage which he otherwise might have obtained from the emperor. The portrait when finished, was presented to the Pope,

inherited by his nephew, Cardinal dè Medici, and afterwards transferred to the gallery of Mantua, where it probably perished in the memorable sacking of that city, in 1630.

SALVATOR ROSA AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.

SOME of Salvator Rosa's old opponents in the Conclave, who fancied that they had found a place in "La Fortuna," were dead: and time and accident had done their usual work of devastation, and removed other impediments to his return. From the great masters then resident at Rome, Rosa may have supposed that he had little to apprehend. Claude Lorraine was declining into the vale of years, though not declining in vogue. Gaspar Poussin was prematurely wearing out by physical infirmities, brought on by his immoderate passion for field sports, and Nicholas Poussin was becoming old and infirm. Even Bernini, who had found like other despots, that the abuse of power eventually turns against itself, had "fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf," and becoming, as one of his biographers styles it, "*the victim of a terrible conspiracy,*" was reduced to inventing gew gaw carriages for the eccentric Queen Christina of Sweden, whose restless, wandering spirit had then led her to the court of Rome. Pietro da Cartona and Carlo Maratti were indeed still in their prime;

but *they* were friends whom Salvator was glad to meet, and rivals he had no cause to fear.

PRINCELY CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.

AMONG the precious contributions of Ferdinand and Leopold to the gallery of Florence, are the fine heads of Cicero, the bronze idol, supposed to be one of the finest specimens of ancient art in the world, Titian's Venus, most of the valuable portraits, and the works of Salvator Rosa.

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF TWO PICTURES.

FREDERIC II. Duke of Mantua, being desirous of presenting the Emperor Charles V. with two excellent pictures, selected Correggio to paint them. The subjects, according to Vasari, were Leda and Venus; but according to Mengs and Ratti, with more probability, Leda and Danaë. They were said to be so well executed, that Julio Romano, who was at the court of Mantua, declared he never saw such excellent colouring. A curious anecdote is recorded of their subsequent fate. Being sent by the emperor to Prague, they were afterwards taken by the Swedes at the sacking of the city, and conveyed to Stockholm, by the order of Gustavus Adolphus. On his death, being neglected, they were discovered in the reign of Christina, degraded to the purpose of window-shutters in the stable, by Bourdon, a French painter, whom she

patronized. They were repaired by her order, conveyed to Rome, and after her decease, came into the possession of Don Livio Odescalchi, Duke of Bracciano, by whose heirs they were sold to the Regent, Duke of Orleans; but by the order of his son, who was shocked at the nudity of the figures, the pictures were cut in pieces. A similar fate, according to Mengs, happened to the Io, ascribed also to Correggio, which was in the same collection, and probably obtained in the same manner from the heirs of the Duke of Bracciano; for the Duke of Orleans himself cut out the head, and burnt it. Coypel, a French painter, afterwards collected the remnants of the piece which were not destroyed, and to which a new head was added by another artist; and the picture sold to the King of Prussia, for a great price, and placed in the gallery of Sans Souci. A Danaë, supposed to be painted by Correggio, was preserved in the Orleans collection, as acquired from the heirs of Christina. It was purchased by Mr. Hope, and is said to be now at Paris.

CORREGGIO'S SKETCH FOR THE DUOMO OF PARMA.

From Mr. Ford's printed description of this curious production.

Mr. Ford of Gloucester Place, possesses a sketch which he purchased at Naples, and which is said

to be an original design by Correggio, for the cupola of a cathedral; it bears an inscription at the back, AN. AL. (Antonio Allegri *pinxit in Modena*, 1522,) which is the very year that the contract was signed with the masters of the Fabric, and in which he concluded the agreement at Reggio for the Nótte. It is painted on thin cotton canvas and is of an octangular form, to correspond with the shape of the dome.

The groupes of figures and the distribution of the light appear in general, similar to the painting of the dome; but in particular parts are important variations, which strongly indicate this sketch to be an original and preparatory design: for instance, the representation of the Almighty is introduced in the sketch, but not in the painting; and the Christ, who is represented as an adult on the dome, appears in the sketch, as an infant on the bosom of his mother.

The sketch is stated to have been originally purchased at Modena, where it was executed, and to have remained in the possession of the same family at Naples, upwards of seventy years.

SALVATOR ROSA'S RETURN TO ROME.

On the return of Salvator Rosa to Rome, and his immediate establishment on the Pincio, such of his old friends as remained rallied round him;

but he soon found, that if time and death had thinned the ranks of his ancient enemies,

"*Les envieux meurent, mais non pas l'Envie.*"

Calumny met him at the gate of Rome, defamation was at "its dirty work again," and professional envy, sheltering itself under party feeling, attacked the principles and opinions of a man, whose genius and successes were the true causes of the persecutions he endured. According to Baldinucci and Passeri, it was in vain that "orders poured in upon him from divers parts of the world." He had still to struggle at home against his most implacable enemies, ignorance and envy.

INVENTION OF CHIARO-SCURO ENGRAVING AND ETCHING.

DURING Parmegiano's residence at Rome, he is said to have invented the chiaro-scuro method of engraving on wood; and a print of his own, Diogenes, in that style, is falsely attributed to him, for it was done by Hugo de Carpi, the inventor of that method, whose name appears beneath the impression. Some ascribe to him the invention of etching on copper, and others of mezzotinto, but both without foundation. He seems, however, to have been among the first who introduced etching into Italy, and to have greatly improved the art. During his residence at Bologna, he not only made many etchings of his own works

which were much admired, but employed a skilful artist, named Bernardo da Trento, to engrave others. He was at length diverted from his pursuit by the treachery of Bernardo who decamped, after stealing his tools and designs. In consequence of this loss, he resumed the pencil, and painted many pictures for different individuals and convents. Among these are enumerated a St. Roque, attacked with the Plague; a Conversion of St. Paul, with numerous figures, a Landscape, and a Madonna of great Beauty, for his host the saddler. Indeed several of his most esteemed pieces were executed in that city, and it is singular, that during so short a stay, his pencil should have been so wonderfully productive.

One particularly distinguished for its beauty, was that called the Madonna della Rosa, which represents the Virgin in the act of offering a rose to the infant Jesus, who rests his hand on the globe. Of this picture a curious ancedote is related. It is said to have been executed for the celebrated Aretino, who was on terms of friendship with the painter; and critics who have examined it minutely, have discovered faint traces of wings on the shoulders of the infant, ornaments on the female, and other proofs, that the original design was a Venus and Cupid, which was certainly more consonant to the character of the licentious satirist, than a religious subject. Some suppose, however, that the

painter changed his purpose, and having thus transformed it, presented it to Pope Clement VII.; and others that it was sold to the family of Zani, at Bologna, in whose possession it continued till 1752, when it was purchased by Augustus III. King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, for the price of 1,350 zechines: it now adorns the gallery at Dresden. It is painted on wood, and in dimensions is four French feet, by three feet two inches.

Another was the celebrated picture called the Madonna del Collo Lungo. It represents the Virgin with the infant Jesus, sleeping in her lap, accompanied with a group of angels, one of whom holds a transparent vase, containing the figure of an illuminated cross. It was executed for the Church of St. Maria de' Servi, and afterwards sold by the monks to Cosmo III., great Duke of Florence, who placed it in the Pietri Palace, and substituted a copy in the church. This occasioned a process between the Marchese Cerati, the patron of the Church, and the Monks; but as the original was irrecoverable, he deprived them of their copy.

Lastly, the celebrated altar-piece of the Convent of St. Margaret, deserves particular attention. It exhibits the Virgin presenting the infant Jesus to St. Margaret the Martyr, and near are the figures of St. Benedict, and St. Jerome with an Angel. It

was greatly admired, and studied by the Caracci; and Scaramucci relates, that Guido being asked by a friend, which he would prefer, this picture or the St. Cecilia of Raphael, exclaimed after a long pause in a transport of enthusiasm, "Quella, quella di Santa Margaretti del Parmegiano."

VERSATILITY OF SALVATOR ROSA.

THE celebrated sorceress of Salvator Rosa had scarcely taken its place in the gallery of Carlo Rossi, when he executed for the same liberal friend his *Socrates swallowing poison*,* and also for the gallery of Sonnini, his *Prodigal Son*. He now gave full scope to his versatile genius, and painted with an almost equal success, in the most opposite styles, colossal figures and miniature landscapes, "*capricci*" for the *cortile* of San Bartolomeo, and altar-pieces for the churches of Lombardy, where the court intrigues of the Vatican and the envy of the academicians of St. Luc, could throw no obstacles in the way of his rising reputation. The Cardinal Ornodei of Milan, struck by the pictures of Salvator during his visit to Rome, induced the Fathers of the Church and convent of *San Giovanni Case-rotte*, on his return, to bespeak from that

* David, the chief of the modern French school, has treated the same subject under the title of *Les dernieres heures de Socrate.*

painter their great altar-piece. The subject chosen by Salvator was Purgatory;* and the horrors of this probationary hell were depicted with all the terrible fidelity of one to whom human suffering was familiar; of one who had studied terror at its source, amidst volcanic explosions: who had *seen* the living sea of flame he *painted*, pouring destruction over suffering humanity, and burying in its merciless course man and his proudest monuments.

The Purgatory of Salvator is composed of two subjects; the suffering souls beneath raising their agonized looks and clenched hands in supplication to the virgin, and that virgin, seated above in glory, in her character of "*Nostra Maria Virgine del soffragio.*" The smiling benignity of her countenance, however, exhibits no sympathy derogatory to divine contemplacy; she appears insensible to the cries of her supplicants, and an angel in waiting in vain points out to her particular notice some spirits (who had, it appears, a friend at court).

This picture, which the Milanese still assert to

* This fine picture, which is now familiar to every English traveller, in the gallery of the Brera of Milan, where also may be seen a fine St. Jerome, by the same hand, was among the first seized by the French on their entrance into that city. The admiration of the French for the works of Rosa is as singular as it is boundless, since of all painters he is the most foreign to the French school. This taste has in a great measure grown up since the revolution.

be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Salvator, has by some been deemed a satire. By others it was taken *tout de bon*; and it excited so much admiration with the public, in spite of the attacks of all the painters in Lombardy,* that the Padri Olivetani bespoke another grand altar-piece for their church of *Santa Vittoria al corpo.*†

MORLAND'S REVENGE.

DURING George Morland's abode in the rules of the Bench, he was in the habit of meeting frequently, where he spent his evenings, a very discreet, reputable man, turned of fifty at least. This personage had frequently assumed the office of censor-general to the company; and his manners, added to a very correct demeanour, induced them to submit with a tolerable obedient grace. George, however, used now and then to kick, as he said; and the old gentleman was always too hard-mouthed for him. This inequality at length produced an open rupture between the two; and one night our painter, finding the voice of the company rather against him, rose up in a seemingly dreadful passion; and appearing as if nearly choaked with rage, muttered out at last,—"That he knew what would hang the old rascal, notwithstanding all his cant

* Passeri.

† This church, though built so recently as 1624, no longer exists in Milan.

about morality." This assertion, uttered with so much vehemence, very much surprised the company, and seriously alarmed the old man, who called upon George sternly to know what he dared to say against him. The painter answered with a repetition of the offensive words—"I know *what would hang him!*" After a violent altercation, some of the company, now taking part with Morland, it was agreed upon all hands, and at the particular request of the old gentleman, that the painter should declare the worst. With great apparent reluctance, George at length got up and addressing the company, said —"I have declared twice, that I *knew* what would *hang* Mr. ——, and now, gentlemen, since I'm thus called upon, before *you all*, I'll *expose it*." He then very deliberately drew from his pocket a piece of lay-cord, and handing it across the table, desired Mr. —— to try the *experiment*, and if it failed, that would prove him a liar before the whole company, if he dared but to try! This manual and verbal joke was more than the old man was prepared for; and the whole company, for the first time laughed at his expense.

THE ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE'S REASON FOR REJECTING SALVATOR ROSA.

THE courage with which Salvator Rosa attacked the degradation of the arts by men who were bound to maintain its dignity, furnished new reasons to

the Academy of St. Luke for not receiving him into their Society: and "the reason they assigned for this cruel persecution," says Pascoli, "was that he had recently written some witty thing against them." It is supposed, however, that a *practical*, and not a written joke, had armed the academy at this particular epoch with new violence against him.

A young surgeon, who had evinced some genius for painting, had been rejected by the dignified members of the church and state academy, as being, by his profession, unworthy of belonging to their august body. The young dilettante was deeply and disproportionately mortified by this rejection; and he excited the compassion of Salvator, to whom he was known, both for his sufferings, and the weakness in which they originated. On the ensuing annual exhibition at the Pantheon, a picture of considerable merit was exposed, with no name affixed, to claim the applause which was lavished on it even by many of the academicians themselves. The attention which Salvator seemed to fix on it, as he stood distinguished among the crowd, induced one of the members of St. Luke to ask him if he knew the painter? "Oh! very well," replied Rosa carelessly: "It is painted by a certain young surgeon, who has been rejected by the puissant umpires of St. Luke, on account of his profession; a most impolitic rejection, *Signori miei*, for not

only, as you *now* seem to allow, would the talents of this young man as a painter have done honour to your society, but he would have been invaluable in his surgical capacity, as he would always have been at hand to give lessons on anatomy, in which the academicians are so deficient, and to reset the unhappy limbs which they are in the daily habit of distorting." Salvator, as usual, had the laughers on his side; but a murmur arose among all the painters present, which threatened to break forth into some overt acts; Salvator, however, extricated himself from the crowd, observing gaily to an acquaintance as he passed, "*Il campo é rotto, che si può salvar, si salvi,*" the camp is broken up, *sauve qui peut.*

CORREGGIO'S CUPOLA OF PARMA.

THE difficulties with which Correggio had to contend in the decoration of the cupola of the cathedral, were still greater than those in the church of St. John, and he has vanquished them with superior skill and facility. This cupola, which is nearly thirty-nine feet in diameter, is octagonal, the compartments diminishing as it rises; and it is not surmounted with a lantern, but towards the lower part enlightened by windows, approaching to an oval form. On this surface he has delineated numerous groups of figures, with extraordinary boldness and effect; though, for the sake of variety,

he has partially adopted a smaller scale than in the cupola of St. John. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin Mary. She is represented with an air, in the highest degree indicative of devotion and beatitude, as rising to meet Christ in the clouds surrounded by the heavenly choir of saints and angels; while beneath, the apostles behold her reception into glory with the most dignified expression of reverence and astonishment. Over the whole is an effusion of light, which produces an impression truly celestial.

The figures, which are depicted in the upper part of the dome, are foreshortened with consummate skill. Mengs, who saw them near, and judged of them as an artist, appears astonished at their boldness, which he calls "sconcia terribile," particularly that of Christ, which occupies the centre. But the effect, when seen from below, proves that the painter had deeply studied this delicate branch of the art; for nothing can exceed the bold and exquisite management of the light and shade, and the beautiful proportion in which the figures appear to the eye, except the life and spirit with which they are animated, and the general harmony of the whole.

In decorating the lower part of the cupola, Correggio has displayed undiminished resources. He has figured a species of socle, or cornice, which runs round the whole cupola, yet at such a distance

as to afford a space between the windows for the apostles, who appear, some single, some in pairs, surrounded with angels, and delineated in the same grand style as those in the cupola of St. John. Yet, although placed on the very lines of the angles, formed in the dome, they are so artfuly disposed and foreshortened, as to appear painted vertically on the cornice. To unite these with the principal figures, he has distributed above, and on the socle groups of angels, some with torches, others bearing vases and censers, and of an intermediate size, between the gigantic figures of the apostles, and the light and airy forms of the celestial choir above.

But a striking proof of his taste and skill is manifested in the four lunettes between the arches supporting the cupola. Here he has feigned the architecture to form four capacious niches or shells, in which he has introduced the patrons of the city, St. John the Baptist, St. Hilary, St. Thomas and St. Bernard degli Uberti, in magnitude equal to the Apostles, resting on clouds and attended by angels. Depicting the light, as transmitted from the groupes above, he has so naturally thrown it upon these figures and their angelic suite, that they appear as if detached from the wall, and animated with more than human spirit and grace.

HOGARTH'S NEW CARRIAGE.

HOGARTH was one of the most absent of men. Soon after he set up his carriage he had occasion

to pay a visit to the Lord Mayor; when he went the weather was fine, but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the mansion-house by a different door from that at which he had entered, he immediately began to call for a hackney coach. Not one could be procured, on which Hogarth sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached his house in Leicester-fields without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth, astonished to see him so wet and hurried, asked him where he had left it.

SALVATOR ROSA'S RECEPTION AT THE PALAZZO PITTI.

THE character, in fact, the manners, and the talents of Salvator Rosa came out in strong relief, as opposed to the servile deportment and more professional acquirements of the herd of artists of all nations, then under the protection of the Medici. He was received at the Palazzo Pitti not only as an artist, but as a guest; and the Medici, at whose board Pulci (in the time of their Magnifico) had sung his Morgante Maggiore with the fervour of a rhapsodist, now received at their table another Improvisatore, with equal courtesy and graciousness. The Tuscan nobility, in imitation of the court, and in the desire to possess Salvator's pictures, treated him with singular honour.

BEGARELLI AND CORREGGIO.

IN order to overcome the difficulties which the peculiar shape and angles of the Cupola at Parma presented, many of the figures are supposed to have been painted by Correggio from models in chalk, said to be formed by his friend Begarelli, whose skill for a statuary received the praise even of Michael Angelo. It is also a curious fact, that a model of this kind was found towards the close of the last century, on the soffit of the cupola, by Giuliano Traballese, a Florentine painter, and director of the Royal Academy at Milan.

IRISH GRAND JURY.

THE grand jury of the county of Tipperary in Ireland had lately under consideration the propriety of building a new county jail at Clonmel, and came to the following resolutions, which were published in the newspapers:

1.—*Resolved*, That the present jail is insufficient, and that another ought to be built.

2.—*Resolved*, That the materials of the *old* jail be employed in constructing the *new* one.

3.—*Resolved*, That the old jail shall *not* be taken down until the new one be finished.

GIOTTO.

THE children of this famous painter were remarkably ugly. Dante asked him how it happened that he, who made the children of others so hand-

some, should have made his own so ugly? "Mine," replied the painter, "were made in the dark."

STATUES IN ANCIENT ROME.

THE Romans had a peculiar method of increasing these treasures in art, namely, the custom of Ædiles, when they exhibited their games, of adorning their theatres and other places with statues and pictures, bought or borrowed all over Greece, and even from Asia. Scaurus had no less than three thousand for mere ornament, in the theatre built only for four or five days. The same Scaurus brought to Rome all the pictures of Sicyon, one of the most eminent schools of Greece for painting, on pretence of a debt due to the Roman people.

From these public methods of drawing the works of the best ancient artists into Italy, it grew at length to be a part of private luxury to adorn their houses, porticos, and gardens, with the statues and pictures that could be procured out of Greece and Asia. None went earlier into this taste than the Luculli, and particularly Lucius Lucullus, who is censured by Plutarch for his excessive fondness for pictures and statues, which he got from all parts at an immense expence. The Julian family fell into the same excess. Julius Cæsar was a great collector, and as fond of gems as his successor Augustus was of Corinthian vases.

MORLAND'S GARRULITY.

WHEN George Morland lived at Warren-place, there was a lady who frequently attended his painting levees for the chance of procuring a cheap picture; and as it was no misnomer to call her *Wheedle*, she was generally called by that name: This insinuating lady, however, was more remarkable for curiosity than ready wit, and if she could succeed in coaxing the painter out of a cheap bargain, she was not over scrupulous about the means by which she attained her end. Amongst a number of other foibles, vanity was not her least; and she could run over the names of twenty of our most elevated personages of both sexes, with surprising volubility, who were in the habit of daily familiar conversation with her.

The most remarkable circumstance, relative to this lady's personal attractions, was a very florid complexion, which ill-natured persons attributed to rouge; but her servant, with more probability, always declared her mistress was more indebted to certain strong waters, which have a tendency to inflame the complexion of those who are constant in nothing but the use of them. However this might be, the said Mrs. Wheedle, one day, when but two of the painter's male friends were present with her, pointing out several improvements which she wished him to make in a very fine landscape, intended for her, which was then nearly finished.

George, as usual, paid very little attention to this female connoisseur, and began asking indifferent questions of all present. This seemed to wound the vanity of Mrs. Wheedle, and she appealed to his friends in the following manner, respecting the propriety of the alteration she had pointed out. "Gentlemen," said she, "I have tried to convince this dear positive creature, that if he would only make a little water in the fore-ground, just by where the women are spreading their linen to dry, it would be a vast addition, and contribute very much to the effect; now, I ask you, gentlemen, if my conception be not just?" A half smothered laugh being all the answer the lady received as yet, she continued—"Pray, my dear Morland, is it not as easy for you to make water as to make land, or in short any thing else? answer me, I say, you wicked, provoking creature—can you really make water?" "Yes, Madam," replied George, "every day, thank God." The laugh was now began by the painter and the whole of the party, which being by this time increased to five, by the entrance of Mrs. Morland and her sister, they all joined in the loud laugh, till their sides were sore. But Mrs. Wheedle was not to be laughed or fooled out of her opinion, as she said, and therefore resolutely declared, as the picture was for her, and she was ready to pay for it, "that she would sit down till Mr. Morland made water." Here the laugh began again, with

more intemperance than ever, especially when Mrs. Wheedle took her seat, and George observed, that she might sit there long enough, for whenever he felt himself obliged to do what she wanted him to do there, he would certainly go down stairs. Here the lady smoked the jest, and, being of a very good-natured sociable disposition, joined in the mirth she had thus innocently created, till the wholesome fat that adorned her comely frame seemed to dance upon her wearied sides and chest.

SALVATOR ROSA'S MANIFESTO CONCERNING HIS SATIRICAL PICTURE "LA FORTUNA."

In Salvator Rosa's celebrated picture of "*La Fortuna,*" the nose of one powerful ecclesiastic, the eye of another, were detected in the brutish physiognomy of the swine who were treading pearls and flowers under their feet—a cardinal was recognized in an ass scattering with his hoof, the laurel and myrtle, which lay in his path; and in an old goat reposing on roses, some there were who even fancied the infallible lover of Donna Olympia, the Sultana Queen of the Quirinial!

The cry of atheism and sedition—of contempt of established authorities—was thus raised under the influence of private pique and long-cherished envy: it soon found an echo in the painted walls where the Conclave sat "*in close divan,*" and it was bandied about from mouth to mouth, till it

reached the ears of the Inquisitor, within the dark recesses of his house of terror. A cloud was now gathering over the head of the devoted Salvator, which, it seemed, no human power could avert; but, ere the bolt fell, his fast and tried friend, Don Mario Ghigi threw himself between his protegé and the horrible fate which awaited him, by forcing the sullen satirist to draw up an apology, or, rather, an explanation of his fatal picture. This explanation bearing the title of a "*manifesto*," he obtained permission to present to those powerful and indignant persons in whose hands the fate of Salvator now lay; Salvator explained away all that was supposed to be personal in his picture; and proved that his hogs where not churchmen, his mules pretending pedants, his asses Roman nobles, and his birds and beasts of prey, the reigning despots of Italy.

CORREGGIO'S POWER OF EXPRESSION.

CORREGGIO appears to have delighted in the expression of the milder passions; and in those of love, affection, and tenderness, he is almost without a rival. He has discriminated, with equal felicity, the different shades of grief, and has beautifully contrasted them in the dead Christ, painted for the church of St. John. It is profound in the Virgin, tender in the Magdalen, and chastened in the third female figure. He has also manifested his power of

indicating manly dignity in the St. George; and though he seldom embodies the fiercer passions, he has shown his ability in the class of expression, by the figure of the executioner, in the Martyrdom of St. Placido, which was copied in the St. Agnes of Domenichino.

LORENZO LIPPI'S FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

LORENZO LIPPI'S "Flight into Egypt," owes to the good natured assistance of Rosa's pencil, that it was ever finished to contribute to the fame of its author. It happened that Salvator Rosa, in one of those fits of idleness to which even his strenuous spirit was occasionally liable, flung down his pencil, and sallied forth to communicate the infection of his *far niente* to his friend Lippi. On entering his studio, however, he found him labouring with great impetuosity on the back-ground of this picture; but in such sullen vehemence, or in such evident ill humour, that Salvator demanded, "*Che fai amico.*" "What am I about?" said Lippi, "I am going mad with vexation. Here is one of my best pictures ruined; I am under a spell, and cannot even draw the branch of a tree, nor a tuft of herbage."

"Signore Dio!" exclaimed Rosa, twisting the palette off his friend's thumb, "what colours are here?" and scraping them off, and gently pushing away Lippi, he took his place, murmuring, "let

me see! who knows but I may help you out of the scrape."

Half in jest, and half in earnest, he began to touch and retouch, and change, till night-fall found him at the easel finishing one of the best background landscapes he ever painted. All Florence came the next day to look at this *chef-d'œuvre*, and the first artists of the age took it as a study.

PARMEGIANO'S STUDIES.

DURING his continuance at Rome, Parmegiano studied with the utmost diligence the antique, and the works of the most celebrated painters; but particularly those of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano. Of Raffaelle especially, he imitated the style and manner, and as he resembled that painter in beauty of countenance and elegance of deportment, it was currently said, that the soul of Raffaelle had emigrated into the body of Parmegiano. He now added to his other acquisitions the study of anatomy, and proved the delicacy of his taste, by avoiding the prominent defeat of Michael Angelo, who was reproached with too great a display of anatomical knowledge. In fact, he now formed the style which was peculiarly his own, and which has been said to unite the characteristics of Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and Correggio.

THE ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA'S PATRONAGE OF GENIUS.

THE accomplished Archduchess of Austria, a true Medici, whose pride it was to collect around her the most distinguished men of the day, who carried off Lorenzo Lippi to delight her literary circle with the recitation of his "Malmantile," and to decorate the walls of the gallery at Inspruck with his pictures, now with a "vaulting ambition" that had higher quarry in view, commissioned Cesti to feel the pulse of Salvator Rosa relative to a visit to Inspruck. The bard, poet, painter, and actor, would have been a special prize for a *Grande Dame de par le monde*, and the terms offered to induce him to accept so gracious an invitation, repeated *de vive voix* both by the Archduke and Duchess, were enough to have tempted even the most disinterested, or to have flattered the most vainglorious. But Salvator peremptorily, though respectfully, declined an honour which, with all its distinctions, was still in his eyes *dependance;* and so little did this royal invitation touch him, that, though his letters on his return to Rome abound in allusions to his "*Divino strozza volhe*," he never once hints at the honours which awaited him in the gilded saloons of the Imperial Court of Inspruck.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.

THE APOLLO VENATOR, who presided over

the chase, is represented in the noblest statue in the world, the Apollo Belvidere, where he is dressed rather too fine for his character. His hair is collected together a little above his forehead. His chlamys, which is only fastened with a gem over his breast, falls loosely down his back, and is tossed over his arm. On his feet is a sort of the fine buskins anciently used for hunting. All the rest of his body is naked. He holds his bow in his hand, as if he had just shot off an arrow.

RAFFAELLE AND HIS MISTRESS.

When Raffaelle was engaged in painting the gallery of his friend Agostino Ghighi, he was so much in love with a beautiful Roman lady that his passion interfered with his genius and his fame. Agostino persuaded the lady to pass her mornings in the gallery, and thus induced Raffaelle to continue his work.

ANTIQUE CUPIDS.

Cupid is generally represented by poets and artists as a child of seven or eight years old, almost always naked, handsome, inclining to plumpness, and sometimes little and sly, his hair is soft and fine, and sometimes dressed up. His wings ornamental, as well as useful, and probably in paintings were of divers colours. His quiver, bow, and darts, are continually mentioned to this day. The

poets give him sometimes a lighted torch, and arrows tinged with fire.

In a statue of the Venere near Turin, he appears as a youth of seventeen, as he does in Raffaelle's Cupid and Psyche.

The poets and artists represent their Cupids either as playful or as powerful. Hence in gems and other pieces, they are seen in some childish diversion, as driving a hoop, playing at quoits, and wrestling or fighting in jest; but more especially as catching and tormenting butterflies; the latter may be brought as an instance of Cupid's power over the beings of the air.

PORTRAITS OF CORREGGIO.

CORREGGIO appears to have been far less solicitous, than most other painters, that his effigies should be transmitted to posterity, for of him there is no unquestioned portrait extant. That which is prefixed to his life, in the Roman edition of Vasari, is evidently false, for it exhibits the beard and countenance of a man aged seventy. It was taken from a collection of designs, in the possession of Father Resta, to one of which, representing a man and his wife, with *three sons* and one daughter, in mean apparel, he gave the name of the family of Correggio, forgetting that the family consisted of *three* daughters and *one* son.

Another portrait, with the title Antonius Correg-

gius, and consequently supposed to be painted by himself, was preserved in a villa, which belonged to the Queen of Sardinia, near Turin, and engraved by Valperga; but its authenticity seems justly questioned by Lanzi and Pungileoni. A third, which was sent from Genoa to England, bore an inscription, signifying that it was the portrait of Maestro Antonio da Correggio, by Dosso Dossi, and accordingly engraved for the Memoirs of Correggio, by Ratti, who obtained a copy. Lanzi is, however, inclined to infer that it is the portrait of Antonio Bernieri, the miniature painter, who also bore the name of Antonio da Correggio.

A copy of this portrait is still preserved in the Pinacotheca Bodoniana, at Parma, and has been engraved, first by Asioli, and since as a medallion, by Professor Rocca, of Reggio. Pungileoni, who is inclined to consider it as genuine, has prefixed the medallion to his life of Correggio.

Tiraboschi and Pungileoni mention other supposed portraits and busts of questionable authenticity; and Pungileoni, in particular, adverts to a portrait still preserved near a door of the Cathedral at Parma, which is exhibited as a likeness of Correggio. It is supposed to have been copied in the middle of the sixteenth century, by Lattanzio Gambara, from a more ancient one of this celebrated painter, in another part of the Cathedral; but its authenticity is questioned, merely on the ground,

that it represents a man of more advanced age than Correggio, who only attained his forty-first year. The portrait, however, as appears from an accurate copy by Mr. Jackson, R. A., does not warrant these doubts of its genuineness, for it displays no character of an age more advanced than the period of life which Correggio attained.

SALVATOR ROSA'S HARPSICHORD.

SALVATOR ROSA'S confidence in his powers was as frankly confessed as it was justified by success. Happening one day to be found by a friend in Florence in the act of modulating on a very indifferent old harpsichord, he was asked, how he could keep such an instrument in his house? "Why," said his friend, "it's not worth a scudo."—"I will lay you what you please," said Salvator, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again." A bet was made, and Rosa immediately painted a landscape with figures on the lid, which not only was sold for a thousand scudi, but was esteemed a "capo d' opera." On one end of the harpsichord he also painted a skull and music books. Both these pictures were exhibited in the year 1823, at the British Institution.

CORREGGIO'S APOTHECARY.

TRADITION states, that the beautiful picture of Christ's agony in the Garden, was given by Correggio to an apothecary, in discharge of a paltry

debt of four crowns, and soon afterwards sold to one of the Visconti family for five hundred. All that is, known of its history, is, that it was purchased for Philip IV., of Spain, by the governor of Milan, at the price of seven hundred and fifty Spanish doubloons, or £1,500 sterling, and transferred to the palace of Madrid. It remained there till the invasion of Spain by the French, and on their retreat, was purloined by Joseph Buonaparte, and concealed, with other paintings, in the imperial of his carriage, in his flight from Madrid. It was, however, taken by the troops of our victorious army, and now graces the collection of the Duke of Wellington.

PARMEGIANO'S INTRODUCTORY PICTURES.

At the commencement of Parmegiano's career he appears to have felt, that in imitating the style of any single master, however excellent, he should fail to attain that eminence to which he aspired. The reputation of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo awakened his curiosity and emulation, and he formed the resolution of contemplating the productions of the Roman school, which presented a new and peculiar character of grandeur and grace, united with correctness of design. He therefore took his departure in 1523, from Parma, at the age of twenty, in company with his uncle Michael, with the hope of obtaining the patronage of Clement

VII., who had recently succeeded to the papal chair; he carried with him three pictures, which he had finished expressly to procure an introduction to his Holiness.

The largest of these represented the Virgin with the child on her bosom, taking fruit from the lap of an angel. Another was intended to exhibit a striking specimen of pictorial illusion. It was a portrait of himself, delineated on a convex surface of wood, exactly representing the appearance displayed by a mirror. The figure of the artist, as well as the furniture and windows of the chamber, in which he was supposed to sit, were so artfully depicted, and so happily imitated, that the whole appeared as if reflected from a polished or glassy surface. Vasari, who saw it, observes, that as he was of a comely form, his countenance more resembling an angel than a man, his effigies thus exhibited, appeared something divine. This picture, after passing through several hands, particularly those of the celebrated Aretino, when it was admired by Vasari, is said by Bottari in his notes on that author, to have been finally deposited in the Treasury at Vienna.

Mazzola was well received by the Pope. Although his holiness was accustomed to the excellent compositions of Raffaelle, he was much struck with the works of the young stranger, made him several presents, and gave him great encouragement to deserve

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his patronage. To manifest his gratitude for the praises and rewards, which he obtained from the Papal court, Parmegiano presented to the Pope a picture, which proves his knowledge of the chiaro-scuro, an excellence which he had caught from the masterly designs of Correggio. The subject was the Circumcision of Christ, and it was remarkable for the introduction of three different lights, without affecting the general harmony. The figures in the foreground were irradiated from the infant Jesus, the second series from torches in the hands and persons, bringing sacrificial gifts; and the background was a pleasing landscape, enlightened by the early dawn. This piece, which was much valued by the Pope, was afterwards in possession of the Emperor Charles V.

VICISSITUDES OF ART, AFTER THE DEATH OF AUGUSTUS.

THE arts, on the death of Augustus, says Spence in his Polymetis, suffered a great change, but not so great as eloquence and poetry. There is a secret union between all the polite arts, which makes them fade or flourish together. The favour of Augustus, like a gentle dew, made them bud forth and blossom; and the sour reign of Tiberius, like a sudden frost, checked their growth, and killed all their beauties. The vanity and tyranny of the following times gave the finishing stroke to sculpture

and eloquence, to painting and poetry. Indeed what else could be expected from such monsters as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero? From their baleful influences the arts suffered so much, that they were soon after reduced to a very low ebb, and particularly painting. The series of good emperors after Domitian, gave some life to the arts; but after the Antonines, they declined very fast; and, by the time of the thirty tyrants, were so fallen, as never to rise again under the future emperors.

FRANCANZANI AND SALVATOR ROSA.

FRANCANZANI, the brother-in-law of Salvator Rosa, was wont, on the arrival of that great artist, after his excursions in the mountains, &c. to sketch, to rifle the contents of his portfolio; and he frequently found there compositions hastily thrown together, but selected, drawn and coloured with a boldness and a breadth which indicated the confidence of a genius sure of itself. The first accents of the "thrilling melody of sweet renown" which ever vibrated to the heart of Salvator, came to his ear on these occasions in the Neapolitan *patois* of his relation, who, in glancing by lamplight over his labours, would pat him smilingly on the head, and exclaim, "*Fruscia, fruscia, Salvatoriello—che va buono:*" *—simple plaudits! but frequently remembered in after-times, (when the cupola of the Pantheon had already rung with the admiration

* "Go on, go on, (or literally, rub on,)—this is good."

extorted by his Regulus, as the first which cheered him on his arduous progress.

RUBENS' ALLEGORIES IN WHITEHALL CHAPEL.

In the farther square of the ceiling of the banqueting-house Whitehall, are two ladies, supposed to be Righteousness and Peace, embracing each other, though one has no attribute to distinguish her, and Peace only a very general one. In the higher square, two or three imaginary ladies, holding two crowns over the head of the young prince, are also without any attribute, though said to be the geniuses of England and Scotland. In the middle great oval (or the apotheosis) there are two Virtues with improper symbols; Piety with a fire on an altar, very near her breast, a Justice grasping a bundle of flames, with her scales in the same hand. In one of the side pannels, Cupids are conducting a triumphal car drawn by wild lions; and in the other, the like car, drawn by a ram and a bear. The figures in the four corner ovals, and designed for the four cardinal virtues, are the most faulty of all. These ought not to be represented by deputies, but to appear for themselves; whereas Temperance only is seen in her own form. The other three are figured under different deities, and those not well chosen. Apollo stands for Prudence; Minerva for Justice, and Hercules for Fortitude; though the last is obvious, the other two are not so. Their attitudes also are faulty. Apollo sits

on Avarice; Temperance treads on Rapaciousness; Hercules kneels on a snake-headed lady, perhaps Envy; and Minerva neither sits, stands, nor kneels, upon a naked person not to be guessed at: Apollo has a horn of plenty in his hand, but the reason why is not known. Notwithstanding these allegorical faults, it is one of the finest paintings in the world, as to the colouring and judicious management of the light and shades, and deserves the highest regard. Were it in Italy, travellers would go an hundred miles out of their way to see it, who perhaps now have never seen it at all.

SALVATOR ROSA'S AND HOGARTH'S FIRST INSPIRATIONS IN ART.

Rosa drew his first inspirations from the magnificent scenery of Pausilippo and Vesuvius; Hogarth found his in a pot-house at Highgate, where a drunken quarrel and a broken nose first "woke the god within him." Both, however, reached the sublime in their respective vocations,—Hogarth in the grotesque, and Salvator in the majestic.

RUBENS' ALLEGORIES IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

The faults in the Luxembourg gallery are, first, that the allegorical figures of the ancients are misrepresented. The three Destinies, in the first place, are all plump young ladies—the Juno Lucina almost naked—and Mercury with a beard.—Second, Rubens' own parts in the gallery are too fanci-

ciful or ill expressed. Such are, Juno and Cupid, placing each a couple of doves on a globe, to denote the mildness of the queen's government—Time bringing up Truth in his arms, to reconcile the queen and her son. Thus, Envy, Ignorance and Defamation, in one piece, and Fidelity, Justice, Piety and Fortitude, in another, are ill expressed; the first, as having scarce any distinguishing marks, and the others are too coarsely marked, with badges to each, as they are rowing the queen mother and young king in a barge.—Third, they are introduced in an improper manner; Victory lamenting the death of Henry IV. with a trophy exalted—Fame wringing her hands, and holding a palm branch—the two Fames each with two trumpets—Bacchus caressing Ceres a little too familiarly in a council of the gods—The queen mother in council with Mercury and the two cardinals—Hymen standing by Mary of Medici, whilst Cardinal Aldobrandini is officiating before the high altar, on which are represented also two of the most sacred figures.—Had due attention been given to these and other particulars, the publishers of this celebrated work of Rubens would not have chosen his talent for allegory, as the highest point of merit of that excellent painter.

PARLIAMENTARY ICONOCLASTS.

AMONG the votes passed in the Parliament of

1636, were two sufficiently singular, exceeding even the persecution of the arts by the first Protestant Reformers. "Ordered, that all such pictures, there (in the royal collection) as shall have the representation of the second person of the Trinity on them, shall be forthwith burnt; that all such pictures as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon them, shall be forthwith burnt." The pictures without any superstition upon them were sold for the benefit of *the poor Irish!!—See Journal of the House of Commons.*

EPOCHS OF SCULPTURE.

THE great age of sculpture and painting began long before Alexander the Great, and was successively continued (with little interruption) in Greece and Italy, down to the times of the Antonines, or somewhat lower. This was a long period for gradual improvement, during which many of the greatest princes gave the highest encouragements to the artists, and idolatry, which reigned all that time over Europe, made their employ both constant and gainful. The case has been very different in the modern state of Europe. By the fall of the Roman empire, every European kingdom became divided into many petty states and principalities, which have been struggling with one another almost ever since, and of which some are

not yet united into one kingdom. Such are the states of Italy to this day; and such was the heptarchy in England. Under this division of power painting and sculpture were almost extinguished; nor have we as yet had any settled age for the arts. They have only rose up by starts, and then sunk down again. Witness the great ages for them under Leo X. and Louis XIV. of France, which indeed were promising, but not lasting. It is observable, that in both these ages the greatest improvements were made by the strictest imitators of the ancients. Thus Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, by that means, promoted statuary and painting more in twenty years, than all the Italian artists had done in two hundred years before; and thus did Poussin and Girardon, by studying the antiques more than the other French artists, excel all the rest.

SALVATOR ROSA'S VISIT TO FLORENCE.

DURING Salvator Rosa's much enjoyed visit to Florence, no profit or persuasion could induce him to apply himself to his profession; in answer to all requests, he replied "he had come to enjoy and not to work;" and though he accepted orders from the Martelli family, the young Prince Cosmo (afterwards Grand Duke), and others, for pictures to be painted on his return to Rome, he would enter into no engagement which could disturb the

calm, or interrupt the recreations, of the passing moment.

SPENCE'S CHARACTER OF THE VENUS DE MEDICI.

(From his Polymetis.)

VENUS, in all attitudes, is graceful, but in no one more than in that of the Venus of Medici; where, if she is not really modest, she, at least counterfeits modesty extremely well. This attitude might be described in two verses of Ovid. Art. Am. ii. v. 614, 615. This statue, as to the shape, will ever be the standard of all female beauty and softness. Her breasts are small, distinct, and delicate, to the highest degree; her waist is not represented as stinted by art, but as exactly proportioned by nature to all the other parts of her body. Her legs are neat and slender, the small of them is finely rounded, and her very feet are little, pretty, and white. The general tenderness, elegance, and fine proportions of her whole make, seem to take a great deal from the beauty of her face, or the head is really (as has been suspected) not of the same artist who made the body. Some have fancied that there are three different passions expressed in the air of the head, in which the face is a little turned away from you. At your first approaching her, aversion appears in her look; move one step or two, and she has a compliance in it; and one step more to the right turns it into a little insulting smile, as having made

sure of you: but Spence could not find out this malicious smile, though he often viewed the statue on purpose.

PIETRO DA CORTONA'S VISIT TO FLORENCE.

PIETRO DA CORTONA came to Florence in 1640, by the special invitation of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. While working in the apartment called "The Mercury," he took some disgust to the Florentine Court, and returning hastily to Rome, sent his excuses to the Grand Duke. His paintings were finished by his pupil, Ciro Ferri. But before he departed, he had formed a new school at Florence, which was applauded by the most highly considered professors. In conjunction with the Padre Ottonelli, a Jesuit, he wrote a book on painting and sculpture, now become extremely scarce: it was published in Florence, 1652.

RIVAL MADONNAS.

BEFORE the reformation, the Virgin Mary had (as she has now in Italy) in every town, village, church and chapel, statues with different names and representations, according to the place she was in, and the character she bore. Though there was but one Virgin Mary, yet one figure of her was deemed more venerable than another.

Many devout people, for example, gave large presents to the Virgin of Winchester, who would have grudged the smallest offering to the Virgin of

Walsingham. They thought themselves indebted to her figure at Winchester, and not at all to that at Walsingham. Thus the inhabitants of Rome at present go every year to pay their devotions to the statue of the Virgin at Loretto, though they have other statues of her near their own doors.

MEDUSA'S HEAD.

THE head of Medusa is represented by the ancients as sometimes most beautiful, and at others most horrible. In the Strozzi Medusa at Rome, her look is dead, but with a beauty that death itself cannot extinguish. The poets speak of the beauties and horrors of Medusa's face, and also of her serpents, particularly two with their tails twined together under her chin, and their heads reared over her forehead. She is thus represented, with eyes convulsed, on a jasper at Florence.

PICTORIAL CHALLENGE.

CLOSTERMAN being jealous of the fame of Sir Godfrey Kneller, to whom, though a good painter, he was inferior, sent him a challenge to paint a picture with him for a wager. Sir Godfrey wisely declined the contest, and sent him word he allowed him to be his superior.

CORREGGIO'S GRAND CUPOLA OF THE CHURCH OF ST JOHN.

THE admiration which the works of Correggio

excited, induced the monks of St. John to engage him in ornamenting the grand cupola, and other parts of their church. The original agreement has not been discovered, but various entries have been found in the books of the convent, between 1519 and 1536, which prove, that for adorning the cupola he received as Tiraboschi asserts, 272 gold ducats, and 200 more for other parts of the fabric. The last payment of 27 gold ducats was made on the 23rd of January, 1524, and the acknowledgment of the painter, under his own signature, is still extant.

The subject is the Ascension of Christ in glory, surrounded by the twelve Apostles, seated on the clouds; and in the lunettes the four Evangelists and four Doctors of the Church. The situation of the painter presented difficulties which none but so great an artist could have overcome; for the cupola has neither sky-light nor windows, and consequently the whole effect of the piece must depend on the light reflected from below. The figures of the Apostles are chiefly naked, gigantic, and in a style of peculiar grandeur.

Besides the cupola, various parts of the same church were adorned by his hand. He decorated the tribune, which was afterwards demolished to enlarge the choir, and was so highly esteemed, that Cesare Aretusi was employed by the monks to copy it for the new tribune. He painted also in fresco,

the two sides of the fifth chapel on the right hand, the first representing the Martyrdom of St. Placido and St. Flavia, and the second a dead Christ, with the Virgin Mary swooning at his feet. Of these paintings Mengs particularly admires the head of St. Placido and the exquisite figure of the Magdalen in the last mentioned picture.

THE FLORENTINE BRUTUS, AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

At Florence there is an unfinished statue, by Michael Angelo, which it is erroneously supposed was intended for Marcus Brutus. It is a portrait of one of the Medici who assassinated his uncle, and was called the Florentine Brutus; but proving afterwards the oppressor, and not the liberator of his country, Michael Angelo laid aside the unfinished statue in disgust, and could never be prevailed on to complete it.

HOGARTH'S OPINION OF GENIUS.

"I know of no such thing as genius," said Hogarth to Mr. Gilbert Cooper: "genius is nothing but labour and diligence."

W. VANDEVELDE, AND NAVAL CONNOISSEURS.

William Vandevelde, the younger, is distinguished as a most eminent painter of sea pieces. Having finished a painting for Charles II. of the junction of the English and French fleets at the Nore, when that monarch went to view them; two

commisioners of the Admiralty agreed to beg the picture of the King, then to cut it in two, and each to take a part. The painter, in whose presence they concluded this wise treaty, took away the picture and concealed it until the king's death, when he offered it to Bullfinch, the printseller, for eighty pounds. Bullfinch took time to consider, and returning to make the purchase, found the picture already sold for one hundred and thirty guineas.

COMPARISON BETWEEN ANCIENT AND MODERN ARTISTS.

THE paintings of the antients are excellent for design, in the way of *bassi relievi*, but deficient in colouring. Their want of knowledge of *chiaro-scuro*, and of variety in their colours, made them inferior in these respects; their design is juster, but often too stiff. Raffaelle made his drapery too stiff, by imitating the ancient sculpture, and Bernini, latterly, made the drapery of his statues too large, heavy, and unbecoming, by endeavouring to imitate the modern painters, particularly Rubens, in stone.

MORLAND'S PIGS.

THE latter part of George Morland's life was chiefly employed in painting familiar and common subjects, particularly pigs, asses, &c. and it has been too hastily concluded by some superficial connoisseurs that his talent was confined to such common objects. That Morland was the first that ever gave any de-

gree of consequence to that bristled animal, which the Jews hold in abhorrence, as unclean, must be admitted; as also that no painter ever brought his pigs, sheep, or asses to so good a market as he did. Though it must be confessed, in justice to several, who are not painters, and who have no pretensions to any of the *arts*, save the art of getting money, that they have received more for one sow and a litter of pigs in the public market, than sometimes *poor George did for a score of pictures, every one* of which was *better pork*. The same melancholy fact is equally applicable to all his other subjects, *high and low*.

COLOSSAL BUST OF MEMNON.

WHETHER this beautiful fragment of Egyptian art be a part of the famous musical statue of Memnon or not, is no part of our present enquiries. It is a genuine work of Egyptian sculpture in their finest style, is a grand work of art, and is deposited in our national Museum. It was sent as a present to his Majesty when Regent, who gave it to the trustees of the British Museum for the use of our artists and amateurs, and for the gratification of the public.

This immense piece of sculpture is of red granite, consisting of one solid block, ten feet high from the breast to the top of the head, and weigh-

ing upwards of twelve tons. The whole of the face is in the finest state of preservation, and is remarkably characteristic. The right ear and a part of the diadem is damaged, and a fragment which was broken off by the French engineers in their attempt to carry it off to France during their stay in Egypt under Buonaparte, has been skilfully joined, and is an historical document of no small importance. The excessive hardness of the material in which this highly finished work is sculptured, was evident from the labour it gave our English workmen only to sink the holes for the metal cramps which were necessary to join the fractured parts together.

The head is surmounted by an elegant and tasteful diadem, and the chin rests on a projection similar to what is often observed on other Egyptian statues.

M. Rigaud, one of the French savans of the Egyptian institute, in his report on their proceedings, says that the principal monuments found on the left bank of the Nile, and the only ones which can reasonably be supposed to have depended on Thebes, are the Memnonium or palace of Memnon, Medinet-Abou, another palace, and the two colossal statues so celebrated for their prodigious height. The Memnonium faces the east; in one of its courts are seen the remains of the celebrated statue of red

granite, which he concludes must be that of Memnon. Its entire height was sixty-four feet, and its remains were scattered forty feet around it. The excavations were visible when the French were there, where the wedges were placed which divided the statue when it was thrown down by Cambyses.

M. Denon, one of our best modern authorities, relates that at some paces from the gate of the temple of Thebes were the remains of an enormous colossal statue. It had been wantonly shattered, for the parts which are left, have their polish so well preserved, and the fractures on their edges so entire, that it is evident, if the spirit of devastation had left to time alone to ruin this monument of ancient art, we should still see it entire and uninjured. When it was overset it fell upon its face, and hid it from the French, which may account for its singular fine preservation, which is as entire, as if it had just proceeded from the sculptor's workshop.

Denon doubts if it be a statue of Memnon or Osymandias, and admits that the descriptions hitherto given of it throw more confusion than light upon the question. If it be the statue of Memnon, which appears the more probable, every traveller, says Denon, for two thousand years must have mistaken the object of their curiosity.

Belzoni, who considered it unquestionably the bust of the famous statue of Memnon, succeeded in embarking it on the Nile, during his first voy-

age to Thebes in 1816. He has given a very interesting account of his labours in his work just published, and also in a letter to the late M. Visconti, dated Cairo, January 9th, 1818, of which a translation was published in the third volume of Annals of the Fine Arts :—whence the following description of its removal is principally drawn. This enormous fragment, which was buried so many years among the ruins of the palace thrown down by Cambyses, was intended from the first attempt of this powerful and indefatigable traveller, for the British Museum.

Other travellers had previously conceived the idea of transporting it to Europe, and among them the French in their celebrated expedition under Buonaparte and Menou; but being unable to devise means to remove it, they were compelled to relinquish the idea, and what foiled all former attempts and the skill and machines of the French, was accomplished by an individual, without the aid of any mechanical power, solely by the hands of the Arabs; although the labour was ill suited to these people, who display all the well known indolence of the savage state, it occupied an indefatigable exertion of six months. The greatest difficulty that Belzoni found in this tremendous undertaking was in conveying such a body, a distance upwards of two English miles to the Nile, which was the only way to effect its removal to Alexandria.

This colossal fragment may be justly considered as one of the most perfect and pleasing examples of the Egyptian school of art, which is a subject on which men of learning and of taste have differed more, perhaps, than on any other connected with the fine arts :—some crying it up to the skies, while others scout it as the barbarous of barbarism. The learned French Antiquary, De Goguet, and his followers treat it with the utmost contempt; and Denon and his school are the warmest admirers of its beauties.

After all, the Egyptian style, both of architecture and sculpture, is monotonous, sombre, heavy and unfit for modern adoption or imitation. Their architecture having too much locality and their sculpture too much of national mannerism :—and if studied exclusively by our students, till friendship for antiquity begits love for ugliness, will prove destructive of a pure taste. The remains of Egyptian art are highly interesting to the antiquary, delightful to the traveller, and bear testimony to the truth of history in the very earliest periods of the world. Although the lively French writer Sonnini says that before the Egyptian school "the much boasted fabrics of Greece and Rome must come and bow down,"—yet when it is calmly investigated and brought to the test of judgment, it will not bear a momentary comparison with either, for chasteness, real beauty or true sublimity.

THE NOTTE OF CORREGGIO.

WHILE Correggio was employed upon the grand cupola at Parma, he fixed his residence in the Borgo Pescaro, near the church; but during the colder season, when he could not work in fresco, he generally returned to his native place. Passing through Reggio, in one of his journeys, he received a commission from Alberto Pratonero, which produced one of his finest pictures, The Nativity, or, as it is now called, La Nótte. The agreement was signed on the 14th of October, 1522, and the price was fixed at two hundred and eight livre di moneta Vecchia, which Tiraboschi estimates at forty-seven and a half gold ducats.

This picture is doubtless the most singular, if not the most beautiful work of this great master. Adopting an idea, till then unknown to painters, he has created a new principle of light and shade; and in the limited space of nine feet by six, has expanded a breadth and depth of perspective which defies description. The time he has chosen, is the adoration of the shepherds, who, after hearing the glad tidings of joy and salvation, proclaimed by the heavenly host, hastened to hail the new-born King and Saviour. On so unpromising a subject as the birth of a child, in so mean a place as a stable, the painter has, however, thrown the air of divinity itself. The principal light emanates from the body of the infant, and illuminates the surrounding ob-

jects; but a secondary light is borrowed from a group of angels above, which, while it aids the general effect, is yet itself irradiated by the glory breaking from the child, and allegorising the expression of scripture, that Christ was the true light of the world. Nor is the art with which the figures are represented less admirable than the management of the light. The face of the child is skilfully hidden, by its oblique position, from the conviction that the features of a new-born infant are ill-adapted to please the eye; but that of the virgin is warmly irradiated, and yet so disposed, that in bending with maternal fondness over her offspring, it exhibits exquisite beauty, without the harshness of deep shadows. The light strikes boldly on the lower part of her face, and is lost in a fainter glow on the eyes, while the forehead is thrown into shade. The figures of Joseph and the shepherds are traced with the same skilful pencil; and the glow which illuminates the piece is heightened to the imagination, by the attitude of a shepherdess, bringing an offering of doves, who shades her eyes with her hand, as if unable to sustain the brightness of incarnate divinity. The glimmering of the rising dawn, which shews the figures in the back ground, contributes to augment the splendor of the principal glory. "The beauty, grace and finish of the piece," says Mengs, "are admirable, and every

part is executed in a peculiar and appropriate style."

It is uncertain when this picture was finished, for it was delayed by his other avocations, and he had long to struggle with the impatience of the Pratoneri for its completion. An inscription, still extant, proves that it was not fixed in its destined place, the chapel of the Pratoneri, in the church of St. Prospero, at Reggio, till 1530. It was in 1640 removed surreptitiously, and probably by order of the reigning Duke of Modena, who substituted a copy; and, with other valuable pictures it was finally transferred to the Electoral Gallery at Dresden.

A SLAVE MERCHANT'S ESTIMATE OF A POET AND A PAINTER.

MR. POPE was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew, (said Sir Godfrey) you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be, (said the Guinea man) but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HAYDN.

WHEN Haydn was in England, one of our princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to take

his portrait. Haydn went to the painter's house, and sat to him, but soon grew tired. Sir Joshua, careful of his reputation, would not paint a man of acknowledged genius with a stupid countenance; and deferred the sitting till another day. The same weariness and want of expression occurring at the next attempt, Reynolds went and communicated the circumstance to his royal highness, who contrived the following stratagem. He sent to the painter's house a pretty German girl, in the service of the queen. Haydn took his seat for the third time, and as soon as the conversation began to flag, a curtain rose, and the fair German addressed him in his native language, with a most elegant compliment. Haydn, delighted, overwhelmed the enchantress with questions; his countenance recovered its animation, and Sir Joshua rapidly seized its traits.

GUIDO'S SCHOOL AND RIVALS.

GUIDO RENI, an illustrious Italian painter, was born at Bologna, in 1574. His father, being a musician, intended him for the same profession, but, conceiving an early attachment for painting, he was placed under Dennis Calvert, a Flemish master, whom he soon quitted for the school of the Carracci, where he entered into friendship with Louis and Annibale, but it is pretended that in the end they became jealous of his success; notwith-

standing it was Annibale who advised him to quit the manner of Caravaggio, which he had at first adopted, for the more agreeable style which led to the celebrity he afterwards enjoyed. He arrived at Rome in company with his rival and friend Albano, and was welcomed by Giuseppino as a man who might be useful in the hatred he bore to Caravaggio, whose vitiated taste became more apparent when opposed to the new manner of Guido. After suffering much ill-treatment, the effect of Caravaggio's vengeance, it appears that he was even obliged to return to Bologna, but his reputation increasing continually, he was recalled to Rome by Paul V. who magnificently rewarded his slightest productions. However, being discontented with the treasurer of this pontiff, he again quitted Rome, and the Pope was obliged to enter into a kind of negociation to regain this illustrious artist. Opposed continually by circumstances to the best painters of his age, he engaged conjointly with Domenichino to paint the martyrdom of St. Andrew; to all appearance he was victorious in this contest; but he could not obtain the suffrage of Annibale Carracci. Guido has less depth and nature than Domenichino, but he is not less learned, and it may be said that for effect, ingenuity of idea, elegance of design, and a graceful pencil, he will not yield to any other painter. This artist displayed a singular pride in his study; his pupils serving him very respectfully,

and during the visits of the great he always remained covered. He often said, "I would not exchange my pencil for a cardinal's cap," yet he was extremely modest in society, thus proving that his art alone was what he most desired to he honoured. He led a life of celibacy, but his manners were irreproachable. His unhappy passion for gaming was his only disturbance, he lost considerable sums, and misery at length weakened his abilities; he found himself abandoned by all his friends, and he who before had disdained to affix a price to his principal works, was reduced in his old age to paint for a pitiful reward, and even to see his last pieces despised; he died neglected in 1642, at the age of sixty-seven years. According to the custom of most of the Italian masters, he executed many engravings.

DANEKKER, THE CELEBRATED SCULPTOR.

DANEKKER is a native of Stutgard, born of humble parents. The early bent of his genius, which first led him to a fondness for drawing, and made him once spoil some smooth hewn stones, scratching flowers and figures on them with a nail, afterwards appears to have become too strong to be checked by the opposition of his parents. When the Duke Charles, predecessor of the late King of Wirtemberg, offered to admit one of their children into an excellent public seminary, his parents re-

fused, from a false idea that the students were only designed to fill the ranks. The boy entreated in vain permission to accept the offer, and his importunities were at last silenced by confinement in his chamber. He contrived to communicate from his window with eight of his comrades, whom he persuaded to accompany him to the duke himself at Ludwigsburg, to entreat an admission into the academy. The boys announced themselves, and were kindly received by the duke, who was delighted with the resolution of the would-be academician of thirteen. He was immediately placed in the seminary, where he found the means of a liberal education, which afforded him a fund of acquirements useful in his profession. He studied here nine years; then made pedestrian tours to Paris and to Rome, profiting almost unaided by the opportunities they afforded him. In Italy he received kindnesses from Canova and Trippel, and was recalled by his prince in 1790, to his great grief, from the bright skies and the noble relics of Rome to the fogs and cramped occupations of Stutgard. By way of recompense, he was made court sculptor, and professor at the academy, with a salary of 800 florins, now considerably increased, for which he is engaged to execute all the orders of the court.

But the object of the Fine Arts which gave the greatest gratification, was a single statue belonging to M. Bethmann, the great banker. In a summer-

house of his pleasing garden, in the suburbs, is a fine collection of admirable casts, executed at Paris; beside one marble statue, by Danekker, surpassing anything in modern sculpture. It is an Ariadne seated on a lion, in an attitude of great difficulty of execution, but easy and graceful in the highest degree. She is reclining on one side—her right elbow supported on the lion's shoulder, her head turned with a pensive grace—one drooping hand holds the clue of thread, while the other lightly supports her right foot. The position is so involved, that nothing but the most consummate art could have reconciled it with nature. It is one of the happiest conceptions of grace that an artist's imagination ever hit upon. The figure is the perfection of feminine beauty, with none of the pomp of the goddess, reclining in the soft graces of a voluptuous but simple form. The marble seems, from the exquisite truth of execution, to have a warmth, and the contours are rounded and soft as those of Titian. The lion is a majestic beast, worthy of the load he bears. The statue stands on a pedestal, turning on a pivot, for the convenience of viewing it in various lights. Danekker had this admirable statue fifteen years in hand: he executed it for Mr. Bethmann, and received one thousand guineas for his inimitable labours: Mr. B. has since been offered for it nearly

three times that sum. The artist is now employed for him on another work to match it.

OPINIONS ON PORTRAITS.

WHEN Martin Luther was shewn a portrait of Erasmus, the ascetic reformer observed, "Were I to look like this picture, I should be the greatest *knave* in the world!" so much for prejudice.

Physiognomists observe in the visage of Erasmus the strongest indications of good sense, wit and benignity.

Luther was implacable in his resentment, and bitter in his sarcasm; ardent and sincere in his great work of reformation, he would keep no terms with those who would not go the whole length of his zeal. Erasmus and the pious Augustine monk had once been friends.

The rare talents of Erasmus burst forth "when learning was emerging out of barbarism." He was one of the first who ventured to attack superstitions which he had not the courage to relinquish. His cupboard, which, to the honour of the age, was entirely filled with plate, presented to him by the most illustrious men, as an offering to his talents and private worth, excited suspicions of his too great devotion to the good things of the world, and furnished the independent spirit of Luther with subject for invective.

The mild Erasmus had said, "We must carry ourselves according to the times; and hang the cloak according to the wind."

Sentiments, however honestly meant, not likely to square with the straight forward temper of the great apostle of Protestantism.

Rubens in his portrait of Martin Luther, introduced in the group of his celebrated picture of the Woman taken in Adultery, has given us a visage without a single trait, which even the devotion of bigotry could convert into a christian or cardinal virtue. John Calvin, too, is a prominent figure in the group, conceived in the same spirit of hatred to the reformed religion. The mild and amiable demeanour of Melancthon and Erasmus compared with the impatient rudeness of Luther, and the outrageous violence of Calvin, certainly afforded the Romanists ample materials to paint that contrast to physiognomical excellence, which marks the expression of these extraordinary men, joint labourers in the same meritorious work. Luther married a nun. We are not informed whether she was a saint, but she must have been meek indeed to have borne with the lordly humour of this holy hermit. Yet he could be playful at times. "Patience," said he, "is necessary in most things. I must have patience with the *Pope;* I must have patience with *heretics* and *seducers;* I must have patience with *babbling courtiers;* I must have patience with my

servants; I must have patience with my WIFE KATE!"

In allusion to his wife KATE, Erasmus says, in a letter to Melancthon, "I really thought that Luther's marriage would have softened him a little;" and, referring to his abuse, adds, "It is hard for a man of my moderation and of my years, to be obliged to write to defend myself against a *savage beast* and a *furious wild boar.*" Luther had openly reviled him, declaring that he was "an enemy; a picture and image of an epicure and of Lucian."—"He was stained and poisoned at Rome, and at Venice, with epicurism!"

Melancthon, who had also been in friendship with Luther, being himself actively engaged in the Reformation, complains of his hasty temper, and adds that he had, when disputing with him on theology, frequently received a slap on the face.

It must be ascribed to the goodness of Heaven alone that the disciples to the new doctrine were so much better disposed towards each other than the great chiefs in this religious warfare. Never did pilgrims, bound to the same holy shrine, differ more obstinately as to the right road, or wrangle more inveterately upon the way, than did the redoubtable leaders, Martin and John; and it is all but a miracle that they had not to go to the end of their pious journey alone.

Calvin in his egotistical spleen, insists more than

once, "that if the devil has some influence with the Papists, he has quite fascinated the Lutherans; and that he cannot imagine why they attack him more violently than every other person, unless it is that Satan, of whom they are the veriest tools, instigates them more against him, as the fiend sees his labours more useful to the well being of the church than those of Luther." *He too* compliments himself on his forbearance, saying, "It is merely the worthlessness of the subject that has alone furnished me with all the abuse that I have given way to; and I have *suppressed much more than was at my tongue's end,*" adding, in the genuine spirit of party-feeling, which never can be wrong, "*After all, however, I am not sorry that these stupid fellows have felt my sting!*"

WORKS OF LIVING ARTISTS.

From "Annals of the Fine Arts."

A PUNNING collector of works of living artists, and who will have some connection between the name of his artist and his subject, proposes to open his collection to the inspection of the connoisseurs and amateurs. Among the principal works which decorate his chief room are the following:—

A study of a foot by *Ah! toe*, (Artaud).

The Dandies' Tailor, by *Beau-repair*, (Beaurepair).

The Garden of Eden, by *Best-land.*

The Trial of Shylock, by *Bond.*

The Totness Mail overturned, by *Broke-ye-down* (Brockedon).

Rural Conversation, by *Chat-field.*

Apprehension, by *Constable.*

Study of a Mince Pie, by *Christmas.*

Robin Hood, by *Archer.*

A Favourite Pig, by *Bacon.*

Front of a Public Building, by *Backhouse.*

A Hay Field, by *Clover.*

Roasted Game, by *Cock-burn.*

Belshazzar's Feast, by *Daniel.*

The Peacock Plundered, by *Daw,* (Dawe).

The Beau-ideal, by *Fudge.*

The Distressed Artist, by *Few-sell-I,* (Fuseli).

Corruption Triumphant, by *Gains-borough.*

Fuseli in a Passion, by *Grim-all-day,* (Grimaldi).

Park Scenery, by *Elms.* (Elmes).

Death of Harold, by *Hastings.*

Spanish Grandee, by *Hey! Don?* (Haydon).

The Lamplighter, by *Has-lit,* (Hazlitt).

The Cross Husband, by *Hate-her,* (Hayter).

The Ship-launch, by *Off-land,* (Hoffland).

Shoeing a Horse, by *Farrier.*

The Asthmatic Patient, by *A cough man,* (A. Kauffmann.)

Portrait of myself, by *Me,* (Mee).

Harvest Home, by *Merry-field,* (Merrifield).

Portrait of Randall, by *Mill a chap*, (Millichap).

Bust of Oliver Cromwell, by *Noll I ken*, (Nolleken).

The Shoemaker in a Pickle, by *Owing*, (Owen).

Prometheus chained, by *Peck*.

The Morning Chronicle lampooned, by *Perry gall*, (Perigal.)

Breaking Cover, by *Hunt*.

Eve tempted, by *Pick it*, (Pickett).

Going down Stairs, by *Stepping off*, (Stephanoff).

The Musician outwitted, by *Sharp*.

Jupiter and Leda, by *Swan felt her*, (Schwanfelder.)

The Gipsey Party, by *Strolling*, (Stroehling.)

Banditti, by *Scowler*, (Scoular.)

Tantalus, by *Thirst on*, (Thurston.)

Harry the Eighth, by *Tudor*.

Pease Blossom, by *Beans*, (Behnes.)

The Shipwreck, by *Tempesta*.

A whole length of West by *West all*, (Westall.)

The Locksmith, by *Will key*, (Wilkie.)

Statue of a Dandy Supreme, by *Waste my coat*, (Westmacott.)

The Tide out by *Water low*, (Waterloo.)

Sun Set, by *West*.

The Dandy Lover, by *Smirk*, (Smirke.)

Design for a Ball Room, by *Dance*.

Dead Game, by *Partridge*.

TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

THIS column was erected by the senate and people of Rome, in honor of the Emperor Trajan, in the Forum which that Emperor built at Rome, after the designs of Apollodorus of Athens. The shaft of this column is embellished with bassi rilievi, representing the expedition of Trajan against the Dacians, and which run spirally twenty-three times round the column. A gold medal struck in memory of the erection of this column, shews that it was formerly surmounted with a statue holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a globe, in which were deposited the ashes of this prince, after his death, vid. *Casalius Par.* i. c. 11. A spiral staircase, of one hundred and eighty-five steps, runs up the interior and receives light from sixty-three openings in the shaft. Before Pope Sextus V. repaired this column, the bronze balustrade and statue were wanting, but were restored by an iron balustrade and a statue of St. Peter, by the Chevalier Fontana. A greater absurdity than placing the representation of a peaceful apostle over the war-like representations of the Dacian war, can scarcely be conceived.

The bassi rilievi on the Trajan column have been several times engraved and described, particularly by BARTOLI in his *Colonna Trajani*, Rom. 1702. PIRANESI *Colonna Trajanee Antonini*, Rom. 1760. Vasi's, Falda's, Desgodetz Antiquities of Rome, &c.

THE JUPITER OF PHIDIAS.

PHIDIAS, being asked how he could conceive that air of divinity which he had expressed in his face of the Olympian Jupiter, replied that he had copied it from Homer's celebrated description of him. Now all the personal strokes in that description relate to the hair, the eye-brows, and the beard: and indeed to these it is that the best heads of Jupiter owe most of their dignity: for though we have now a mean opinion of beards, yet all over the east a full beard carries the idea of majesty along with it; and the Grecians had a share of this Oriental notion, as may be seen in their busts of Jupiter, and the heads of kings on Greek medals. But the Romans, though they held beards in great esteem, even as far down as the sacking of Rome by the Gauls, yet in their better ages held them in contempt, and speak disrespectfully of their bearded forefathers. They were worn only by poor philosophers, and by those who were under disgrace or misfortune. For this reason Virgil, in copying Homer's striking description of Jupiter, has omitted all the picturesque strokes on the beard, hair, and eye-brows; for which Macrobius censures him, and Scaliger extols him. The matter might have been compounded between them, by allowing that Virgil's description was the most proper for the Romans, and Homer's the noblest among the Greeks.

THE GENIUS OF SALVATOR ROSA.

ONE of Salvator Rosa's etchings, is curious, as being a sort of allegorical portrait, or moral delineation, of Salvator himself. It is known to collectors by the name of "*the Genius of Salvator Rosa.*" The scene represents a wooded spot, with a fragment of fine architectural ruin, shaded by cypress trees, before which stands the dignified figure of a philosopher habited in the Roman toga, and holding in his hand the old Roman balance. Near him stands a satyr, with an arch and demoniac look, holding a roll of paper in his hand, which he points to the balance: at the feet of both reclines a figure, who carelessly rejects the treasures which wealth pours before it from out her cornucopia, while a dead dove lies on its bosom, and its eyes are turned on a fine representation of Liberty, who presents her cap. Painting appears in the back-ground leaning on an entablature sketched with a human form; underneath, Salvator has engraved the following distich:—

Ingenius, liber. Pictor, succensor et æquus.
Speretor opum, mortisque, hic meus est genius.

NORWICH CHURCHWARDEN AND THE ALTAR-PIECE.

A WORTHY citizen of Norwich, whose taste as an upholsterer had long been considered of the first-rate order, being chosen churchwarden of St.

Stephen, commenced his reign by cleaning and painting the church, and at the termination of his labours, he rested his eye upon a picture of the Lord's Supper in the vestry.—

"The painters ran in, and the glaziers ran out,
"They could not conceive what their chief was about."

And with his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," he thus addressed the painter, "Boy, I should consider myself wanting in duty and veneration, did I suffer this church to be cleaned, and leave our Saviour sitting before so dirty a table cloth, therefore take your brush and paint it all over with white." In the space of five minutes, this order was executed to the great satisfaction of our sapient churchwarden. A few days after, this mutilation was discovered by the rector, who sent the picture, with tears in his eyes, to an artist, to be restored to its pristine state again.

COWLEY'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR A PICTURE.

From his Ode to the Royal Society.

"Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others work a copy take;
No not from Rubens or Vandyke;
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own fancy or his memory.
No, he before his sight must place
The natural and living face;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye, and motion of his hand.

REMOVAL OF THE SCULPTURES FROM THE PARTHENON.

From Mr. Hamilton's "Memorandum on the Subject of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece."

In the year 1799, when Lord Elgin was appointed his majesty's ambassador extraordinary to the Ottoman Porte, he was in habits of frequent intercourse with Mr. Harrison, an architect of great eminence in the west of England, whom his lordship consulted on the benefits that might possibly be derived to the arts in this country, in case an opportunity could be found for studying minutely the architecture and sculpture of Ancient Greece; whose opinion was, that although we might possess exact admeasurement of the public buildings in Athens, yet a young artist could never form to himself an adequate conception of their minute details, combinations, and general effects, without having before him some such sensible representation of them as might be conveyed by casts.

On this suggestion Lord Elgin proposed to his majesty's government, that they should send out English artists of known eminence, capable of collecting this information in the most perfect manner; but the prospect appeared of too doubtful an issue for ministers to engage in the expense attending it. Lord Elgin then endeavoured to engage some of these artists at his own charge; but the value of their time was far beyond his means. When, however, he reached Sicily, on the recommendation of

Sir William Hamilton, he was so fortunate as to prevail on Don Tita Lusiere, one of the best general painters in Europe, of great knowledge in the arts, and of infinite taste, to undertake the execution of this plan; and Mr. Hamilton, who was then accompanying Lord Elgin to Constantinople, immediately went with Signor Lusieri to Rome, where, in consequence of the disturbed state of Italy, they were enabled to engage two of the most eminent *formatori* or moulders, to make the *madreformi* for the casts; Signor Balestra, a distinguished architect there, along with Ittar, a young man of promising talents, to undertake the architectural part of the plan; and one Theodore, a Calmouk, who during several years at Rome, had shown himself equal to the first masters in the design of the human figure.

After much difficulty, Lord Elgin obtained permission from the Turkish government to establish these six artists at Athens; where they systematically prosecuted the business of their several departments during three years, under the general superintendence of M. Lusieri.

Accordingly every monument, of which there are any remains in Athens, has been thus most carefully and minutely measured, and, from the rough draughts of the architects (all of which are preserved), finished drawings have been made by them of the plans, elevations, and details of the most remarkable objects; in which the Calmouk has restored

and inserted all the sculpture with exquisite taste and ability. He has besides made accurate drawings of all the bas reliefs on the several temples, in the precise state of decay and mutilation in which they at present exist.

Most of the bassi rilievi, and nearly all the characteristic features of architecture in the various monuments at Athens, have been moulded, and the moulds of them brought to London.

Besides the architecture and sculpture at Athens, all similar remains which could be traced through several parts of Greece have been measured and delineated, with the most scrupulous exactness, by the second architect Ittar.

In the prosecution of this undertaking the artists had the mortification of witnessing the very *wilful devastation to which all the sculpture, and even the architecture, were daily exposed on the part of the Turks and travellers:* the former equally influenced by mischief and by avarice, the latter from an anxiety to become possessed, each according to his means, of some relic, however small, of buildings or statues which had formed the pride of Greece. The Ionic temple on the Ilyssus which, in Stuart's time about the year (1750), was in tolerable preservation, had so entirely disappeared, that its foundation was no longer to be ascertained. Another temple near Olympia had shared a similar fate within the recollection of many. The temple of Minerva had been

converted into a powder magazine, and was in great part shattered from a shell falling upon it during the bombardment of Athens by the Venetians, towards the end of the seventeenth century; and even this accident has not deterred the Turks from applying the beautiful temple of Neptune and Erectheus to the same use, whereby it is still constantly exposed to a similar fate. Many of the statues over the entrance of the temple of Minerva, which had been thrown down by the explosion, had been powdered to mortar, because they offered the whitest marble within reach; and parts of the modern fortification, and the miserable houses where this mortar had been so applied, are easily traced. In addition to these causes of degradation, the Turks will frequently climb up the ruined walls and amuse themselves in defacing any sculpture they can reach; or in breaking columns, statues, or other remains of antiquity, in the fond expectation of finding within them some hidden treasures.

Under these circumstances Lord Elgin felt himself irresistibly impelled to endeavour to preserve, by removal from Athens, any specimens of sculpture he could, without injury, rescue from such impending ruin. He had, besides, another inducement, and an example before him, in the conduct of the last French embassy sent to Turkey before the Revolution. French artists did then attempt to remove several of the sculptured ornaments from several

edifices in the Acropolis, and particularly from the Parthenon. In lowering one of the Metopes the tackle failed, and it was dashed to pieces; one other object was conveyed to France, where it is held in the highest estimation, and where it occupies a conspicuous place in the gallery of the Louvre, and constituted national property during the French Revolution. The same agents were remaining at Athens during Lord Elgin's embassy, waiting only the return of French influence at the Porte to renew their operations. Actuated by these inducements Lord Elgin made every exertion; and the sacrifices he has made have been attended with such entire success, that he has brought to England from the ruined temples at Athens, from the modern walls and fortifications, in which many fragments had been used as blocks for building, and from excavations from amongst the ruins, made on purpose, such a mass of Athenian sculpture, in statues, alti and bassi rilievi, capitals, cornices, friezes, and columns as, with the aid of a few of the casts, to present all the sculpture and architecture of any value to the artist or man of taste which can be traced at Athens.

In proportion as Lord Elgin's plan advanced, and the means accumulated in his hands towards affording an accurate knowledge of the works of architecture and sculpture in Athens and in Greece, it became a subject of anxious inquiry with him,

in what way the greatest degree of benefit could be derived to the arts from what he had been so fortunate as to procure.

In regard to the works of the architects employed by him, he had naturally, from the beginning, looked forward to their being engraved; and accordingly all such plans, elevations, and details as to those persons appeared desirable for that object, were by them, and on the spot, extended with the greatest possible care for the purpose of publication. Besides these, all the working sketches and measurements offer ample materials for further drawings, should they be required. It was Lord Elgin's wish that the whole of the drawings might be executed in the highest perfection of the art of engraving; and for this purpose a fund should be raised by subscription, exhibition, or otherwise; by aid of which these engravings might still be distributable, for the benefit of artists, at a rate of expense within the means of professional men.

Great difficulty occurred in forming a plan for deriving the utmost advantage from the marbles and casts. Lord Elgin's first attempt was to have the statues and bassi rilievi restored; and in that view he went to Rome to consult and to employ Canova. The decision of that most eminent artist was conclusive. On examining the specimens produced to him, and making himself acquainted with

the whole collection, and particularly with what came from the Parthenon, by means of the persons who had been carrying on Lord Elgin's operations at Athens, and who had returned with him to Rome, Canova declared, "That however greatly it was to be lamented that these statues should have suffered so much from time and barbarism, yet it was undeniable, that they never had been retouched; that they were the work of the ablest artists the world had ever seen; executed under the most enlightened patron of the arts, and at a period when genius enjoyed the most liberal encouragement, and had attained the highest degree of perfection; and that they had been found worthy of forming the decoration of the most admired edifice ever erected in Greece. That he should have had the greatest delight, and derived the greatest benefit from the opportunity Lord Elgin offered him of having in his possession and contemplating these inestimable marbles." But *(his expression was)* "it would be sacrilege in him or any man to presume to touch them with his chisel." Since their arrival in this country they have been laid open to the inspection of the public; and the opinions and impressions, not only of artists, but of men of taste in general, have thus been formed and collected.

From these the judgment pronounced by Canova has been universally sanctioned; and all idea of restoring the marbles deprecated. Meanwhile the

most distinguished painters and sculptors have assiduously attended the Museum, and evinced the most enthusiastic admiration of the perfection to which these marbles now prove to them, that Phidias had brought the art of sculpture, and which had hitherto only been known through the medium of ancient authors. They have attentively examined them, and they have ascertained that they were executed with the most scrupulous anatomical truth, not only in the human figure, but in the various animals to be found in this collection. They have been struck with the wonderful accuracy, and at the same time, the great effect of minute detail; and with the life and expression so distinctly produced in every variety of attitude and action. Those more advanced in years have testified great concern at not having had the advantage of studying these models; and many who have had the opportunity of forming a comparison (among these are the most eminent sculptors and painters in this metropolis,) have publicly and unequivocally declared, that in the view of professional men, this collection is far more valuable than any other collection in existence.

With such advantages as the possession of these unrivalled works of art afford, and with an enlightened and encouraging protection bestowed on genius and the arts, it may not be too sanguine to indulge a hope, that, prodigal as nature is in the perfections of the human figure in this country, animating as

are the instances of patriotism, heroic actions and private virtues deserving commemoration, sculpture may soon be raised in England to rival these, the ablest production of the best times of Greece. The reader is referred to the synopsis of the British Museum, and to the Chevalier Visconti's Memoirs, before quoted, for complete and authentic catalogues of these marbles, but the following brief abstract is necessary to give a view of what they consist, to readers who may reside at a distance from the metropolis, or have not those works at hand.

In that part of the collection which came from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon are several statues and fragments, consisting of two horses' heads in one block, and the head of one of the horses of Night, a statue of Hercules or Theseus, a group of two female figures, a female figure in quick motion, supposed to be Iris, and a group of two goddesses, represented one sitting, and the other, half reclining on a rock. Among the statues and fragments from the western pediment are part of the chest and shoulders of the colossal figure in the centre, supposed to be Neptune, a fragment of the colosasl figure of Minerva, a fragment of a head, supposed to belong to the preceding, a fragment of a statue of Victory, and a statue of a river god called Ilissus, and several fragments of statues from the pediments, the names or places of which are not positively ascertained, among which is one supposed to have been Latona,

holding Apollo and Diana in her arms; another of the neck and arms of a figure rising out of the sea, called Hyperion, or the rising Sun; and a torso of a male figure with drapery thrown over one shoulder. The metopes represent the battles between the Centaurs and Lapithæ, at the nuptials of Pirithous. Each metope contains two figures, grouped in various attitudes; sometimes the Lapithæ, sometimes the Centaurs victorious. The figure of one of the Lapithæ, who is lying dead and trampled on by a Centaur, is one of the finest productions of the art, as well as the group adjoining to it of Hippodamia, the bride, carried off by the Centaur Eurytion; the furious style of whose galloping in order to secure his prize, and his shrinking from the spear that has been hurled after him, are expressed with prodigious animation. They are all in such high relief as to seem groupes of statues; and they are in general finished with as much attention behind as before.

They were originally continued round the entablature of the Parthenon, and formed ninety-two groupes. The frieze which was carried along the outer walls of the cell offered a continuation of sculptures in low relief, and of the most exquisite beauty. It represented the whole of the solemn procession to the temple of Minerva during the Panathenaic festival; many of the figures are on horseback, others are about to mount, some are in chariots, others on foot, oxen and other victims are

led to sacrifice, the nymphs called Canephoræ, Skiophoræ, &c, are carrying the sacred offering in baskets and vases; there are priests, magistrates, warriors, deities, &c. &c. forming altogether a series of most interesting figures in great variety of costume, armour, and attitude.

From the Opisthodomus of the Parthenon, Lord Elgin also procured some valuable inscriptions, written in the manner called Kionedon or columnar. The subjects of these monuments are public decrees of the people, accounts of the riches contained in the treasury, and delivered by the administrators to their successors in office, enumerations of the statues, the silver, gold, and precious stones deposited in the temple, estimates for public works, &c.

CARRACCI'S OPINION OF CORREGGIO'S ST. JEROME.

Carracci speaks of this celebrated picture in terms almost amounting to adoration, and his eulogy is fully corroborated by Mengs. After apologizing for the common anachronism of making St. Jerome contemporary with Christ, this artist critically investigates the merits of the piece. "It represents," he observes, "the blessed Virgin and Child, with St. Jerome in the act of offering his writings to the infant Jesus. Between the infant and the saint is an angel, pointing to some passage in the book. St. Jerome himself is represented

CARRACCI.

with a violet drapery, carelessly thrown over his shoulders; and the naked parts of the body are depicted with a perfect knowledge of anatomy, and the highest beauty of colouring. At his feet is his majestic emblem, the lion. On the opposite side is Mary Magdalen, bending to kiss the foot of Jesus, with a countenance expressive at once of respect, love and adoration; and nearly behind her, is an angel smelling to a vase, to indicate the offering made by her of the box of precious ointment, mentioned in scripture. This picture merits a high place among the most beautiful paintings of Correggio, and may be justly compared with the small Magdalen and the celebrated Notte. It exhibits a body of colour unexampled in richness, and, at the same time, the almost incompatible quality of equal clearness. With this the tints are bright and varied, yet so intimately blended, that they appear infused into each other, like wax melted on the fire." Mengs adds. "Although the whole composition is wonderful, yet the head of the Magdalen is fine—eminent in beauty; and he who has not seen it, is ignorant of the effects which the pencil can produce."

This picture was given by the purchaser to the church of St. Antonio Abbate, at Parma, in the year 1528. One of the Abbots having entered into a treaty for its sale to the King of Portugal, at a considerable price, the community appealed to

the sovereign, the infant Don Philip, by whose order it was transferred to the cathedral. In 1756 it was placed in the Academy of Painting, which he had then instituted. It was removed by the French, in the plunder of Italy, and was one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the Louvre. When the spoils of nations were again wrested from France, it was restored by the Allied Powers to its original situation, and still attracts to Parma, the admirers of Correggio, and the lovers of the fine arts.

GÖETHE'S OPINION OF ARCHITECTS.

GÖETHE in his Wahlverwandschaften, says of the profession of the architect in modern times, that "he is employed in lavishing all the luxuriance of his fancy upon halls, from which he is to be for ever excluded, and displays his ingenuity in bestowing the utmost convenience upon apartments he must not enjoy."

MORLAND'S COMPLIMENT TO A FEMALE SITTER.

THE lady who is before mentioned in this volume, under the name of Mrs. Wheedle, one day prevailed upon George Morland to take her likeness, and after two sittings, he succeeded so well in pourtraying a half-length resemblance of her, that nobody could possibly mistake it. She was in the act of examining the fac-simile of her own darling presence, and comparing it with the original by the glass, when two friends of the artist's

came into the painting room; and after she had exhausted all her common-place cant of critical nonsence; Morland was censured by one of the party for not having given Mrs. Wheedle *colour enough.* "Colour enough!" replied the painter; "you must be mistaken; it is impossible to give her more colour, except you think I could make her blush." "Certainly," replied his friend, "nothing can be more becoming; surely, George, you can make the lady blush." "There, you're mistaken again," replied our facetious painter; "for by G—d I tried, and we all tried, as you ought to know, for more than an hour the other day without the least success; and I verily believe, Mrs. Wheedle never did so *foolish a thing as to blush in her life.*" The lady received the latter part of the painter's assertion as a very flattering compliment, and declared Mr. Morland was perfectly right, for she never *saw* or *did any thing* in her life that *could* make her blush.

THE MODERN SCHOOLS.

THE English school of painting, says Mrs. Graham, in 1824, though far inferior to either the first or second splendid periods of Italian art, is now the best in Europe. It has fewer faults. For the truth of this the Academy may appeal with confidence to the thousands of Englishmen who have lately visited the Continent, and looked im-

partially at the foreign exhibitions. The German artists have the best feeling abroad: they imitate the old masters, but have mistaken reverse of wrong for right; and, avoiding the extravagant action, glaring colour, and false feeling of the French, they have adopted babyish simplicity. The Italians are nothing in painting. The example of Canova has drawn all the rising talent of his countrymen towards sculpture, and there is not a painter in Italy, who, in the various provinces of art, can compare with any one of our academicians; not to speak of the splendid talents we possess, unconnected with the Academy.

"It is a grievous circumstance," says this lady, "that a prejudice in favour of every thing foreign exists among the English; a prejudice so old as to have been jested with centuries ago, by all manner of persons, from Trinculo, who exclaims, that in England any thing *strange* 'will make a man;' to the facetious Dr. Bourd, who '*painted for an Englishman, a proper fellow naked, with a pair of tailors' shears in one hand, and a piece of cloth on the other, with these*,' and other '*rhymes*,'—

> All new fashions be pleasant to we,
> I will have them whether I thrive or thee.*

The prejudice continues; and unluckily a painter,

* Camden.

sculptor, engraver, or any other artist, down to a milliner or a cook, is considered good or bad as his birth took place on one side or the other of the channel,; and one's very heart is grieved, to see the excellent English works that are held cheap, while portfolios are filled, and walls are covered with French and German trash that, when the fashion and novelty are gone, will inevitably be sent to the garret and the cheesemongers.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF DULWICH COLLEGE.

Æson (He Soane,) miratur, et olim
Ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos.

OVID.

Ye vases five, ye *antic* towers,
That crown the turnpike glade,
Where Art, in dingy light adores,
Her BOURGEOIS' ochrey shade;
And ye that from the bosky brow
Of Sydenham-hill th' expanse below
Of long suburban rides survey,
Whose dusty paths, whose lanes among,
Wander the cockney crowds along
Their Sunday-saunt'ring way.

Ah *sightless* roof! Ah *chimney-block!*
Ah *mausoleum* grand!
Where late I lavish'd all my stock,
With bold and practis'd hand;

see the fame that round ye flies,
I hear the plaudits as they rise,
As, Art's dull precepts scorning,
My critic hating soul they soothe,
And speak of "visions of my youth,"
Dreams of my early morning*."

Say, *Master* ALLEN†, hast thou seen,
The connoisseuring race,
Breathless, amaz'd, on Dulwich-green,
My lines of beauty trace?
Who foremost now delights to stop
To look at "God's Gift‡" picture shop,
Is't NASH, or SMIRKE, or GWILT?
Do not the knowing loungers cry,
"My eye!" at my sarcophagi,
And guess by whom 'twas built?

Dare some, on critic business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply,
To work ill-humour and constraint
On one so great as I?
Will wandering students e'er disdain
The limits of *my* boundless reign,
And Taste beyond the BANK, descry?
Let them look here, before, behind;
And, if the whelps are not purblind,
They'll loud me to the sky.

* See Catalogue of Academy, 1820.
† The name of the Superior of the College, *in perpetuo*.
‡ The designation of the College by its founder.

Be theirs the beauties of my style,
Myst'ries by none possess'd;—
The roofs unsham'd by slate or tile,
The brick with Portland dress'd,
The *stepless* door, the *scored* wall,
Pillars *sans* base or capital,
And curious antiques;
The chimney groups that fright the sweeps,
And *acroteria* fifty deep,
And all my mighty freaks.

Let them, regardless of my doom,
Pursue the glorious race,
Nor fear the writing, spouting scum,
Or in, or out of place.
For see, how all around me wait
The crows who watch an Artist's fate—
The Printers' devils' baneful gang—
Ah see where still in ambush stand
The dreadful miscellaneo-band,
Grinning at every pang.

May these the *lawyer's* talons tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Twenty indictments ev'ry year,
And fines that lurk behind!!
Let them in Newgate pine their youth!!
Let rivals, with a rankling tooth,
Eat thousands from their sale away!!!
May BRITTON make their readers snore!!!
And I, and NASH, and hundreds more
Curse them, aye, ev'ry day!!!!

See e'en where saving BANKES doth rise,
Catching the Speaker's eye,
To make THE COURTS a sacrifice,
As common infamy—
The stings of wit will CROKER try?
Shall hard SIR CHARLES's alter'd eye,
Mock the great plans he lately prais'd?
Will MACKINTOSH the work revile?
And pert GREY BENNETT move a smile
In scorn of what I've rais'd?

See, where in Palace-yard below
The lawyer troops look big:—
The powder'd ministers of woe;
Sneering in gown and wig.—
This mocks my PASSAGE, that my DOME,
And all cry out for WANT OF ROOM,
The very juries rage;
And beardless students, cramm'd and jamm'd,
Swear that my COURTS may each be damn'd
For a most hideous cage.

To each his sufferings—all great men,
'Neath Envy still must groan:
ELMES for the beauties of his pen,
I, for my works of stone:
Yet let us boldly laugh at Fame;
We'll still *buy* puffs, though somewhat tame,
The HOUSE some day must *rise*,
The BOARD OF WORKS yet pays its fees—
No more—where ignorance is ease,
"'Tis folly to be wise."

SALE OF PICTURES BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IN 1823.

THE sale of Pictures by this renowned painter at Christie's Rooms, after the death of the Marchioness of Thomond, yielded indubitable proofs of his superior excellence as an artist. The competition to become purchasers was unprecedentidly ardent, and the prices appeared unparalleled for the works of the ancient artists. The 'Charity' sold for 1,500 guineas, a larger sum than has ever been given before for a single picture produced by an Englishman, with the exception of Christ healing the Sick, painted by the late Mr. West for the British Institution, purchased from the venerable President of the Royal Academy under peculiar circumstances.

The following Eleven pictures are the original designs for the compartments of the window of New College, Oxford, which was copied in stained glass by Jervis, that picture which forms the centre of the windows, the subject of which is the Nativity, was the property of the Duke of Rutland, and destroyed by fire at Belvoir Castle :—

	GUINEAS.
'Charity,' purchased by Lord Normanton, for	1,500
'Faith' by ditto, for	400
'Hope,' purchased by Lord Normanton, for	650
'Temperance' by ditto, for	600

	GUINEAS.
'Justice' by Lord Normanton, for -	1,100
'Fortitude' by ditto, for - -	700
'Prudence' by ditto, for - -	350
'Portraits of Sir J. Reynolds and Jervis as Shepherds at the Nativity,' by Earl Fitzwilliam, for - - -	410
A Shepherd Boy and Dog by ditto, for	600
'Young St. John and the Lamb,' by Mr. Danby, for - - - -	175
'A Nymph and Cupid,' the admirable fancy subject usually termed the Snake in the Grass, was purchased by Mr. Soane, the Architect, for - - -	510
Who also bought Sir Joshua's Copy of the Marlborough Gems, for - -	77
'Dido or a funeral pile,' bought by Sir C. Long for the British Institution, for	700
'Hope nursing Love,' by Mr. Morritt of Portland Place, for - - -	215
'A Young Shepherdess,' by Colonel Howard of Grosvenor Square, for -	210
'Portrait of Lady Spencer,' by Mr. Wansey, for - - -	55
'A whole length Portrait of the late Earl of Dunmore,' for - - -	145
'Portrait of Admiral Lord Rodney,' for	115
'Portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough,'	90

GUINEAS.

'A Girl's head with a string of pearls interwoven in her hair,' by Lord de Dunstanville, for - - - 42

'A bold Landscape and Figures,' by Mr. Cunliffe, for - - - 400

Stuart Wortley purchased the Portrait of Mrs. Robinson at a large price.

There were a few bronzes and pictures of the first class by the Old Masters, but as the productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pencil were evidently the great point of attraction, these were considered to obtain but indifferent prices.

The 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' painted by Correggio, to the eloquent and elaborate description of which Mr. Christie devoted two entire pages of his catalogue, and what formerly was valued at £2000, was purchased for the Duke of Northumberland, for - - - - 215

'A sleeping Cupid,' by Guido, bought by Mr. Danby, for - - - 85

'The Enchantress,' by Teniers, sold for - - - - 160

'Cleopatra dissolving the pearl,' painted by Jan. Steen, sold for - - 70

A fine plaster bust of Dr. Johnson, much esteemed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was purchased by Mr. James Boswell for - - 10

GUINEAS.

An original bust of Sir Joshua Reynolds in marble, by an Italian Artist, and from which Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have taken all the portraits of himself painted late in life, was purchased by Mr. George Watson Taylor for - - - 160

A noble group of 'Nessus and Deianira,' in bronze, was purchased by Lord Yarmouth for the King, at - - - 75

A fine equestrian figure of Marcus Aurelius, in bronze, sold for - - 35

The amount of the Second day's Sale exceeded £15,000, which is £5,000 more than the highest and the most sanguine estimate previously made of their value.

THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS.

From Haygarth's Greece: a Poem.

Here let us pause, e'en at the vestibule
Of Theseus' fane———with what stern majesty
It rears its pond'rous and eternal strength,
Still perfect, still unchang'd, as on the day
When the assembled throng of multitudes
With shouts proclaim'd th' accomplish'd work, and fell
Prostrate upon their faces to adore
Its marble splendour. How the golden gleam
Of noonday floats upon its graceful forms,
Tinging each grooved shaft, and storied frize
And Doric triglyph! How the rays amidst
The op'ning columns glanc'd from point to point,

Stream down the gloom of the long portico;
Where link'd in moving mazes youths and maids
Lead the light dance, as erst in joyous hour
Of festival! how the broad pediment,
Embrown'd with shadow frowns above, and spreads
Solemnity and reverential awe!
Proud monument of old magnificence!
Still thou survivest, nor has envious time
Impair'd thy beauty, save that it has spread
A deeper tint, and dimm'd the polish'd glare
Of thy refulgent whiteness. Let mine eyes
Feast on thy form, and find at ev'ry glance
Themes for imagination, and for thought:
Empires have fallen, yet art thou unchang'd;
And destiny, whose tide engulphs proud man,
Has roll'd his harmless billows at thy base.

THE BANKER AND THE PAINTER.

CARLO ROSSI, who frequently paid more for one of Salvator Rosa's pictures than would have startled an Italian prince to think of, sometimes resisted the high prices which Rosa put on his works. On these occasions the painter would not abate a ducat; and Rossi withdrew without disputing the point, leaving a free field to more opulent chapmen. Rosa, having thus satisfied his self-esteem, and kept the picture for some time by him, most frequently sent it as a present to Rossi, who durst not refuse it, lest he should lose a friend and a picture at the same time.

PÆSTUM.

THE celebrated poet Rogers, in some beautiful lines written at Pæstum, in March, 1815, says of these temples:

"They stand between the mountains and the sea
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not.

Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods! and on their ample steps,
What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates, for prayer and sacrifice!
Time was perhaps, the third was sought for justice,
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused;
And here the judges sat, and heard and judged;
All silent now! as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot, and mingled dust with dust."

They are indeed silent yet speaking memorials of time and eternity. Of Pæstum and its twice blowing roses, what lover of poetry has not heard of those lovely flowers which,

"Now a Virgil, now an Ovid sang
Pæstums twice-blowing roses."

USE OF RINGS AMONG THE GREEKS.

THE use of rings was very common among the Greeks, both as an ornamental part of their dress, and as seals. A collection of such was, therefore, an appendage to all persons of wealth and consequence.

The first collection of precious stones or jewels that we are acquainted with in ancient Rome were made as early as the times of Scaurus and Pompey; but there is nothing to indicate that they were engraved. Mithridates had a dactyliotheca, which, on his defeat by Pompey, was consecrated in the capitol by his conqueror. Cæsar established several in the temple of Venus and Marcellus, and an extensive one in the cell of the temple of Apollo Palatinus.

POUSSIN.

THE family of Poussin was noble, but poor. His father, John Poussin, was a native of Soissons, and served with credit in the regiment of Tavanes during the reign of Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV.; but the poverty of the royal coffers, during that unhappy period, had thrown all the the expenses of a military life upon himself, and, like many of his brave fellow-soldiers, he was reduced to the greatest indigence. After the taking of Vernon, in which town he then resided, he married Marie de Laisement, the widow of Le Moine, a solicitor of the same place; and having quitted the service, he retired to Andelys, in Normandy, sometime in the year 1592, and in June, 1594, his son Nicholas was born.

Passeri tells us, that Nicholas Poussin was frequently chidden by his schoolmaster for making

designs on the leaves of his books instead of studying.

The sketches young Poussin made attracted the attention of Quintin Varin, a native of Amiens, who then resided at Andelys. The state of painting in France was at that time very low; all the faults with which the French school is so justly charged, were at their height.

BENTVOGEL SOCIETY.

A CELEBRATED society of Flemish painters, was once established at Rome, into which they received all of their own nation who came to reside at Rome, and desired to be admitted as members. The introduction was made at a tavern, where a repast was prepared at the expense of the new member, when after some whimsical and burlesque ceremonies, he was inaugurated with a new name, expressive of some peculiarity of person or style, as Peter Van Laen was named by them, Bamboccio! Philip Roos, Rosa da Tivola, and others with the various sobriquets or nick-names, by which they are known. The ceremony was kept up all night, and in the morning they marched in procession to the tomb of Bacchus, where it concluded.

COMPARATIVE DIMENSIONS OF THE BRIDGES OVER THE THAMES.

WATERLOO Bridge is one thousand two hundred

and fifty feet long; Westminster, one thousand two hundred and twenty feet; and Blackfriars nine hundred and ninety-five feet. Waterloo Bridge has nine elliptical arches, of one hundred and twenty feet span, over the river, with piers of twenty feet thick, built entirely of granite, and forty brick arches, for a causeway on the Surrey side: and the entire length of its land and water arches is two thousand eight hundred and ninety feet. Westminster has thirteen large and two semicircular small arches, with fourteen intermediate piers. The arches of this bridge all spring about two feet below low water; it was commenced in 1738, and opened to the public in 1750. Blackfriars' Bridge has nine large elliptical arches, was begun in 1760, by Mr. Milne, and finished in ten years and three quarters.

PROFESSOR FUSELI'S DEFINITION OF THE STYLE OF RUBENS.

THE following extract from Fuseli's *definition* of Rubens and his style, taken from his lectures at the Royal Academy, is peculiarly Fuseliesque and appropriate. "What has been said of Michael Angelo's forms, may be applied to the colour of Rubens; they had but one. As the one came to nature and moulded her to his generic form, the other came to nature and tinged her with his favourite tone, that of gay magnificence. From this he never deviated, whatever was his subject, sacre or

profane, poetic or historic, homely or elevated, merry or mournful, grave or gay; the study of his works has been recommended, as offering the fullest and clearest method of combining the various modes of harmony that distinguish the ornamental, or, as it is commonly called the Venetian style; in which the brightest colours possible are admitted with the two extremes of warm and cold, and these reconciled by their being dispersed over the picture, till the whole appears like a branch of flowers. But if the economy of his tints be that of an immense nosegay, he has not always connected the ingredients with a prismatic eye; the balance of the iris is not arbitrary, the balance of his colour often is."

"It was not to be expected," continued Mr. Fuseli, "that correctness of form should be the principal object of Rubens, though he was master of drawing, and ever ambitious in the display of anatomic knowledge: but there is no mode of incorrectness except what directly militated against breadth and fulness, of which his works do not set an example. His male forms, generally the brawny pulp of slaughtermen, his females hillocks of rosy flesh, in overwhelmed muscles, grotesque attitudes, and distorted joints, are swept along in a gulph of colours; as herbage, trees and shrubs, are whirled, tossed and absorbed by inundation."

VARIN.

VARIN may claim the honour of being among the first who led the way to improvement in France. His picture of "the Presentation of Christ in the Temple," painted for the barefooted Carmelites, and that of San Carlo Boromeo, painted for St. Etienne du Mont, are considered as his best productions, and possess great merit.

To the almost paternal interest which his master took in his progress, and to the rational course of study he recommended, Poussin owed the success of his future life.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

From Elmes's Dictionary of the Fine Arts.

THESE miracles of ancient art belonged originally to the temple of Minerva Parthenon, and to some other edifices on the Acropolis at Athens. Their ancient history is well known; they were imagined and directed by Phidias, and executed in part by his chisel, were for more than seven hundred years the admiration of the ancient world; and have been regarded by all competent judges as inimitable for their perfection in art. During the period of Lord Elgin's embassy to the Porte, some eminent artists in England recommended the object of this collection as one of the highest importance to the fine arts. It was proposed as such to the English go-

vernment, who declining the undertaking, which appeared of doubtful issue, his lordship engaged in the pursuit entirely at his own risk and expence.

Lord Elgin in pursuit of this patriotic scheme, took six of the first artists from Rome, and employed them several years upon the undertaking, and continued his establishment at Athens for sixteen years, and succeeded, by unconquerable exertion and perseverance, in achieving what powerful and favoured sovereigns had, in successive ages, attempted in vain; what Canova would have been contented to have come to London alone to have seen*.

It is to be considered among the difficulties of Lord Elgin's undertaking, that he had to remove the enormous and ponderous pieces of marble a distance of nearly five miles from Athens to Peiræeus, the port of maritime Athens, in a country without roads, without machinery, and without any other resources than manual exertion. He had to convey them to England, to bring them from the out ports to London, and to keep them there at a considerable expense. His lordship had also the misfortune to lose a valuable vessel of his own employed in the service, that was wrecked off Cerigo, while having on board a number of these marbles, which he af-

* See Canova's letter to Lord Elgin of the 10th November, 1815, often reprinted; and which has already produced the most beneficial effects upon the fine arts of the country.

terwards recovered with infinite labour, great perseverance, and cost. Besides these, it is well known that no operations can be conducted in Turkey without the distribution of presents; which are always proportioned to the rank of the parties, and the eagerness or difficulty of the pursuit. And that while Lord Elgin negociated as ambassador with the officers of the empire at Constantinople (the city of Athens being the jointure of the Sultan's mother), his artists had to purchase the good will of the persons in authority on the spot, on every occurrence, wherever any assistance was required.

In a memoir upon these marbles written by that eminent archæologist and critic the chevalier E. Q. Visconti, and read at a public meeting of the two classes of the Royal Institute of France in the year 1815, he admits that the most celebrated collections of Europe contain scarcely any of those monuments of sculpture, of which the classic authors have given us an account as being in general estimation among the ancients. He excepts the Laocoön and a few conjectural copies of a small number of masterpieces of the great sculptors; the hope of seeing the originals of which appeared to be lost for ever. "But in viewing," continues he, "the marbles which the Earl of Elgin has removed from Athens to London, the connoisseur is perfectly certain that

he is contemplating a variety of those valuable works which, in the time of Plutarch (Plut. Pericl. § 13), that is, in the age of Trajan, were regarded as inimitable for their grace and beauty." And all agree that they present an indisputable standard of perfection in art, and are an invaluable acquisition to our rising school of art.

These celebrated relics of the most glorious days of ancient art consisted, when Lord Elgin first brought them to England, of

1. Several of the matchless statues which adorned the pediments of the temple of Minerva Parthenon at Athens.

2. A number of the metopes from the same temple.

3. The whole remaining frieze of the temple, of which about two hundred and fifty feet is original, in marble: the remainder is in casts executed on the spot.

4. Casts, also executed on the spot, of all the sculpture of the Theseium, or temple of Theseus.

5. A great variety of fragments of valuable sculpture from Athens, various in their subject and execution.

6. A complete series of architectural drawings, containing the most accurate details of every building that can still be traced in Athens, or in the Peloponnesus, and restorations of the most conspi-

cuous edifices executed on the spot, in a style of the highest professional excellence.*

7. Specimens of the most admired characteristics and embellishments of architecture, such as columns, capitals, friezes, &c. &c; many of these originals, others taken from the buildings.

8. A very precious and numerous series of inscriptions, comprehending many of considerable value to history, to literature, and to the arts. The Bonstrophedon of Cape Sigæum is among the number of these invaluable and authentic documents.

9. A number of vases procured by excavations in the neighbourhood of Athens.

10. And a collection of medals containing some of great merit and interest.

The before-mentioned drawings, numbered 6, the vases, and medals, were not included in the purchase by government.

* This is the collection of which Mr. Wilkins, in his Atheniensia, says he, "has been informed that Lord Elgin's intention of publishing a complete and splendid work from the drawings made on the spot has been abandoned, in consequence of the estimated expense of the undertaking, and the little probability that such a work would be in sufficient demand to defray the necessary expences of publication." Surely the government who purchased such a bargain should gratify the public and serve our Artists by undertaking the publication itself, through the medium of the British Museum.

HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT OF JOHN WILKES.

HOGARTH'S talent for catching a likeness was most remarkable; indeed, the study of his whole life was reading the human countenance; hence, he could sketch a character with a few scratches of his pen. The portrait of Mr. Wilkes, may be adduced as a memorable instance of this talent, which unfortunately for our esteemed artist, was too like, and too bitter a satire upon this "*man of the people*," to be forgiven by the witty champion of his party, namely, the much dreaded Charles Churchhill, who took up his Herculean club in defence of his friend, the member for Middlesex, and repaid the painter, *in kind*, by a satirical drubbing, which, if it "*broke no bones*," went nigh to the breaking of his heart. In testimony of the faithfulness of this resemblance of Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Nichols relates, that he was informed by a copperplate printer, that nearly *four thousand* copies of the caricature were worked off on the first impression: the informant being kept up for two or three nights on the occasion, observed, he had reason to remember it.

But a still higher testimony of the excellence of the portrait, which was etched by Hogarth, from a slight *pen and ink* sketch, made, as it appears, when the patriot was sitting unconscious of the artist's observation, may be instanced in the

opinion of Mr. Wilkes himself, which at the same time exhibits a striking trait of the playful ease of that gentleman, upon a subject that few men have philosophy enough to endure—reflections upon their personal deformity.

Mr. Wilkes's observation was, long after the artist was gone to the grave,—"I think I am every day growing more like Hogarth's portrait of me."

"Nearly thirty years after the publication of this print," says an intelligent friend, "I had occasion to enrol the indenture of a ward, apprenticed to a Liveryman of the worshipful Painter Stainers' Company, and attended at the Chamberlain's Office at Guildhall. The clerk was executing the business, when in came Mr. Wilkes, and seated himself in the chair of office. Never till then," said he, "had I felt the full force of Hogarth's power. I could have sworn to the very letter of the resemblance, though I had never seen the prototype before."

EARLY STONE BUILDINGS IN IRELAND.

WHEN Rhoderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, in the year 1161* built a stone castle at Tuam, it was so new and unusual in those times, that the Irish called it *the wonderful castle.* But above all cities of that period was Temora now called Taragh, in the county of Meath, which, though it were

* Giraldus in 1185, mentions the stone round tower.

then the principal palace, and the place where at certain times they held their royal assemblies, yet at this day there is not the least sign or remainder of an ancient building. The first of the Irish, or at least one of the first who began to build with stone and lime, was Malachius O'Morgan, Archbishop of Armagh.

MARINI AND POUSSIN.

MARINI was born at Naples. Some political disturbances, in which he and his family had taken part, obliged him to quit that kingdom, and he took refuge successively in several of the petty courts of Italy. His talent for satire involved him in various literary disputes, as well as some political quarrels, and he never resided long in one place, until Mary of Medicis invited him to the court of France, where he passed the greater part of his life, and where he wrote most of his poems, which, though licentious both in matter and style, contain numerous beauties, and are full of classical imagery. Marini gave Poussin an apartment in his house, and as his own health was at that time extremely deranged, he loved to have Poussin by the side of his couch, where he drew or painted, while Marini read aloud to him from some Latin or Italian author, or from his own poems, which Poussin illustrated by beautiful drawings, most of which it is to be feared are lost; though it is

believed that there is still existing in the Massimi library, a copy of the Adonis in Marini's handwriting, with Poussin's drawings interleaved. To this kind of study which he pursued with Marini, may perhaps be attributed Poussin's predilection for compositions where nymphs, and fairies, and bacchanals are the subjects; compositions in which he certainly excelled.

FIRST CELEBRITY OF POUSSIN.

In 1623 the Jesuits celebrated the canonization of Ignatius Loyola, and of St. Francis Xavier, and the pupils of their college at Paris, determined on that occasion to display the miracles of their patron saints in a series of pictures. Of these Poussin painted six in less than a week: his long practice in distemper painting gave him a decided superiority in readiness over the other artists employed on the occasion; and when the pictures came to be exhibited, although the details in his pictures were necessarily neglected on account of the haste with which they had been executed, they excited the greatest admiration on account of the grandeur of conception and elegance of design displayed in them, and obtained the preference over all the others, though executed by the best artists then in Paris.

THE PAINTER AND THE PARSON.

When Zoffani was in Calcutta, he painted "a Last Supper," as an altar-piece, for the church, the

figures as large as life, and Dr. Johnson, the first chaplain, often called to see the artist at work. Being rather out of humour one day at the interruption he met with by the doctor's questions concerning the different figures, "who is this?" and "who is that?" and upon the doctor pointing to a jolly lusty apostle, in the front of the picture, and asking his name, the painter said, "that is *Simon*, but he was not so fat when a fisherman; he only grew fat when he became a parson."

NATIONAL FEELING.

The Italians have of all nations the least affectation. What they feel they express, to please themselves, without any consideration of what construction others may put on their actions. In France where vanity, and in England, where pride, induces every man to consider and foresee his neighbour's judgment, it is difficult for an artist, whose reputation is not already established, to arrive at that intercourse with polite or learned society, which ought to form a part of his education. The Italian painters, on the contrary, were courted into such society. Michael Angelo, in the palace of the Medici, while he received their patronage equally with Politian, was equally treated as their friend and companion; and that nothing vulgar ever enters into his conceptions may, in part, be attributed to his constant intercourse with

the politest and most learned men of his time. Hitherto, with the exception of very few instances, our English artists have been too much a people by themselves.—*Graham's Poussin.*

THE CARTOONS, PARTICULARLY THOSE OF RAFFAELLE.

A DRAWING or painting upon large paper usually made as a pattern for painting in fresco, tapestry, musaick, &c. is called a cartoon. In either of these methods of delineation, the artist cannot trace his entire outline, as on the canvas, but is under the necessity of making the entire design the full size of the intended work on large paper joined together; the outline is then neatly punctured with a needle, pin, or other point, and is thus transferred, as wanted, upon the work. The finest works of this kind are the celebrated cartoons by Raffaelle, in the possession of the king, and preserved in the royal palace at Hampton Court, called emphatically *the Cartoons.* They are part of a series of designs made for tapestry, and were purchased by Charles I. They are deservedly reckoned among the finest of Raffaelle's works, and consequently among the choicest works of art. Richardson has given an accurate historical and critical description of them, and, in his opinion, they are more fitted to convey a true idea of the genius Raffaelle, than even the Loggia of the Vatican. The

tapestries that have been wrought from them, are but shadows of the originals; yet these are preserved with great veneration at Rome, and only shown on a few days in the year, in the gallery which leads from St. Peter's to the Vatican, and never fail attracting an immense crowd to view them. Towards the end of the year 1797, the French government exhibited in the Salon d' Musée, several tapestries worked at Brussels, which were said to have been executed after the designs of Raffaelle.

The Cartoons at Hampton Court have been several times engraved: first by Gribelin in Queen Anne's reign, next by Dorigny, and since that, by several inferior artists, most probably from the other engravings. They have also been engraved lately in small by Fitler, and of a very large size, and in a splendid and superior manner, by Holloway, (See Month. Mag. for Jan. 1809, vol. XXVI. p. 561.) Another very fine cartoon, by Raffaelle, of the Murder of the Innocents, is in the collection of Prince Hoare, Esq. secretary for foreign correspondence to the Royal Academy.

POUSSIN'S DIFFICULTIES.

POUSSIN found himself alone in Rome, Marini dead, the Cardinal Barberini in a foreign country, his own slender means exhausted by the journey from Paris, and as yet without friends or acquaintance. To relieve his pressing necessities, he sold

two "battles," each containing a great number of figures, for seven crowns a-piece, and a "prophet" for less than two crowns; while a copy of that very picture, by another painter, produced double the sum.

But though unfortunate as to his pecuniary concerns, Poussin was lucky in the first intimacy he formed in Rome. He lodged in the same house with Francis Quesnoy, a Fleming, generally called *Il Fiamingo*, a sculptor, intimately acquainted with Algarde, to whom he introduced Poussin; and with these two intelligent artists he studied and measured most of the antique statues then in Rome. From them also he occasionally received such pecuniary assistance as their slender means afforded, and from the want of which his unwearied exertions could not entirely preserve him. The sale of his battle pieces and his prophet, as we have seen, could avail him but little, nor could the sixty crowns which he received for his celebrated picture of "the Ark of God among the Philistines," have done much more than pay him for the expense of painting it. This work, which is one of his finest compositions, obtained considerable applause at Rome.

The reputation of the painter rose considerably as soon as this picture came to be known; it availed him but little as to his pecuniary affairs, and he received no more than his sixty crowns, while

the original purchaser sold it shortly after to the Duc de Richelieu for one thousand crowns.

SAVING TIME.

Pope Clement VII. at the siege of Rome, in the year 1530, seems to have had a happy notion of saving time; for, being asked by Benvenuto Cellini for absolution, on account of certain homicides which he believed himself to have committed "in the service of the church," he added an absolution *(in prospectu)* for all homicides, thereafter, which he, "the said Benvenuto, in the same service," might find it desirable to commit. The same Pontiff (or Pope Paul, his immediate successor) entertained an admirable sense too of the deference due to talent. Being teased about another murder which Cellini had performed—this was not "in the service of the church," but a casual stabbing of a waiter, or tavern-keeper, or some such person—the relative of the deceased in urging punishment, made some mention about "the laws;" upon which the successor of St. Peter (goldsmiths like Benvenuto being easier hanged than replaced) took the high tone at once, and told the complainant—"Sir, I must inform you, that men who are masters in their profession, should not be subject to the laws." Murders, therefore, continued to be committed, and the apostolic plate to be engraved—both by Signor Cellini, "on the shortest notice."

THE BATHS OF DIOCLESIAN.

THE baths of Dioclesian are said to have had accommodations for eighteen hundred bathers. The names of the different bathing apartments were the cold bath *(frigidarium)*, the hot *(calidarium)*, the tepid *(tepidarium)*, the stove *(hypocastum)*, the sweating room *(sudatorium)*, the undressing room *(apodyterium)*, and the perfuming room *(unctuarium)*. Whatever pains Palladio, Serlio, and other authors took in their designs for the restoration of the baths of the Romans, they do not appear to have been very successful, for the designs of the same building, by different artists, differ considerably. According to Alberti, in the eighth book of his Architecture, the extent of an ancient Roman bathing establishment was at least a hundred thousand square feet. Now if we consider the great extent of their ruins, the great number of their apartments, courts, and halls which were inclosed and served for recreations and exercise, Alberti does not err on the side of excess. They were generally of a square or oblong form, and surrounded with walls; this space had three enclosures, each of which surrounded the building, as it were, one placed within the other. The first, or that which surrounded the exterior, contained the halls in which the philosophers gave their instructions, and those which were used by the athletæ. The second division contained open places, planted

with trees, for the exercise of the youths. In the third division, situated in the middle of the building, were the baths, surrounded with porticos and open courts. Sometimes the entire building was enclosed by a park, like that of Alexander Severus, which contributed greatly to the embellishment of the whole structure.

UNIQUE PICTURES.

THE following choice specimens of ancient and modern art, the undoubted property of a distinguished wit, collected with recent labour, and at great expense; among which are many genuine and original productions, it is said will be shortly brought to the hammer:—

Two Cats fighting, by *Claude* (claw'd).

The interior of Covent Garden Theatre during the Riot, by *Opie* (O. P.)

The rescued Flower, by *Salvator Rosa.*

The extracted Tooth, by *Stump.*

The Veto, by *A. Pope.*

The Kitten in a Cage, by *Poussin* (Puss in.)

Recubans sub tegmine fagi, by *Beechey.*

The Salutation, by *Metzu* (Met, you.)

The Siege of Troy, by *Teniers* (Ten years.)

Death of William Rufus, by *Arrowsmith.*

The Ghost and Don Giovanni, by *Bone.*

View of Billingsgate, by *Rouw.*

The Hay-stack in Danger, by *Raeburn.*

The Carpenter's Shop, a *Cabinet* picture, by *Turner.*

The Polar Expedition, with a portrait of Captain Ross, by *Landseer.*

OF THE EGYPTIAN LABYRINTH.

From Elmes's Lectures on Architecture.

Of the early private domestic architecture of the Egyptians, we have not many or sure grounds; but their immense palace or congeries of palaces, called the Labyrinth, which the Greeks imitated in their no less celebrated Labyrinth at Crete, by Dædalus, proves them to have advanced in the palatial style of domestic architecture to as great perfection o splendour as they had in the sacred styles.

It has been doubted whether any ruins of this wonderful structure have ever been discovered; but Captain Wilford, an enterprising searcher into antiquities, asserts in a very able paper in the Asiatic Researches, that its ruins are still to be seen near the Lake Mœris, at a place which the Arabs have named the Kasi, or Palace of Karan, whom they suppose to have been the richest of mortals. We must, however, rely upon the credit of ancient authors for an account of it; and the authority of Herodotus is undoubtedly the best we can refer to on this head. There is great diversity of opinion upon the exact period to which this much boasted

edifice should be assigned. Herodotus (lib. ii. n. 148) attributes its construction to the twelve kings who reigned in Egypt at the same time, about six hundred and eighty years before the Christian era. Pomponius Mela agrees in most points with Herodotus; and from these two authors we may gather a tolerably clear idea of this great example of the palatial domestic architecture of Egypt.

Herodotus, who had visited and examined this edifice with great attention, affirms that it surpassed every thing that he had conceived of it. Within one and the same circuit of walls, it contained twelve magnificent palaces, regularly disposed, and communicating with each other. Each of these palaces contained three thousand halls, twelve of which were of a particular form and beauty. Half of these halls or chambers were interspersed with terraces, and were arranged round the twelve principal halls, communicating with each other, but by so many turns and windings, that, without an experienced guide, it was impossible to escape wandering; the other half were underground, cut out of the rock, and were said to have been used for the sepulchre of their kings. Herodotus assures us, that he visited all the apartments above ground; but those which were subterraneous, they would not, from motives of superstition, permit him to enter. Captain Wilford thinks that the various apartments under ground had been used for depo-

siting the chests or coffins of the sacred crocodiles, called Sukhus or Sukkis in old Egyptian, and Soukh to this day in the Coptic or vernacular language of Egypt. The halls had an equal number of doors, six openings to the north, and six to the south; and at each angle of the external walls of this labyrinth was erected an immense pyramid, for the sepulchres of its founders. The whole of the labyrinth, walls, floors and ceilings, were of white marble, and exhibited a profusion of sculpture. Each of the before-mentioned twelve halls, or galleries, were supported on columns of the same sort of marble. This splendid palace, or rather city of palaces, is also mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, who thinks it was a magnificent cemetery for the Egyptian monarchs and their families; and it is also described by Strabo and Pliny, who confirm the accounts and descriptions of Herodotus.

POUSSIN'S STUDY.

EVERY hour that he could spare Poussin spent in the different villas in the neighbourhood of Rome, where, besides the most exquisite remains of antique sculpture, he enjoyed the unrivalled landscape that surrounds that city, where every hill is classical, where the very trees have a poetic air, and where nothing reminds one of common nature; so much is it dignified by the noble wrecks,

whose forms, and magnitude, and combinations excite in the soul a kind of dreaming rapture, from which it would not be awakened, and which those who have not felt it can scarcely understand. In those delightful scenes he continued to meditate and to study, even to extreme old age.

He restored the antique temples, and made plans and accurate drawings of the fragments of ancient Rome, and there are few of his pictures where the subject admits of it, in which we may not trace the buildings, both of the ancient and the modern city. In the beautiful landscape of the death of Eurydice, the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, and the tower, vulgarly called that of Nero, form the middle ground of the picture. The castle of St. Angelo appears again in one of his pictures of the Exposing of Moses; and the pyramid of Caius Cestius, the Pantheon, the ruins of the Forum, and the walls of Rome, may be recognised in the Finding of Moses, and several others of his remarkable pictures.

"I have often admired," said Vigneul de Marville, who knew him at a late period of his life, "the love he had for his art. Old as he was, I frequently saw him among the ruins of ancient Rome, out in the Campagna, or along the banks of the Tyber, sketching a scene which had pleased him; and I often met him with his handkerchief full of stones, moss or flowers, which he carried home,

that he might copy them exactly from nature. One day I asked him, how he had attained to such a degree of perfection as to have gained so high a rank among the great painters of Italy? He answered, 'I have neglected nothing.'"

ORIGIN OF THE FABLE OF THE CENTAUR.

THE inhabitants of Thessaly being great horsemen, and their country abounding with wild bulls, they became expert in their chase, and hence acquired their name and gave rise to the fable of the Centaurs. The usual way in which they are represented by artists, is with a human head, arms, and trunk, joined to the body and legs of a horse, just above the chest. According to Pausanias, there was represented upon the ancient monument called the sarcophagus of Cypselus, a centaur, of which the fore feet were those of a man, and the hinder ones of a horse; and they have been similarly represented on various other monuments. Ancient artists were fond of introducing in their compositions the representation of imaginary beings, composed of two natures, as centaurs, tritons, and sphinxes, and probably the mermaid has the same origin. The quarrels of the centaurs and lapithæ at the nuptials of Pirothous, as represented in the Phigalean marbles, have been sung by Hesiod *(in Scuto Herc.)* and Ovid *(Met.* xii.), and been commemo-

rated in the sculptures of various ancient temples. Representations of centaurs are found upon a great number of ancient monuments, and in the most varied attitudes. Phidias was the first that ennobled and almost naturalized them in his sculptures of the metopes of the Parthenon. He has been followed by a great number of imitators, and none more celebrated, or nearer approaching him, than the fine sculptures of the Phigaleian frieze in the British Museum. There are very fine centaurs of both sexes also upon many of the Greek vases; and likewise in the paintings of Herculaneum. The car of Bacchus is sometimes described as being drawn by a centaur, armed with a club or lance, and another holding a lyre or some other musical instrument; and they are also occasionally affixed to the cars of other divinities, especially on medals. Zeuxis was the first on record who ventured to personify a centaur in painting, and Lucian *(Zeuxis)*, who gives a description of this picture, regards it as one of the finest and boldest of his works. (See Lucian, vol. i. p. 579. fr. ed.) In his time Athens possessed a very correct copy of it; the original had been sent by Sylla to Italy, but the ship which conveyed it was lost, with all its other valuables. The lower part of this centaur was that of a mare, reclining on one side; the upper part was that of a fine woman, leaning on her elbow,

holding in her arms one of her two young ones, and presenting it to the breast; the other was sucking its mother in the manner of colts.

Lucian observes, that the genius of Zeuxis is displayed in this picture, of uniting in one object all his excellencies, by giving to the centaur a fierce and savage air, a bushy mane disposed with stateliness, a body covered with hair, which appear equally to belong to the human portion as well as the other. Philostratus gives a description of a painting of the same kind, representing a family of centaurs. Nonnus mentions horned centaurs, as satyrs are represented.

POUSSIN AND DOMENICHINO.

NEXT to correctness of drawing, and dignity of conception, Poussin valued expression in painting. He placed Domenichino next to Raffaelle for that quality; and shortly after his arrival in Rome, he set about copying the Flagellation of St. Andrew, painted by that master, in the church of San Gregorio. Domenichino painted it in competition with Guido, whose Martyrdom of the Saint is on the opposite side of the church. Poussin found all the students in Rome busily copying the Guido, which, though it has possibly fewer faults than its rival, wants the energy and expression that distinguish it: he was too sure of his object to be led away by the crowd, and turned his atten-

tion wholly to the Flagellation. Domenichino, who Poussin imagined was dead, and who, in fact, was in a declining state of health, having heard that a young Frenchman was making a careful study from his picture, caused himself to be conveyed in his chair to the church, where he conversed for some time with him without making himself known. The result was honorable to both painters: from that day Poussin spent much of his time with Domenichino, studied in his school, enjoyed his friendship, and profited by his advice, until that great man's fatal journey to Naples, whither he went to paint for the chapel of St. Januarius, in the cathedral, where he died, as it is said, by poison.

NOMENCLATURE OF ROMAN SCULPTURE.

THE Romans named the draped statues of their military leaders after the names of their costume, as *Paludatas* when attired in the paludamentum of the general; *Thoracatas* when defended with the thoraca or breastplate (see CUIRASS); and *Loricatas* when completely armed with the lorica or coat of mail, or in complete armour. These were the leading classes of the military statues of the Romans, as deduced from the authority of Pliny and other efficient writers, and under which archaiologists of the present day should arrange them according to the order of their vestments or drapery.

The Roman statues belonging to civil life were named also from the order of vestments with which they were draperied, as *Togatas*, *Tunicatas*, or *Pænulatas*, according as they are clothed in the toga, tunica, or pænula. They had other statues of a superior class, representing their emperors, or of the imperial families, which clad in the paludamentum or chlamys (see CHLAMYS), a long robe over their complete imperial armour, were according to Isidorus, as quoted by Pliny, only appropriated to the imperator. Such is the statue of Augustus in the capitol, which was published by Laurentius Vaccarius in 1584. The *statæ Loricatæ* were Pedestrian, and of the class that Julius Cæsar consented to be represented in bronze, according to Pliny (lib. xxxiv. cap. 5), "Cæsar quidem dictator loricatam sibi dicari in Foro suo passus est."

DOMENICHINO AND GUIDO.

Domenichino was so persecuted and over-borne by the partisans of Guido, that his picture of the Communion of St. Jerome, had been torn from its place in the church of San Girolamo della Carità, and thrown into a garret, where it remained forgotten, until the monks, desirous of having a new altar-piece, requested Poussin to paint one for them, and sent him Domenichino's picture as old canvas to paint it upon. He no sooner saw it, than, struck with its extraordinary merit, he carried

it to the church for which it had been painted, and gave a public lecture upon it, in which he dared to compare it with the Transfiguration, and called these two, with the Descent from the Cross, by Daniel de Volterra, the finest pictures in Rome.

The public had only to be roused by a steady, right-judging criticism; the elegant but weaker attractions of the rival school gave way, and Domenichino, thenceforward was placed in his just rank among the great painters of Italy.

Till then Domenichino and Guido divided the favour of the public; and so violent were the followers and adherents of the latter, that the tale of Domenichino being poisoned at Naples by Lanfranc has been generally believed. The party of Guido was the strongest, as might be expected, because the grace and tenderness which are so seductive in his pictures, are more apparent, and more easy of imitation than the higher qualities of Domenichino; but it was awed and kept within the bounds of decorum, as long as Cardinal Montalto lived. That discerning prelate acknowledged the merits and employed the talents of both schools, but after his death Cardinal del Monte openly favoured the enemies of Domenichino, and the most disgraceful excesses sullied the annals of painting for more than thirty years.

BELLINI AND MAHOMET II.

GENTILE Bellini was the eldest son of Giacomo

Bellino, from whom he received instructions in the art of painting in distemper, as well as in oil. He was employed by the republic to paint the principal pictures which adorn the council-hall, and he also executed many other fine works for the principal people of Venice, which procured him so high and general a reputation, that Mahomet II., Emperor of the Turks, wrote to the republic, to request that they would send him to Constantinople, that he might employ his pencil for the gratification of that court. Bellini accordingly went, and painted many excellent pieces; among the rest, was the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, who is revered as a great prophet by the Turks. Mahomet admired the proportion and shadowing of the work; but he remarked one defect in the execution of the skin of the neck, from which the head was separated. In order to prove the truth of this observation, the royal monster sent for one of his slaves, and ordered his head to be struck off in the painter's presence. This sight so shocked the less critical feelings of the artist, that he could not be easy till he obtained his dismission from such a den of despotism and barbarity. This request at length was granted, and Mahomet conferred on him a gold chain, and wrote to the senate in his favour, which procured him a pension for life, and the honourable distinction of the order of St. Mark. On his return to the more humane confines of his native country, where he lived upon the pen-

sion liberally bestowed upon him by the republic, till he attained his eighteenth year.

DAVID BEEK.

THIS artist was a pupil of Vandyck, from whom he acquired that excellent manner of pencilling and sweetness of colouring, which distinguish the works of Vandyck and those of his school. He possessed besides, that freedom of hand and readiness, or rather rapidity, of execution, for which Vandyck was so remarkably famous; and King Charles I. when he observed the expeditious manner of Beek's painting, was so exceedingly surprised, that he told him it was his opinion he could paint if he was riding post. He was appointed portrait painter and chamberlain to Queen Christina of Sweden; and, by her recommendation, most of the illustrious persons in Europe sat to him for their pictures. He was agreeable, handsome, and polite, and lived in the highest favor with his royal mistress; but having an earnest desire to visit his friends in Holland, and leaving the court of Sweden much against the queen's inclination, she imagined that he intended never to return; and as he died soon after at the Hague, it was strongly and generally suspected he was poisoned. A very singular adventure happened to this painter in his travels, which is not unworthy of being recited. He was suddenly taken ill at the inn where he lodged, and was laid out as

a corpse, seeming to all appearance dead: his valets expressed the strongest marks of grief for the loss of their master, and while they sat beside his bed they drank very freely, by way of consolation. At last one of them, who grew very much intoxicated, said to his companions: "Our master was very fond of his glass while he was alive, and, out of gratitude, let us give him a glass now he is dead." As the rest of the servants assented to the proposal, he raised up the head of his master, and endeavoured to pour some of the liquor down his throat. By the fragrance of the wine, or probably by a small quantity of it that imperceptibly got down his throat, Beek opened his eyes; and the servant being excessively drunk, and forgetting his master was considered dead, compelled him to swallow what wine remained in the glass. The painter gradually revived, and by proper management and care perfectly recovered, and escaped interment. How highly the works of this master were esteemed, will appear from the many marks of distinction and honor which were shewn him; for he received from princes, as an acknowledgment of his singular merit, nine gold chains, and several medals of gold, of a large size.

POUSSIN ROMANIZED.

WHEN the court of France was at variance with the Holy See, and a considerable acrimony existed

among his Holiness's troops against all Frenchmen; consequently, wherever they met them in Rome, they instantly attacked them with sticks and stones, and sometimes with even more formidable weapons. It happened one day that as Poussin and three or four of his countrymen were returning from a drawing excursion, they met at the Quattro Fontane near Monte Cavallo, a company of soldiers, who seeing them dressed in the French costume, instantly attacked them. They all fled but Poussin, who was surrounded, and received a cut from a sabre between the first and second finger. Passeri, who relates the anecdote, says, that the sword turned, otherwise "a great misfortune must have happened both to him and to painting." Not daunted, however, he fought under the shelter of his portfolio, throwing stones as he retreated, till the passengers taking his part, he effected his escape to his lodgings. From that day he put on the Roman dress, adopted the Roman way of living, and became so much a Roman, that he considered the city as his true home.

ESTIMATE OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.

A REALLY fine portrait of a distinguished person, deserves to rank in the highest and most interesting class of *historical* pictures, on the same principle, that biography is the most valuable and instructive portion of history. Indeed, to those who have the

unhappy propensity of "inquiring too curiously," written history and written biography may frequently become null and void, from our not being able fully to satisfy ourselves as to the grounds on which the facts constituting them are related, or the motives and feelings which may have actuated the relators. But a face is not to be doubted or gainsayed—it speaks plainer than the pen, and truer than the tongue—and furnishes, for those who are able to read it aright, at once a history which cannot be denied, a commentary on that history which cannot be disregarded—and, above all, a prophecy which may be safely relied on when no others can. From this it follows that an authentic portrait of an historical character, painted by the unerring hand of one of the old masters, ranks among the most valuable fragments of mingled history and biography that we possess. Titian's portrait of Hippolito de Medici is worth one of Mr. Roscoe's best chapters of the life of his relatives; Guido's Beatrice Cenci is the most eloquent and affecting portion of her fatal history; and Raffaelle's Pope Julian the Third gives one a higher notion of the papal dignity, and a greater respect for the ecclesiastical character, than the proceedings of half-a-dozen conclaves.

Again, coming nearer to one's private and personal feelings, what delightful pieces of egotism or (auto-biography—which ever you please) are artist's portraits of themselves; and those of their wives

and mistresses are equally delightful. There is a portrait of Raffaelle, which is the best account of his life that we possess. Rubens' superb and florid style may be read in the expression of his face, and the hair of his head—and Titian lives over again in the eyes and on the lips of his mistress!

ON BEARDS.

WHEN Cæsar invaded Britain, the natives shaved their chins, and wore simple mustaches on their upper lip: and according to Diodorus Siculus and Tacitus, the Germans also shaved off their beards. In France the princes of the race of the Merovingians were distinguished for their flowing locks and bearded chins, are described by Eginhard, the secretary of Charlemagne, as sitting in council *barbâ submissâ*. From the time of Hugh Capet, the kings of the third race are more or less bearded; but Philip I. has a large beard. The statues and portraits of the French kings, the successor of Philip II. till Philip of Valois, are beardless. Under this latter king, beards began to be worn larger and more flowing till the time of Francis I. when they were introduced in all their philosophical magnitude, and began insensibly to decline till Louis XIV. when they were finally abolished.

BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

THIS celebrated piece of tapestry representing the conquest of England by William of Normandy

is preserved in the cathedreal of Bayeux in Normandy, the ancient Beducussum or Baiocas. This curious work of art is supposed to have been the work of Matilda, the wife of William, or of the Empress Matilda, daughter of Henry I. It consists of a web of linen, four hundred and forty-two feet in length, and about two feet in breadth.

THE CABALISTICAL ABRAXAS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THIS word was used as an amulet or charm by the disciples of Basil, father of the monks of Pontus and others of his sect. It is also appropriated to a sculptured stone on which the word is engraven, and sometimes the names of saints, angels, gods, and even that of Jehovah himself. It is believed that the *Abraxas* originally came from Egypt, and that specimens as old as the third century are still extant.

By this name are also known a description of small statues, sculptured gems, and stones, with the word *Abraxas* engraved on them, and ornamented with figures of Egyptian divinities, combined with Zoroastical and Judaical symbols, and a whimsical combination of Greek, Phœnician, Hebrew, and Latin letters, without any apparent meaning. They were used as amulets, and were supposed to have great efficacy in driving away flies. They are mostly of a coarse and ill designed workmanship, and are supposed by some critics and antiquaries not to be

of higher antiquity than the time of the Gnostics and Basilidians in the reign of Hadrian. In the Royal Library at Paris there are several specimens of *Abraxas*, as well as in many private and public collections in England. Macarius and Chiflet have published treatises on them; and the work of the latter has numerous representations of them correctly engraved. Montfaucon has also contributed to the knowledge of this subject, by numerous republications of, and additions to, former works.

If the *Abraxas* originally came from Egypt, as is believed, it may be regarded not only as a curiosity fit for the cabinet, but as one of those rich spoils of time which may illustrate the history of that country.

LETTER FROM LOUIS XIII. TO POUSSIN.

"DEAR AND WELL BELOVED,

"Some of our especial servants having made a report to us of the reputation which you have acquired, and the rank which you hold among the best and most famous painters of Italy; and we being desirous, in imitation of our predecessors, to contribute, as much as lies in us, to the ornament and decoration of our royal houses, by fixing around us those who excel in the arts, and whose attainments in them have attracted notice in the places where those arts are most cherished, do therefore write you this letter, to acquaint you that we have chosen and appointed you to be one of our painters in ordinary, and that, henceforward, we will employ you in that capacity. To this effect our intention is, that on the receipt of this present, you shall dispose yourself to

come hither, where the services you perform shall meet with as much consideration as do your merits and your works, in the place where you now reside. By our order, given to M. de Noyers, you will learn more particularly the favour we have determined to shew you. We will add nothing to this present, but to pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

"Given at Fontainebleau,
Jan. 15, 1639."

Shortly after Poussin's arrival in Paris, the king promoted him to the rank of his first painter, in order to mark his particular esteem for him, and gave him the title of superintendent of all the works of painting for the decoration and restoration of the royal houses.

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ARTIST AND THE ARTISAN,

THE Greeks and Romans do not seem to have distinguished by names the difference between the artist and the artisan, or workman. Τεχνίτης with the one, and *artifex* with the other, being indifferently applied to either. The Italians, on the contrary, appear to have been the first to give them their just appellations. "*Artista*," says Millizia, "è chi esercita le belle arti. *Artigiano* è chi pratica qualche arte mechanica." The words have come to our language through the French with the Italian or proper meaning.

An *artist* is one who professes or practises a

liberal art; an *artisan* one who follows or exercises a mechanical trade. The mason, the bricklayer, the carpenter, the smith, the house painter, the paper hanger, the room decorator, and such like, are artisans; the architect, the sculptor, the painter, the engraver, &c., are artists. For too great a length of time have artisans been permitted to usurp the title of artists. A name which they have assumed, perhaps, because they follow some inferior branch of the art, carried on after the manner of a trade. But it is time that the correct definition of the word should he adhered to, and that the honourable title of an artist should only be allowed to such who practice a liberal art after a liberal manner. Custom in England does not give the name of artist to the poet, the musician, or the comedian, although the arts which these professors exercise are liberal in the fullest extent of the word, because their own distinctive titles are sufficiently high and specific; and because, perhaps, that the professions of the painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the engraver, with their several subordinate departments, have each of them a certain portion of mechanical art, and are of more obvious and immediate use to the community. While the art of the poet, the musician, the dramatist, have nothing, or at least should have nothing of mechanical art, or what was formerly termed handy work, the *artes manuariæ* of the Latins, to distinguish them from the *artes liberales*,

in them, and are more the results of the wants of the mind or sentiment, than of the body. In France the custom is somewhat different, for in the vocabulary of its language, the comedian, the pantomimist, the dancer, the juggler, the cook, the hair-dresser, are all *artists*. This honourable title should not, however, be thus indiscriminately prostituted, but bestowed after the manner of the great men of the best days of Italian art and literature upon the professors of the fine arts only; and then only upon such as practise them as an art, and do not mix them up with trade, or lower them by their practice to assimilations with the most sordid parts of commerce. The builder should not be called an architect, nor should the sign painter, the figure caster, or plaisterer, the chair sculptor, commonly called cabinet maker, the paper hanger and wall decorator be called artists. Their proper appellation, artisan or tradesman, and the certain profit attendant on all their exertions are sufficient for their exertions; because their employment does not consist in the exercise of the higher faculties of the mind, but in practising lower departments of art, or in executing the thoughts, the designs of others; without possessing that ardour, that enthusiasm, those sentiments and feelings for the sublime and beautiful in art, that sensibility which approaches to, or calls in the aid of poetry, and nourishes a brilliant fancy, and those indescribable faculties of the mind

which alone can constitute the artist. The artist, particularly the architect, is particularly indebted to Mr. Soane, professor of architecture in the Royal Academy, for the zeal with which he has ever defended the dignity of art in his lectures to the students, and for the manner in which he has conducted the profession itself. He has defended his own profession with the feelings of a real artist in an essay on the dignity of the professional character, against the ignorant pretensions of artisans, in Mr. Prince Hoare's periodical paper called "The Artist." 4to. Lond. 1807.

FRANCIS 1.

FRANCIS endeavoured to fix in his court some of the first artists of Italy. Leonardo da Vinci died in his arms. Benvenuto Cellini, who had originally been recommended to him by the poet Alamanni, was employed to design the gates, fountains, &c. for Fontainebleau, and many other men of genius were encouraged to settle in Paris. Copies of the most precious statues and bassi-relievi of Rome, as well as of the finest pictures in Italy were now ordered. There was an idea of copying the Trajan column, and the Arch of Constantine; but the most splendid of his project was that of casting the colossal statues of Monte Cavallo in bronze, and placing them at the gate of the Louvre.

THE LADY AND HER PICTURE.

(A tale for the painter's study.)

THE painter brought the picture home,
By most 'twas censur'd, prais'd by some;—
Some said it was too old for Phillis;—
Where are the roses, mix'd with lilies,
That grace the fair original?
'Tis nothing but a painted wall!—
Thus said the flatt'rers of the maid;
While others prais'd the light and shade,
Applauded much the painter's art;
And swore the likeness struck the heart;
Phillis, indeed, admir'd the piece,
And to her own preferr'd its ease;
Commended too the painter's taste,
In flatt'ring her about the waist;
The turn of elegance commended,
And said the tints were aptly blended;
But then she could not but confess,
Paint could not all the life express;
'Twas difficult to hit a feature,
And painters could but copy nature;
'Twas natural to like an emblem,
As all admire what most resemble 'em,
Thus Phillis spoke in company:
What says she, though, when no one's by?—
Thou tawdry effort of a dauber,
Disgustful more than salts of Glauber,
As well you may pretend to vie
With the bright glories of the sky;
And hope as well applauses drawn
From mimicking the ruddy dawn;

As to attempt to paint one grace
Among the thousand of my face;
Where are the roses on my cheek?
My forehead round, and high, and sleek;
Ay! where, indeed, the rose and lilies
Upon the lips, and neck of Phillis?
Thou mortifying shade, avaunt,
More like my mother or my aunt.
'T was in that mortifying hour
Jove gave the picture speech and power;
It mov'd to speak, and thus it said:
Oh! fatally mistaken maid!
For I shall please when you are dead.
Admirers I shall have when thou
Art rotten in the tomb below.
The painter has display'd his art,
And I shall live to strike the heart;
Shall live to mortify thee more,
Though thou should'st creep on to fourscore;
I shall be still the blooming maid,
When thou art wither'd and decay'd.

DIFFIDENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

ADRIANO, a Spanish monk, of the order of the barefooted Carmelites, was born at Cordova, in which city he resided all his life, and died there in 1650. He amused himself in his convent by painting religious subjects. His chief composition is a crucifixion, in which he has introduced the Virgin, St. John, and Magdalen, with other figures in half length after the manner of Raffaelle Sadeler, to whom he was greatly attached. This picture is in the

convent of Carmelites to which Adriano belonged. The artist was so diffident of himself that he used to deface or destroy his pictures as soon as he had executed them; in consequence of which practice his friends interceded with him for the preservation of his most valuable performances, in the name of souls in purgatory, by which holy exorcism many exquisite productions were rescued from destruction.

ZOFFANII AND A LIBERAL PATRON.

ZOFFANII once painted a small whole length of a gentleman, standing by his favourite Arabian horse. When the piece was finished, the owner thinking the price very high, refused to take away his picture, on some frivolous pretence; such as the buttons of the blue coat being *white* instead of *yellow*, upon which Zoffanii sent the painting to a public sale room, where it remained long exposed; and the owner was, at last, so much ashamed of his meanness, as to send for it at the painter's price!

DIALOGUES BY FENELON ON TWO OF POUSSIN'S PICTURES.*

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

PARRHASIUS *and* POUSSIN.

Parr. It is now a good while since we were taught to expect your arrival; you must have been pretty old when you died.

* The Editor in transferring these Dialogues, has adopted the elegant translation of Mrs. Graham, whose Life of Poussin has afforded him several valuable paragraphs.

Pouss. Yes; and I continued to paint to a good old age.

Parr. Here they have prepared rather an honourable place for you, at the head of the French painters. If they had put you among the Italians, you would have been in better company. But these painters, that Vassari boasts of every day, would have quarrelled with you for ever. There are the two schools of Lombardy and Florence without mentioning that afterwards formed at Rome. All these fellows are continually plaguing us with their jealousy. They had taken Apelles, Zeuxis, and me for judges; but we should have had more to do to make them agree than the whole business of Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus. They are even jealous of the ancients, and dare to compare themselves with us; their vanity insupportable.

Pouss. No comparison should be drawn, because none of your works remain to be judged of; and I fancy you do nothing of the kind on the shores of Styx. It is rather too dark here for good colouring, perspective, and gradation of light. A picture painted here could be nothing but a night-piece; all would be dull. But to return to the ancients, I acknowledge that the general prejudice is in your favour. There is reason to think that your art, which is of the same nature as sculpture, had been carried to the same degree of perfection, and that your pictures equalled the statues of Praxiteles, of Scopas, and of Phidias; but none of your works have come down to us, and we cannot therefore compare them. Thus you are beyond our aim, and you keep us at a respectful distance. One thing is very true,—that we modern painters owe our best works to the antique models that we have studied in bas-reliefs. These bas-reliefs, though they belong to sculpture, give a good insight as to the taste of painting in your time. They are half pictures.

Parr. I am delighted to find a modern painter so just and so modest. You feel that when Zeuxis painted grapes which deceived birds, nature must have been well imitated

to deceive nature * herself. When I afterwards painted the curtain, which deceived the learned eye of the great Zeuxis, he confessed himself overcome. See to what a length we carried the charming deception. No, no; it is not for nothing that we have been praised for centuries. But tell me something about your own works. Phocion heard here that you had painted some fine pictures, in which he is complimented. He was very much pleased to hear it. Is it true?

Pouss. Certainly I represented two slaves carrying his body out of Athens. They both appeared affected, but the two griefs were alike in nothing. The first slave is old; he is wrapped in neglected drapery; the naked arms and legs show a strong muscular man; his colour marks a body inured to labour. The other is young, clad in a tunic with graceful folds: the two attitudes are different, though the action be the same, and the hair of their heads very different, though both of a servile cast.

Parr. Well; art imitates nature well only when it catches the infinite variety of her works. But the dead man—

Pouss. The dead man is concealed under a confused drapery that enwraps him, and this drapery is poor and negligent. In this funeral all is calculated to excite grief and pity.

Parr. Then the dead body is not seen?

Pouss. Under the confused drapery one cannot fail to remark the form of the head and body. As to the legs, they are uncovered, and in them is seen not only the livid colour of the flesh, but the stiffness and heaviness of the worn-out

* It is scarcely necessary to point out the fallacy of this test of painting, as applied to the higher branches of art. At that rate, the Newfoundland dog who attempted to leap into the sea in the Panorama, would furnish an argument for setting Mr. Barker above Raffaelle, and his beautiful deceptive landscapes above the Stanze of the Vatican or the cartoons.

dead limbs. The two slaves carry the body along a high road, and pass by great square-hewn stones; some of which are raised in regular order above the others, so that they appear to be the ruins of some majestic building. The road is beaten and sandy.

Parr. What have you placed on the two sides of your picture, to accompany your principal figures?

Pouss. On the right are a few trees, whose bark is rugged and knotty. They have but few branches, and the pale foliage is insensibly lost in the dull blue of the sky; behind their tall trunks the city of Athens is seen.

Parr. You must have a well-marked contrast on the left hand.

Pouss. It is this: a rugged country—where you see hollows in very strong shadow, and very bright points of rocks. In one place a few very wild bushes; a little above, a road leading to a dark thick wood, and a very clear sky gives still more effect to the dull green.

Parr. Well, that is good; I see that you are acquainted with the grand art in colouring, to strengthen one by placing it near its opposite.

Pouss. Beyond the rugged ground there is a fresh young green-sward. There a shepherd, leaning on his crook, is busy looking at his flock, white as snow, which is wandering and feeding in a meadow. The shepherd's dog is lying asleep behind him. On this plain there is another road, along which a waggon, drawn by oxen, is passing. You are struck at once with the weight and strength of these animals, whose necks are bent to the ground, and who move slowly along. A rustic is before the waggon, and behind is a woman, who appears to be the faithful companion of the simple countryman. Two other women in veils are in the waggon.

Parr. Nothing gives more pleasure than these rural pictures; we owe them to the poets; they began to give the

simple artless graces of nature in their verses; we have followed them. The ornaments of a country where nature is in beauty, present more imagery than all the magnificence that art has been able to invent.

Pouss. To the right on this road, on a roan horse, there is a rider, wrapped in a red cloak: both the man and horse lean forward; they seem to start off with increased speed; the manner of the horse, the hair of the man, his cloak, all are flowing, and blown back by the wind.

Parr. Those who only understand the painting of graceful figures have attained but to the middle style. Action and motion must be given, figures must be animated, and the passions of the soul expressed; I see you have entered well into the spirit of the ancients.

Pouss. A little more forward, turf appears on a sandy ground, and on the grass are three figures. One is standing in a white robe, with ample flowing folds. The two others are sitting by on the water-side; one of them is playing on a lyre. Beyond the turf there is a square building ornamented with bas-reliefs and festoons in a good style of simple yet noble architecture. It is doubtless the tomb of some citizen who has died with less virtue, but more riches, than Phocion.

Parr. I do not forget that you have talked to me of the water.—Is it the Athenian river called Ilissus?

Pouss. Yes: it appears in two places; by the tomb the water is pure and clear; the serene sky reflected in it renders it yet more beautiful; young willows and other tender shrubs, whose freshness delights the eye, grow on the bank.

Parr. So far I have nothing to wish. But you have still a great and difficult object to set before me; there I fear for you.

Pouss. What?

Parr. The city.—There you must shew yourself acquainted with history, costume, and architecture.

Pouss. I painted the great city of Athens, on the declivity of a long hill, to display it better. The buildings rise by degrees, in a natural amphitheatre. The city does not appear large at first sight: near the spectator but a small portion is seen; but the back-ground, as it goes off, shews a great extent of building.

Parr. Have you avoided confusion?

Pouss. I have avoided both confusion and symmetry; I made a number of irregular buildings; they nevertheless make an agreeable groupe, where every thing takes its most natural place. All is comprehended and distinguished at once; all unites and makes a whole; so there is apparent confusion, but real order when looked into.

Parr. Have you not brought forward any principal building?

Pouss. Yes, two great temples. Each has a large enclosure, as it should have, where the body of the temple is distinguished from the surrounding buildings. The temple to the right has a portico, adorned with four large columns of the Corinthian order, a pediment, and statues. Round this temple, garlands are hanging. It is a solemnity which I wished to represent with historic truth. While Phocion was carrying out of the town to the funeral pile, the people celebrated a feast with pomp and joy round the temple. Although the figures are far off, one may easily see their acts of devotional joy in honour of the gods. Behind the temple appears a large high tower: on the top of which is the statue of some divinity: this however appears like a great column.

Parr. Whence did you take the idea?

Pouss. I don't remember; but certainly from the antique, for I never took the liberty of giving the ancients any

thing that was not taken from their own monuments. There is also an obelisk near the tower.

Parr. And the other temple,—have you nothing to say about it?

Pouss. The other temple is a round edifice supported by columns; the architecture is singular and majestic. In the enclosure are several large buildings with pediments: a few trees partly conceal it. I wished to mark a sacred grove.

Parr. Let us come to the body of the town.

Pouss. I thought I ought to mark the various times of the republic of Athens; its first simplicity, even towards the heroic ages, and its magnificence in the times when the arts flourished. Therefore I made a good many round or square edifices, with regular architecture, and also several marking a rude and warlike age: in these all is irregular; towers, battlements, high walls, and small, simple, unequal buildings. One thing renders the town agreeable; it is, that there is every where a mixture of large buildings and trees. I thought it necessary to have some green to represent the sacred groves belonging to the temples, and the trees of the Gymnasia, and other public places. I have every where endeavoured to avoid buildings like those of my own time and country, in order to give to antiquity a distinguished character.

Parr. All this is judiciously observed. But I do not see the Acropolis: did you forget it? it would be a pity.

Pouss. I took care not to do that; it is behind the town, on the top of the mountain that commands the declivity; at its foot are huge buildings, fortified by towers. The mountain is covered with an agreeable verdure. The citadel itself appears to be a large enclosure, with an old tower, which shoots up to the clouds. You will remark that the city, which slopes to the left, recedes insensibly, and loses itself between a very dark grove, of which I spoke before;

and a little clump of trees, of a brown deep green, on the bank of the river.

Parr. I am not yet satisfied: what did you put behind the town?

Pouss. A distance of wild and sharp mountains. One immediately behind the temple, and the joyous solemnity I spoke of, is a bare and frightful rock. I thought I ought to make the immediate neighbourhood of the city cultivated and agreeable, as that of great towns always is. But I gave a wilder beauty to the distance, in conformity with history, which represents Attica as a rude and sterile country.

Parr. I own that my curiosity is fully satisfied; and I should be jealous for the glory of the ancients if one could be so of a man who has imitated them so modestly.

Pouss. Remember, at least, that if I have talked long about my own work, I only did it because I would not refuse you any thing, and that I might submit to your judgment.

Parr. After so many centuries you have done more honour to Phocion than his country would have done, on the day of his death, by a sumptuous funeral. But let us go into this neighbouring grove, where he is with Timoleon and Aristides, that we may carry him the agreeable tidings.

Leonardo da Vinci and Poussin.

Leo. Your conversation with Parrhasius, makes some noise in this lower world. I am assured that he is prejudiced in your favour, and that he places you above all the Italian painters; but we will never suffer it.

Pouss. Do you think it so easy to prejudice him? You do not do him justice; you do not do yourself justice; and you do me too much honour.

Leo. But he tells me he knows of nothing so fine as the picture you described to him. Why offend so many great men to praise one who—

Pouss. But why do you take offence at the praises of others? Parrhasius made no comparisons? why are you vexed?

Leo. Yes, indeed! a little French painter, who was forced to leave his own country, to go and labour for bread at Rome!

Pouss. Hey! since you take it thus, you shall not have the last word. Well, 'tis true I left France to go and live at Rome, where I studied the antique models, and where painting was held in greater estimation than in my own country. But, in short, although a foreigner, I was admired in Rome. And you, who were an Italian, were you not obliged to leave your country, although painting was so honoured there, and go and die at the court of Francis I.?

Leo. I should like to examine one of your pictures by the rules of painting, which I explained in my books. One might find as many faults as strokes.

Pouss. I consent:—I can believe that I am not so great a painter as you; but I am less jealous of my works. I will display the whole composition of one of my pictures: if you see faults in it, I will frankly avow them; if you approve what I have done, I shall oblige you to esteem me a little more than you do.

Leo. Well, let us see. But remember I am a severe critic.

Pouss. So much the better.—Imagine a rock on the left side of the picture: from this rock falls a pure bright spring, which, after sparkling a little in its fall, runs off across the country. A man, coming to draw water at the spring, is seized by a large serpent. The serpent winds round his body, and twines several times round his arms and legs, presses him, poisons and strangles him. The man is dead; he is stretched out. The weight and stiffness of his limbs is seen. His flesh is already livid. His face of horror expresses a cruel death.

Leo. If you introduce no other object, this is but a melancholy picture.

Pouss. But you will find in it something more melancholy still. Another man advances towards the fountain; he perceives the serpent round the dead man. He stops suddenly. One of his feet remains suspended. He raises one arm, the other falls. But the two hands are spread, they mark surprise and horror.

Leo. This second object, although melancholy, fails not to animate the picture, and to give a certain pleasure, like that felt by the spectators of those ancient tragedies, where every thing inspired terror and pity; but we shall soon see if you ———

Pouss. Ah, ha! you begin to be a little softened: but wait for the rest, if you please. You shall apply your rules when I have told you all. Close by there is a high road, on the side of which there is a woman, who sees the terrified man, but who cannot see the dead man, because she is in a hollow, and the ground makes a sort of skreen between her and the spring. The sight of the frightened man causes in her a counter-stroke of fear. These two expressions of alarm are, as one may say, what griefs ought to be; the greater are silent, the lesser complain. The terror of the man makes him motionless. That of the woman, which is less, is more marked by the distortion of her face. In her you see a woman's fear, who can contain nothing; who expresses all her alarm, and gives way to all she feels: she falls, and lets fall, and forgets what she was carrying. She extends her arms, and seems to cry out. Do not these various degrees of fear and surprise make a kind of play that touches and gives pleasure?

Leo. I acknowledge it. But what is the design?—is it history? I don't know it. It is rather a caprice.

Pouss. It is a caprice. This kind of composition succeeds very well, provided the fancy be regulated, and that it

does not depart from the truth of nature. On the left side there are some large trees which appear old, and such as those venerable oaks which formerly served as the divinities of a country. Their ancient trunks have a rough and rugged bark, which sends to a distance a young and tender grove, placed behind. This grove has a delicious freshness. One longs to be within it. One imagines a burning sunshine would respect the sacred wood. It is planted along a clear stream, and seems to admire itself therein. On one side is a deep green, on the other the dark blue of a serene sky. In this stream several objects present themselves, which amuse the eye, and relieve it after the terrible objects it first beheld. In the fore-ground all the figures are tragic. But behind all is peaceful, soft, and gay: here are boys bathing, and sporting as they swim. There, fishers in a boat; one is leaning forward, almost falling: they are hauling a net. Two others, leaning back, are rowing vigorously. Others are on the bank, playing at morra. By their faces you see that one is thinking of a number to take in his companion, who seems attentive not to be so taken. Others are walking beyond the water on a fresh green-sward. Seeing them in so pleasant a spot, one is ready to envy their pleasure. At a good distance a woman on an ass is seen, going to the neighbouring town; she is followed by two men. One instantly imagines these good people, in their rustic simplicity, going to carry to the town the abundance of the fields they have cultivated. On the same left side, above the grove, there is a sharp mountain, on which there is a castle.

Leo. The left side of your picture makes me curious to see the right side.

Pouss. There is a little hill, sloping down insensibly to the river. On the slope shrubs and bushes are seen in confusion, on uncultivated ground. Before the hill great trees, are planted, through which one sees the country, the water and the sky.

Leo. But that sky,— how have you managed it?

Pouss. It is a fine blue, mixed with bright clouds, that look like gold and silver.

Leo. You did this, doubtless, to have occasion to dispose of your lights as you pleased, and to spread it over each object according to your wishes.

Pouss. I own I did. But you must also own, that in doing so, I showed that I was not ignorant of your boasted rules.

Leo. What is there in the middle of the picture, beyond the river?

Pouss. A town, which I have already mentioned. It is in a hollow, which conceals part of it. There are old towers, battlements, large buildings, and a confusion of houses in strong shadow; which relieves certain parts, lighted by a soft bright light from above. Above the town appears what one almost always sees above great cities in fine weather— the rising smoke sending off the mountains, which form the back-ground: these mountains, of irregular shapes, vary the horizon, so that the eye is satisfied.

Leo. This picture, from what you tell me, appears less learned than that of Phocion.

Pouss. There is less of the knowledge of architecture, it is true. Besides, it displays no acquaintance with the antique. But, on the other hand, the science of expressing the passions is considerable. Besides, the whole of this landscape has a grace and freshness which the other does not possess.

Leo. You then, upon the whole, would prefer this picture?

Pouss. Without hesitation. But what do you think by my description?

Leo. I don't know the picture of Phocion well enough to compare them. I see you have studied the good models of the last century and my books well. But you praise your works too much.

Pouss. Yourself obliged me to speak of them. But know, that it was neither in your books, nor in the pictures

of the last age, that I sought instruction; but in the antique bas-reliefs that you studied as well as I. If I ever should return to the living, I should be able to paint Jealousy well, for you furnish me with excellent models here. As to myself, I do not pretend to take any of your science or glory from you; but I should yield to you with more pleasure if you were less fond of your rank. Let us go to Parrhasius. You shall make your remarks to him: he shall decide, if you please; for I will only yield to you modern gentlemen, on condition that you yield to the ancients. After Parrhasius has pronounced, I shall be ready to return to earth, and correct my picture.

LORD HOWE'S PORTRAIT.

THE first engraving of Lord Howe, *Black Dick*, as he was fondly designated by his jovial crew, was engraved from a portrait for which his lordship never sat, and engraved in mezzotinto by Robert Laurie.

The picture was compiled from a sketch by a naval officer, and from description, at the instance of Admiral Braithwaite, by a foreign artist named Megnignon.

The engraving being finished, Mr. Laurie one morning waited upon Lady Howe, at his lordship's breakfast hour, in May Fair. She thought it "wondrous like," and promised to submit it to her noble spouse.

Mr. Laurie waited in the breakfast parlour, when, with the grandeur of a man of war, in steered the mighty admiral, the print in his hand,

"Well, Brother," said his lordship, "how the devil did you contrive this; I never sat to a limner in my life. Who painted this picture—how the devil was it done, eh?"

"I cannot inform your lordship how some painters manage to obtain a likeness thus," replied the engraver, bowing respectfully; "but allow me to say, now that I have the honour to address myself to your lordship in person, it is very like."

"So it is, so it is," said his lordship. "Lady Howe says it is like, very like, and she ought to know. What is your name, Sir?"—"Robert Laurie, my Lord."—"Well, then, Mr. Laurie, I thank you for your civility, and you are a d—d clever fellow."

SINGULAR FATE OF CORREGGIO'S ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

A FEW days before the entry of the French into Seville, during the Peninsular war, when the inhabitants, in great consternation, were packing up their most valuable effects to send them to Cadiz, a masterpiece of Correggio, representing the Adoration of the Shepherds, which was painted on wood, and which the proprietors, who were the monks of one of the convents of Seville, wished to preserve safe from the hands of the enemy, was sawn in two for its more easy carriage. By one of those accidents, which will occur in the most

regular times, and which are still more excusable in times of great confusion, the two parts of Correggio were separated on their way to Cadiz; and on their arrival in that city, part was sold to one connoisseur, with the promise that the part wanting should be subsequently delivered to him; while the other part was sold to another connoisseur, under the same engagement. Both the parts arrived in England, and the possessor of each maintained that he was entitled to the other's lot.

It is somewhat remarkable that the harmony of the composition is unquestionably broken by the separation of its parts, yet that each part forms of itself an admirable picture, and as the rival proprietors are rich and obstinate, the parts are not likely to be united. The whole picture is reckoned to be worth four thousand guineas.

SATIRES OF SALVATOR ROSA.

THE boldness and rapidity of Salvator Rosa's pencil, aided by the fertility of his highly poetical imagination, enabled him to paint an immense number of pictures whilst he was at Florence, but not finding sufficient leisure to follow his other pursuits, he retired to Volterra, after having resided at Florence nine years, respected and beloved by all who knew him. The three succeeding years were passed in the family of the Maffei, alternately at Volterra, and their villa at Monte Ruffoli, in which

time he completed his satires, except the sixth, 'L' Invidia;' which was written after the publication of the others. He also painted several portraits for the Maffei, and among others, one of himself, which was afterwards presented to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and placed in the Royal Gallery at Florence.

THE PAINTER AND HIS MODEL.

A MODERN French painter, who wished to represent the tragical end of Milo of Crotona, met in the street a porter of most athletic form. He admired his colossal figure and vigorous muscles, and offered him a louis d'or on condition of his standing to him as a model. It was only necessary to tie his hands and confine him with an iron ring, in order to represent, as well as possible, the trunk of the tree in which Milo's hands were imprisoned, when he was devoured by wild beasts. The porter readily consented to the proposal of the painter; he stripped himself, and suffered his hands to be bound. "Now," said the artist, "imagine that a lion is darting upon you, and make every effort you would do, in such a case, to escape his fury. The porter threw himself into a violent agitation, but he made too many grimaces; there was nothing natural in his frightful contortions. The painter gave him farther directions; but still he failed of producing the desired effect. At length he thought of

a method to obtain his object. He let loose a vigorous mastiff, which was kept in the yard of the house, and desired him to seize the unfortunate captive. This stratagem fully excited both the gesture and utterance. The efforts of the porter became natural; and the fury of the animal increased in proportion as his struggles were violent. The painter, in a fit of transport seized his pencil. The porter, who had been bitten by the dog, uttered violent cries: "Excellent! Bravo!" exclaimed the artist, "continue; oh! that's admirable!" Finally, the sitting, or rather the torture, being at an end, the artist released his model; who consented to be indemnified in money for having been so cruelly used.

HUMOUROUS DESIGNERS AND CARICATURISTS.

OLD Goupy caricatured Mynheer Handel, seated at the organ with the head and face of a hog under his wig, surrounded by hams, turkeys, geese, and capons, such as Grinlin Gibbons carved all over the royal eating room at Windsor; Goupy was clever at graphic satire. Lady Burlington, the wife of the great amateur architect, was also famous for this species of lampoon. With her lively pencil and the assistance of Monsieur Goupy she frequently amused herself, and a select few, by ridiculing certain of her particular friends: Indeed, it was suspected, that she did not spare her elegant

flatterer, Mr. Alexander Pope. A rare print, said to be designed by this fine lady and etched by Goupy, describes *Farinelli*, *Cuzzoni*, and Count *Heidegger* (the ugly.) The two first warbling a duet; Heidegger is sitting behind, uttering the following lines:—

"Thou tuneful scare crow, and thou warbling bird,
No shelter for your notes this land afford;
This town protects no more the singing train,
Whilst balls and masquerades triumphant reign,
Sooner than midnight revels ere should fail,
And o'er Ridotto's harmony prevail:
The cap (a refuge once) my head shall grace,
And save from ruin this harmonious face."

VOUET.

SIMON Vouet was born in Paris, 1582; studied under his father, who was a bad painter. In 1602 he accompanied the French ambassador to Constantinople, where he painted the Grand Signior, chiefly, however, from memory. On his return from Turkey, he was for some time at Venice, and afterwards at Rome, where he was elected Prince of the Academy of St. Luke. His reputation induced Louis XIII. to send for him to Paris, where he not only appointed him his first painter, but took lessons in drawing from him. His principal merits were great facility and freedom; but he had neither expression, colour, nor drawing. His best works were painted in Rome. Vouet's pupils were

Mignard, Dorigny, Perrier, Dufresnoy, Le Brun, and Le Sueur.

VERNET AND THE CONNOISSEUR.

VERNET relates, that he was once employed to paint a landscape, with a cave, and St. Jerome in it; he accordingly painted the landscape, with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who understood nothing of perspective, said, "the landscape and the cave are well made, but St. Jerome is not *in* the cave." "I understand you, Sir," replied Vernet, "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting, and made the shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit farther in. The gentleman took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the saint was not in the cave. Vernet then wiped out the figure, and gave it to the gentleman, who seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he saw strangers to whom he shewed the picture, he said, "Here you see a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave." "But we cannot see the saint," replied the visitors. "Excuse me, gentlemen," answered the possessor, "he is there; for I *have* seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards farther back; and am therefore quite sure that he is in it."

ZOFFANI'S CORRECTNESS OF EYE.

SUCH was Zoffani's habits of literally copying,

at the moment, every thing before him, that once when a nobleman of high rank sat to him, at Florence, for his portrait, at the time before braces to suspend the breeches were worn, and the portrait was nearly finished, the last day on which he sat, owing to some accident, the shirt obtruded itself between the waistcoat and small clothes; a circumstance by no means uncommon at that time to men of all ranks. Zoffani thinking only of what he saw, in putting the last touches to the picture, inserted this unintentional circumstance, though it had never before appeared so on the former days of sitting.

CELEBRATED COLLECTIONS OF ANTIQUE GEMS.

THE most considerable collection in Germany is that of Prussia, began by the Elector Frederick William, and augmented by Frederick II. from the collection of Baron Stosch, of which Winckelmann has published a catalogue. If the Prussian collection has the advantage on the score of erudition, that of Vienna has the preference in point of art. It has cameos of the largest size and of immense value. Eckhel has published engravings of its principal beauties. The senate of Leipsic has a good collection of antique gems. The King of Denmark possesses in his palace at Copenhagen some fine antique vases of sardonyx, and others enriched with cameos and intaglios, some of which are modern,

by the celebrated Laurence Natter, who resided and followed his art in the palace. The King of the Netherlands has also a good collection in his palace at the Hague.

CONTRAST OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.

THE Greeks often represented their deities and heroes naked, the Romans rarely so. Naked or nearly naked figures, are often found in the early sculptures of the Egyptians. Yet with all this partiality for representing the naked figure, in which the Greeks so much indulged and succeeded, they have equally surpassed all other people in the representation of drapery and costume. The most ample draperies that they gave to their male figures were those of Jupiter, who was sometimes represented, as in the celebrated statue at Olympia by Phidias, naked to his waist, but clothed from the girdle downwards, signifying that his upper part being uncovered, he was known to the heavenly beings; but the lower part being covered, indicated how he concealed himself in his works from the view of man:—of Serapis, of Esculapius, of Silenus, and to the statues of philosophers. In the drapery of females they particularly excelled, giving them flowing full robes, arranged in graceful folds, and embellished with tasteful borders.

DR. SYNTAX'S TOUR IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

THE manner in which the late Mr. Coombe composed his popular poem, *Dr. Syntax*, is a curious fact in the history of the fine arts.—Mr. Rowlandson, celebrated for his humorous designs, made a series of sketches, in his loose style, to burlesque a modern tourist in search of the *picturesque*. This eccentric genius, like Gillray, never at a loss for subject, chose to make this hero a comical, thin visaged country parson, and led him from place to place, into a variety of situations, whimsical to the last degree. There were perhaps eighty or a hundred of these. Mr. Ackermann for many years had been a collector of the humorous designs of this artist, and among others, purchased these. One evening in looking over his portfolio, in company with Mr. Coombe, for a subject for the Poetical Magazine, he pounced upon the tourist. Coombe was amused with the sketches, and a few were selected as a theme for versifying. It was subsequently agreed that a continued tale should be formed from them, and Mr. Ackermann was to continue the selection; one, two, or three were forwarded to Mr. Coombe, and when he had written from them, as many more were sent in exchange; thus without further arrangement, or the author having the least knowledge of what would come

next, the work proceeded, being published in detached parts, until the poem grew into a sufficient number of verses to form a volume.

The magazine was discontinued, and long after, at the instance of his neighbour, Mr. Taylor, proprietor of the Sun evening newspaper, Mr. Ackermann was induced to publish the Tour of Dr. Syntax in a separate volume; Mr. Taylor always insisting that it was a poem that would suit the public taste. The best comment upon his judgment is, that no poem perhaps has experienced so extensive a sale. It may not be known to all our readers, perhaps, that the world owes to the lively pen of this Mr. Taylor, of the *Sun*, that admirable tale in verse, entitled "*Monsieur Tonson*," which has been successfully dramatized.

POUSSIN'S BON MOTS.

SOME of Poussin's sayings have been preserved. They are remarkable for good sense, and that kind of philosophy which is of most value in the conduct of life. He was asked one day, what was the chief benefit he had derived from his extensive reading, and what he regarded as his best knowledge? "How to live well with all the world," was his answer.

One evening Cardinal Massimi having paid him a visit, staid with him till dark. Poussin, who had

no footman, took a lamp himself to light his guest to his carriage, who said to him, "I am sorry for you, M. Poussin; you have no footman!" "And I," said Poussin, "am still more sorry for your Eminency, because you have so many!"

A person of quality having shewn him a picture of his own painting, Poussin said to him, "Ah, my lord, you only want a little poverty, to become a good painter."

THE CELEBRATED PICTURE OF THE VISION OF ST. JEROME BY PARMEGIANO.

(Belonging to the British Institution.)

VASARI says, the picture painted for Donna Maria Buffalini, was intended to be placed in the Church of St. Salvator del Lauro, in a chapel near the door. He adds that when Parmegiano left Rome, he deposited it with the Frati della Pace, in whose refectory it remained several years. It was removed by Guilio Buffalini to the church of the family at Citta di Castollo.

Affò, after relating these facts, adds that it remained in the refectory of the monastery of St. Maria della Pace till the time when Biondo wrote; that it was removed by Guilio Buffalini, and doubtless placed in the chapel of that noble family, in the church of the Augustines; but in consequence of the little care which was taken of it, the Buffalini

family caused it to be transferred to their palace, in which it remained in his (Affò's) time, and though considerably injured, was regarded as a treasure.

This picture was purchased by the late Marquess of Abercorn, who sold it to Watson Taylor, esq., at whose sale it was purchased in 1824, by the Rev. Holwell Carr, at the price of 3,050 guineas, for the Directors of the British Institution, whose property it now is.

LORENZO LIPPI'S PORTRAIT OF SALVATOR ROSA.

SALVATOR ROSA once calling upon Lorenzo Lippi, found him preparing a canvas, while Malatesti read aloud to him, and Ludovico Seranai the astronomer, read the MS. of his poem of the Sphynx. Salvator, with a silent step, took his seat in an old gothic window, and placing himself in a listening attitude, with a bright light falling through stained glass upon his fine head, produced a splendid study, of which Lippi, without a word of his intention, availed himself; and he executed with incredible rapidity, the finest picture of Salvator that was ever painted. Several copies of it were taken with Lippi's permission, and Ludovico Seranai purchased the original at a considerable price.

In this picture Salvator is dressed in a cloth habit, with richly slashed sleeves, turnovers, and a collar. It is only a head and bust, and the eyes are looking towards the spectator.

INTRODUCTION OF GRINLING GIBBONS, TO CHARLES THE SECOND.

JOHN EVELYN, the amiable author of the "Sylva," was the first to notice the talents of Grinling Gibbons, and introduced him to Charles II. His meeting with this admirable artist, is thus noticed in his diary:—This day I first acquainted his Majesty with that incomparable young man, Gibbons, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place, by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor solitary thatched house, in a field in our parish near Say's Court. I found him shut in; but looking in at the window, I perceived him carving that large Cartoon or Crucifix of Tintoret, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter? He opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as, for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness, I never had before seen in all my travels. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place? He told me, that it was that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption, and wondered not a little how I had found him out. I asked if he was unwilling to be made known to some great man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit; he answered, he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece: on demanding the price,

he said, one hundred pounds. In good earnest the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong; in the piece were more than a hundred figures of men, &c. I found he was likewise musical and very civil, sober and discreet. Of this young artist, and the manner of finding him out, I acquainted the king, and begged that he would give me leave to bring him and his work to Whitehall; for that I would adventure my reputation with his Majesty, that he had never seen any thing approach it, and that he would be exceedingly pleased, and employ him. This was the first notice he had of Mr. Gibbons.

HOW TO JUDGE OF MODERN PICTURES.

THERE are many circumstances that favour the paintings by the old masters, that are entirely separate from any merit appertaining to their respective authors; and to judge fairly of pictures recently painted, these circumstances should be known, and borne in mind, or justice cannot be awarded to the genius and talent of our contemporary painters. There are many amateurs who might discover this by a little reflection, although not practically acquainted with the arts, the great multitude, however who visit exhibitions, should be made acquainted with these facts, as it is not likely that they

should ever find them out. To the public in general we then address these observations.

Pictures, be it known, painted upon a pure and legitimate process, like genuine wines, improve by age. A competent judge will consequently pronounce certain wines choice or excellent, and anticipate their future value; whilst the great mass of wine drinkers can only appreciate their superior qualities when brightened and mellowed by time. In viewing a gallery like this then, of pictures fresh from the easel, it is due from the public to their respective painters, to make allowance for the absence of those improving qualities, which time can alone supply.

There are certain crudities in painting newly wrought that arise out of the very nature of *oil paint*, namely from their want of time to harden. The impurities of oils and varnish decrease as the colours become indurated, until the picture acquires a general texture of surface, which the utmost skill of the painter in laying on his colours, be they ever so pure or finely levigated, cannot at first produce. Vandyke's incomparable pictures, we know from indubitable testimony, were comparatively raw and crude when recently finished; so much so, indeed, that those who lived to a great age many years after his death, expressed their surprise on beholding the change which time had wrought upon them, they being then mellowed, and glowed with harmony.

GASPAR POUSSIN AND CLAUDE LORRAINE.

Of these two great landscape painters, says the ingenious Mrs. Graham in her life of Poussin, it is difficult to say which is the most poetical. Both have looked into nature, and seen her truly, but differently: Gaspar Poussin loves the landscape before the sun is up, or after he is set, or when heavy clouds only permit a bright beam to flash through his dark foliage; Claude must have sun, and light, and life. His mornings are fresh, yet sparkling; his day makes the shade of his trees necessary for the eye and the imagination, and we dread the moment when night must obscure his lovely evenings. From the Trinità de' Monti all Claude's effects, and many of his subjects, may be traced. From the little portico of his house, the view over the vale of the Tyber, the fine lines of the Vatican, the Monte Mario, and the Villa Medici, which he has introduced in many of his pictures, are seen to peculiar advantage, both in the morning and evening effect. Gaspar's compositions are often drawn from the same source; but his lights and colours seem to be more taken from the massy walls and ruins of the city, where the Coliseum and the Palatine require shadow, approaching to darkness, to soften the red ruin into the verdant decorations with which time has adorned their venerable summits. The picturesque beauty of Rome was truly felt by these great painters, and, excepting the back grounds

of Domenichino, and those of Nicholas Poussin, scarcely any other has done it justice. The views of ruins and monuments by Piranesi and other artists, may give an idea of the grandeur even of the ruined city; but its colour, its trees, its wonderful distances, have never been truly felt but by the Poussins, Claude, and Domenichino.

INVENTION OF COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING.

THE invention of copper-plate engraving is believed to have been derived from Maso Finiguerra, a Florentine, who lived between the years 1400 and 1460. It is said that he impressed with earth all the things which he engraved in silver, for the purpose of filling them with *niello*, a metallic substance reduced to powder, composed of silver, copper, lead, sulphur, and borax. Then having poured over the earthen impressions liquid sulphur, they became printed, and filled with smoke: "Whence," says Vasari, "being rubbed with oil, they showed the same as the silver; and this he also did with damped paper, and with the same tint, pressing over it with a round roller, smooth in every part, which not only made them appear printed, but as if drawn with a pen."

GEORGE MORLAND AND HIS PATRON.

A PERSON of considerable property, for two or three years occasionally supplied George Morland with money, without any other interest in view

than the pleasure of collecting some of his best pictures, of which Morland promised to apprise him, whenever he had one of that description nearly finished. This person, like a few others, had allowed George to *draw* on him too liberally, so that he found himself minus upwards of a hundred and fifty pounds; and as this sum was rather too much for our painter to work up in a hurry, at his patron's prices, the recollection of it seemed to be thrown quite into the back-ground of his memory. As soon, however, as this was perceived, the importunities of the monied man became so *boring*, that George was obliged to slip out of town, to get rid of so troublesome a dun. This of course justly exasperated the injured party, and he left no means untried to discover the place of our fugitive painter's retreat; which at last he thought himself lucky enough in ferreting out.

About the dusk of a fine evening in August, the vigilant creditor with a writ, and the proper officer to execute it, arrived at the painter's retreat; and there, like two voracious hawks, they pounced upon their prey. But before the business was done, the gentleman thought he would reproach Morland with his ungrateful conduct; and, for that purpose, was shewn into a room where the painter was comfortably seated, never suspecting any harm; smoking his pipe. His surprise at this unexpected visit, however was soon over; and when he understood

upon what errand his friend came, his fertile genius soon dictated the only means now left him of extricating himself from this difficulty.

Assuming, therefore, a cheerful air, he thus addressed the angry creditor: "Come, come, Jemmy Carty, what the devil makes you look so plaguy glum? Why, now, I suppose you think I brushed to shy you for the little business between us." Here the other exclaimed—"Little, do you call it!" Morland—"A milk-score, between us! I say Carty, that infamous Jew, whose name is like his hard heart, gallows Flint—Stone, I mean—it was to escape his clutches I've broom'd this time; believe me, I say, a sweating bill of mine comes due to morrow—no less than a hundred and forty quid!—true as I'm alive—Ha! ha! ha!—I say, how the scaly miser will hang his jib when he finds me off—Ha! ha! Well——But I say, Jemmy Carty, *(whispers)* I've got *two Kit-cats*, and a three-quarter, nearly finished, belonging to this queer Moses—I'm d——d if you shan't take them all t town—Ha! ha!—They shall all be your's—there now—if they are not all three finished, *and off*, before this time to-morrow evening, I'll stand a rump and dozen for all present—poz—Now, you stand treat to-night, and let us all be jolly—Come Carty, no nonsense—come tip us your mauley; no malice, here's t'ye."

The hope of possessing three pictures, and four

or five large bumpers, by this time, having taken possession of Carty's head, and his heart feeling something warmer in his old friend's cause, he forthwith determined to drown all animosity; and Morland's man happening to come in at this critical moment, Carty slipped half-a-crown into his hand, and, in a whisper, asked how many pictures his master had upon the finish? The man who, according to his own story smoked the business, answered readily "Three or four master, at least I'll take my davy to three, however." This declaration, and an appointment to meet our artist in his painting-room at seven in the morning, under the forfeiture of a supper and wine for seven friends, at the expense of him who failed in his appointment, silenced him; in addition to which, George told his friend, that he should see a design for a picture when he came, which would both *puzzle and surprise him*, completely *silenced all grumbling.*

All things being thus amicably adjusted, after Morland had agreed, in a whisper, to pay the night's expence, including supper, which, although Carty had at first consented to pay, in the hearing of the landlord, began now to sit rather uneasy upon his stomach. But when this expence was made easy, by the painter's taking it upon him to settle all scores, Carty entered into the spirit of the treat, and they all got, to use poor George's phrase, "glori-

ously swipy." During the greatest part of the time these jolly dogs were sacrificing to Bacchus, the painter's man and an assistant were very busy, at intervals, preparing for a regular retreat, according to orders from their general; and before twelve that night, they made such diligent use of their time, as to have removed every thing to the inn, from whence the stage was to set out before six o'clock next morning, and got places secured for our painter and his man for Scotland.

About half-past twelve, the company broke up; our painter reeled to his lodgings, to all appearance quite gone, between his servant and his brother; and the, (for once,) incautious Carty was assisted up stairs by the landlord of the house where they kept their orgy; while the bailiff who happened to be an old acquaintance of George, kept snug, although *his old customer didn't tip.* "Cause why, he knew how to have him at a better lock."

When our painter got home, instead of going to bed, he took a piece of drawing-paper, and, with a pencil, sketched a striking likeness of poor Jemmy Carty, with *the bill* in his hand for their night's entertainment, including the supper. At the top of the bill stood Carty's name, at full length, and place of abode, debtor to such-a-one, for all punch, supper, wine, and tobacco, with four pounds for the pounds, and a blank for shillings and pence:

this the waiter hinted to the painter at the door, when he was assisting him along, would be about the mark. In the back-ground, he sketched a stage-coach, with his own head out of the window; and, on a label proceeding from his mouth, the words—"*London, ho!—More Kit-Cats for dead flats!*" This curious sketch he stuck up with wafers on the wall, exactly opposite to the door of his painting-room; and just before he set off, desired the maid to shew the gentleman, who would be there in about an hour, into his room, and, if possible, to detain him there till he returned.

About seven next morning, Carty was up; for the thoughts of losing the Kit-Cats, and the rump and dozen together, kept him awake for some time, notwithstanding his dose, to which he was not accustomed. With an aching head and a foreboding heart, he repaired, with his watch in his hand, to the artist's lodgings, which were but a few doors from where he slept, or rather lay. Upon his enquiring for Morland, and hearing to his great surprise, he had gone out, he began to be alarmed, till the girl, agreeably to her instructions, prevailed upon him to walk up into the painting-room, where she was sure Mr. Morland would soon join him, as he gave her particular orders to keep him till his return. This quieted all his fears, till he arrived in the room, when the first object that struck his

wondering optics was his own tall figure at full length, accompanied with the curious emblems before described.

It is not in words to convey any thing like an adequate idea of the rage, shame, and disappointment that took possession of poor Carty at this moment! Suffice it to say, that the poor girl ran, or rather tumbled down stairs in a fit of terror, screaming out, "The gentleman is mad! the gentleman is mad in master's room—he'll certainly kill himself—oh! oh! somebody tie him!—somebody tie him! for God's sake tie him—tie him—the gentleman is mad!" This frantic vociferation from below, somewhat appeased the enraged Carty above, and he sought in every corner for the Kit-Cats, but in vain; they were no where to be found but on the cursed drawing stuck up against the wall. The sight of this caricature once more roused his choler, and hearing somebody coming up stairs, he was resolved to have no witnesses of the farcical part he thus was made to act, by the trick George put upon him. He therefore pulled the drawing from the wall, and in an instant tore it to pieces. Repairing from this scene of ridicule to his landlord's, where they had spent the night, he summoned the officer who came down to execute the writ upon poor Morland, and related the hardship of being robbed of his money, and laughed at into the bargain.

When Mr. Safecard replied, by the way of comfort to the plaintiff in this sad cause—"What's the odds, master? but he's fixed you for the reck'ning—He's a queer file as any in England I know." Here he was interrupted by his employer, who exclaimed —"You know!—why how the devil's all this? didn't you tell me you *would not know* him if you were to meet him on the road?"—"Very true, master," cries Safecard; "we never *will* know *our friends*, upon these here occasions, without our *employers come to tip* a little *higher*—Do ye *take me?*"—"Yes, yes," replied the angry plaintiff; "I only wished you to *take him*, but I hope the little rip has not taken us both in for all the expences of last night."—"No, no, my master," replied our conscientious officer, "all expenses must be, in these cases, at the suit of the plaintiff; so no tricks upon travellers." Just then old Boniface entered, and insisting upon the promise the gemman made in his own hearing, and presenting his bill of four pounds sixteen shillings and tenpence, with poor Carty's name as debtor, and place of abode at the head of it; poor Jemmy made a virtue of necessity, and reluctantly paid, with the best grace he could assume; pocketed the affront, and set off for town. There, however, the story reached an hour before him, and he was obliged to stand the laugh of a few wicked wights, in addition to his other mortifications.

POUSSIN'S IDEAS OF PAINTING.

PAINTING is an imitation by means of lines and colours, on some superfices, of every thing that can be seen under the sun; its end is to please.

"*Principles that every man capable of reasoning may learn:*—There can be nothing represented

Without light,
Without form,
Without colour,
Without distance,
Without an instrument, or medium.

Things which are not to be learned, and which make an essential part of painting:

First, the subject must be noble. It should have received no quality from the mere workmen; and to allow scope to the painter to display his powers, he should choose it capable of receiving the most excellent form. He must begin by composition, then ornament, propriety, beauty, grace, vivacity, costume, probability, and judgment, in each and all. These last belong solely to the painter, and cannot be taught. The nine are the golden bough of Virgil, which no man can find or gather if his fate do not lead him to it..

RUBENS'S ALLEGORIES.

RUBENS is one of the most celebrated of our moderns for allegorical figures, in which he dealt the more for being Venius's scholar. His charac-

ter, as a colourist is unquestionable; and in the parts wherein he excels, he is second to none. But as to his manner of treating allegories, he would have succeeded better, had he been more regular in his imitations of the ancients.

His taste in allegories plainly appears in a large work, all designed by himself, and published by Gevartius, consisting of a great variety of prints, most of which abound in imaginary figures. Among these are too many instances of his misrepresenting the allegorical persons of the ancients, and of his inventing others in an improper or confused manner.

POUSSIN'S OLD AGE.

THE genius of Poussin seems to have gained vigour with age. Nearly his last works, which were begun in 1660, and sent to Paris 1664, were the four pictures allegorical of the seasons, which he painted for the Duc de Richelieu. He chose the terrestrial paradise, in all the freshness of creation, to designate spring. The beautiful story of Boaz and Ruth formed the subject of summer. Autumn was aptly pictured, in the two Israelites bearing the bunch of grapes from the Promised Land. But the master-piece was Winter, represented in the Deluge. This picture has been, perhaps, the most praised of all Poussin's works, A narrow space, and a very few persons have

sufficed him for this powerful representation of that great catastrophe. The sun's disk is darkened with clouds; the lightning shoots in forked flashes through the air: nothing but the roofs of the highest houses are visible above the distant water upon which the Ark floats, on a level with the highest mountains. Nearer, where the waters, pent in by rocks, form a cataract, a boat is forced down the fall, and the wretches who had sought safety in it are perishing: but the most pathetic incident is brought close to the spectator. A mother in a boat is holding up her infant to its father, who, though upon a high rock, is evidently not out of reach of the water, and is only protracting life a very little.

The long and honorable race of Poussin was now nearly run. Early in the following year, 1665, he was slightly affected by palsy, and the only picture of figures that he painted afterwards was the Samaritan Woman at the Well, which he sent to M. de Chantelou, with a note, in which he says,—"This is my last work; I have already one foot in the grave." Shortly afterwards he wrote the following letter to M. Felibien. "I could not answer the letter which your brother, M. le Prieur de St. Clementin, forwarded to me, a few days after his arrival in this city, sooner, my usual infirmities being increased by a very troublesome cold, which continues and annoys me very much. I must now

thank you not only for your remembrance, but for the kindness you have done me, by not reminding the prince of the wish he once expressed to possess some of my works. It is too late for him to be well served; I am become too infirm, and the palsy hinders me in working, so that I have given up the pencil for some time, and think only of preparing for death, which I feel bodily upon me. It is all over with me."

CLAUDE LORRAINE'S EPITAPH.

CLAUDE LORRAINE is buried in the church of Trinita del Monte: his epitaph is as follows:—

D. O. M.

Claudio Gillee Lotharingo, ex loco de Champagna orto, Pictore eximio, qui ipsos orientis et occidentis solis radios in campestribus mirificè pingendis effinxit; hic, in urbe ubi artem coluit, summam laudem, inter magnates, consecutus est, obiit IX Kal. Decemb. 1682, ætatis suæ anno 82. Johannes et Josephus Gillee, Patrui carissimi, monumentum hoc sibi posterisque suis poni curarunt.

POUSSIN AND MENGS.

THE admirers of Raffaelle Mengs, jealous of Poussin's title of "the Painter of Philosophers," conferred on him the antithetical one of "the Philosopher of Painters;" and it cannot be denied that his writings and his pictures are learned. Yet he is a remarkable instance of the folly of learned

quackery: his reputation having now sunk as much below his deserts, as it was once raised above them.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

(From the Oxford Prize Poems.)

NOTE.—The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.

HEARD ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heav'nly Archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.
Bright-kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fix'd his tread, yet light, as when on high,
He walks th' impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confin'd
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.
Mighty Ephesian! * with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,

* Agasias of Ephesus.

View'd the bright conclave of Heav'n's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow'd before the work of man.
For mild he seem'd, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep,
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.
Yet on that form, in wild delirious trance,
With more than rev'rence gaz'd the Maid of France.
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood,
With him alone, nor thought it solitude;
To cherish grief, her last her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguil'd,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smil'd:
Oft breathless list'ning heard, or seem'd to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she wan'd, and cold and senseless grown,
Clos'd her dim eyes, herself benumb'd to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied,
Once more she gaz'd, then feebly smil'd and died.

HENRY HART MILMAN,
Brazen-Nose College.

NOTE.—The foregoing fact is related in the work of Mons. Pinel sur l'Insanité.

EDMUND BURKE AND A STUDENT IN ART.

THE following anecdote relative to the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke was communicated to the

Editor of the Annals of the Fine Arts, by the student in question, in gratitude to his memory, principally to introduce a letter which he sent to Alderman Carr, of York, to be delivered to the person by whom this anecdote is communicated. My occupation was that of a diamond jeweller. In the summer of 1786 I was going to York on foot: when I had got six miles on the Uxbridge road, I heard a voice behind me saying to a servant on horseback, "Ask that gentleman how far he is going before he stops." The carriage having reached me, the person within it asked me if I would step in? I declined as I was going to stop at a village called South Hall, about a mile distant. "Do, Sir, come in, it will rest you a little." His manner was so very persuasive that I got in: he was reading Buffon's Natural History in French.

We had some interesting conversation, and, among other things, I had shown him the first or second attempt I had made at engraving, with which he seemed surprised and pleased. From circumstances, I thought he was a gentleman farmer. But we arrived at last at a very handsome mansion, and he introduced me to a lady and two gentlemen as an ingenious young man that he had met with on the road, whose name was Barrow. After dinner he took me to see his paintings; and then I asked him to whom I was so much obliged

for such uncommon civility? "When you return to London, go to Sir Joshua Reynolds', and ask for Burke of Beaconsfield," and at the same time put 10s. 6d. in my hand, observing, as I was a foot-traveller I should find it convenient on the road: it was wrapped in a piece of paper. I omitted to observe, that I had long had a desire to see, or, if possible, be acquainted with the Mr. Burke who made a farewell speech to the people of Bristol, that made a very lasting impression on me; consequently the first house I came to after leaving Beaconsfield, I inquired whether it was Burke the member of parliament that lived where I had dined; and on being informed it was, I was much gratified to think I had my desire accomplished in so extraordinary a manner.

On my arrival at York I wrote a very warmly imagined letter to my patron at Beaconsfield; and on my return to London, I went immediately to Sir Joshua's, and finding Mr. Burke was still at Beaconsfield, I went there, and there he entertained me some days; and on going with him into his study the day of my arrival, he put the following letter into my hand, saying, "I give you this, Sir, to let you see I did not neglect answering yours." It was enclosed to Mr. Carr, who was to give it to me; but I having left York, he returned it to Mr. Burke; and is as follows:—

Beaconsfield, October 1, 1786.

SIR,

I am much obliged to you for your letter from York, and for your receiving so kindly the trifling accommodation that it fell in my way by accident to afford you: I should, however, be exceedingly concerned if it should become the means of raising in your mind expectations which it may not be in my power to answer, and of inducing you to engage in pursuits which all your abilities and industry may not enable you to succeed in. My circumstances are such as oblige me to keep within narrow bounds, and will not suffer me to show that countenance to talents I wish to show whenever I meet them. Your case, I assure you, is one of those which makes the reserves which prudence and justice indispensably require, somewhat painful to me.

Not being able to undertake to support you in your studies as a painter, I cannot, in conscience and honour, encourage you to abandon wholly the business to which you are bred, and which is a very respectable trade.

I do not, however, mean at all to discourage you from the study of design, so far as is compatible with that employment which must be the foundation of your support and your retreat, in case your progress in the arts, or the encouragement you meet with, should not equal our mutual wishes.

Whether you can arrive at sufficient eminence as a painter to answer any good purpose, must be, in a great measure, uncertain; but, at any rate, whatever progress you make in design, though not sufficient to accomplish you as a painter, cannot fail of being of very great advantage, in all those trades that are conversant in decoration, which are many, and some of them lucrative. I shall certainly, therefore, when we meet in town next winter,

recommend you to the Academy—to Sir Joshua Réynolds, provided your progress in drawing be such as will entitle you to learn there; and we shall talk further on the further steps you are to take.

Your communicating your ideas to me in so open and friendly a manner, will, I hope justify the liberty I take in recommending to you to put a little restraint on your imagination, relative to your views in life.

The spirit of enterprise and adventure I certainly do not mean wholly to damp, as it is the source of every thing which improves and adorns society; but, at the same time, it is more frequently the cause of the greatest disappointments, miseries and misfortunes, and sometimes of dangerous immoralities.

You seem to feel too much disgust at humble but honest situations in life, and to form too slight an opinion of those whom the order of Providence has destined to those situations. This is a serious mistake, whether it regards the happiness or the virtue of men, which are neither of them much less in one condition than in another.

Your own happiness is deeply concerned in not giving yourself over too much to the guidance of your imagination.

You will excuse the liberty I take, as proceeding from my very good wishes for you; and you will do me the favour to believe me, Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

P. S. I enclose this to Mr. Carr, of York, upon whom you will wait as soon as you can.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

JOHN S. BARROW, Jeweller, &c.
No. 1, Little Compton Street,
Soho, Citizen of the World
in a Sky Parlour—the fate
of most geniuses.

CHARACTERISTICS OF POUSSIN.

(From Graham's Life of Poussin.)

POUSSIN is, in the strict sense of the word, an historical painter.

Michael Angelo is too intent on the sublime, too much occupied with the effect of the whole, to tell a common history. His conceptions are epic, and his persons, and his colours, have as little to do with ordinary life, as the violent action of his actors have resemblance to the usually indolent state of ordinary men.

Raffaelle's figures interest so much in themselves, that they make us forget that they are only part of a history. We follow them eagerly, as we do the personages of a drama; we grieve, we hope, we despair, and we rejoice with them.

Poussin's figures, on the contrary, tell their story; we feel not the intimate acquaintance with themselves, that we do with the creations of Raffaelle. His Cicero would thunder in the forum and dissipate a conspiracy, and we should take leave of him with respect at the end of the scene; but with Raffaelle's we should feel in haste to quit the tumult, and retire with him to his Tusculum, and learn to love the virtues, and almost to cherish the weaknesses of such a man.

Poussin has shown that grace and expression may be independent on what is commonly called beauty. His women have none of that soft, easy and attractive air, which many other painters have

found the secret of imparting, not only to their Venuses and Graces, but to their Madonnas and Saints. His beauties are austere and dignified. Minerva and the Muses appear to have been his models, rather than the inhabitants of Mount Cithæron. Hence subjects of action are more suited to him than those of repose.

DICK TINTO.

A Character from "Tales of my Landlord."

DICK TINTO, when he wrote himself artist, was wont to derive his origin from the ancient family of Tinto, of that ilk in Lancashire, and occasionally hinted that he had somewhat derogated from his gentle blood, in using the pencil for his principal support: but if Dick's pedigree was correct, some of his ancestors must have suffered a more heavy declension, since the good man his father executed the necessary and, I trust, the honest, but certainly not very distinguished employment, of tailor in ordinary to the village of Langdirdum in the West. Under his humble roof was Richard born, and to his father's humble trade was Richard, greatly contrary to his inclination, early indentured. Old Mr. Tinto had, however, no reason to congratulate himself upon having compelled the youthful genius of his son to forsake its natural bent. He fared like the school boy, who attempts to stop with his finger the spout of a water cistern, while the stream, exasperated at this com-

pression, escapes by a thousand uncalculated spurts, and wets him all over for his pains. Even so fared the senior Tinto, when his hopeful apprentice not only exhausted all the chalk in making sketches upon the shopboard, but even executed several caricatures of his father's best customers, who began loudly to murmur, that it was too hard to have their persons deformed by the vestments of the father, and to be at the same time turned into ridicule by the pencil of the son. This led to discredit and loss of practice, until the old tailor, yielding to destiny, and to the entreaties of his son, permitted him to attempt his fortune in a line for which he was better qualified.

There was about this time, in the village of Langdirdum, a peripatetic brother of the brush, who exercised his vocation *sub Jove frigido*, the object of admiration of all the boys of the village, but especially to Dick Tinto. The age had not yet adopted, amongst other unworthy retrenchments, that illiberal measure of economy, which, supplying by written characters the lack of symbolical representation, closes one open and easily accessible avenue of instruction and emolument against the student of the Fine Arts. It was not yet permitted to write upon the plastered doorway of an alehouse, or the suspended sign of an inn, "The old Magpie," or "The Saracen's Head," substituting that cold description for the lively effigies of the plumed chatterer, or the turban'd

frown of the Soldan. That early and more simple age considered alike the necessities of all ranks, and depicted the symbols of good cheer so as to be obvious to all capacities ; well judging that a man who could not read a syllable, might nevertheless love a pot of good ale as well as his better educated neighbours, or even as the parson himself. Acting upon this liberal principle, publicans as yet hung forth the painted emblems of their calling ; and sign painters, if they seldom feasted, did not absolutely starve.

To a worthy of this decayed profession, as we have already intimated, Dick Tinto became an assistant; and thus, as is not unusual among heaven-born geniuses in this department of the Fine Arts, began to paint before he had any notion of drawing.

His natural talent for observing nature soon induced him to rectify the errors, and soar above the instruction of his teacher. He particularly shone in painting horses, that being a favourite sign in the Scottish villages ; and, in tracing his progress, it is beautiful to observe, how by degrees he learned to shorten the backs, and prolong the legs of these noble animals, until they become to look less like crocodiles, and more like nags. Detraction, which always pursues merit with strides proportioned to its advancement, has indeed alleged, that Dick once upon a time painted a

horse with five legs instead of four. I might have rested his defence upon the license allowed to that branch of the profession, which, as it permits all sorts of singular and irregular combinations, may be allowed to extend itself so far as to bestow a limb supernumerary on a favourite subject. But the cause of a deceased friend is sacred; and I disdain to bottom it so superficially. I have visited the sign in question, which yet swings exalted in the village of Langdirdum, and I am ready to depose upon oath, that what has been idly mistaken or misrepresented as being the fifth leg of the horse, is; in fact, the tail of that quadruped, and, considered with reference to the posture in which he is represented, forms a circumstance introduced and managed with great and successful, though daring art. The nag being represented in a rampant or rearing posture, the tail, which is prolonged till it touches the ground, appears to form a *point d'appui*, and gives the firmness of a tripod to the figure, without which it would be difficult to conceive, placed as the feet are, how the courser could maintain his ground without tumbling backwards. This bold conception has fortunately fallen into custody of one by whom it is duly valued; for when Dick, in his more advanced state of proficiency, became dubious of so daring a deviation from the established rules of art, and was desirous to execute a picture of

the publican himself in exchange for the juvenile production, the courteous offer was declined by his judicious employer, who had observed, it seems, that when his ale failed to do its duty in conciliating his guests, one glance of the sign was sure to put them in good humour.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to trace the steps by which Dick Tinto improved his *touch*, and corrected, by the rules of art, the luxuriance of a fervid imagination. The scales fell from his eyes on viewing the sketches of a contemporary, the Scottish Teniers, as Wilkie has been deservedly styled. He threw down the brush, and took up the crayons, and amid hunger and toil, and suspense and uncertainty, pursued the path of his profession under better auspices than those of his original master. Still the first rude emanations of his genius (like the nursery rhymes of Pope, could these be recovered,) will be dear to the companions of Dick Tinto's youth. There is a tankard and a gridiron painted over the door of an obscure change-house in the Back-wynd of Ganderscleugh.—But I feel I must tear myself from the subject, or dwell on it too long.

Amid his wants and struggles, Dick Tinto had recourse, like his brethren, to levying that tax upon the vanity of mankind which he could not extract from their taste and liberality—in a word he painted portraits. It was in this more advanced stage of

proficiency, when Dick had soared above his original line of business, and highly disdained any allusion to it, that, after having been estranged for several years, we again met in the village of Ganderscleugh. I holding my present situation, and Dick painting copies of the human face divine, *at a guinea per head.* This was a small premium, yet, in the first burst of business, it more than sufficed for all Dick's moderate wants; so that he occupied an apartment at the Wallace Inn, cracked his jest with impunity, even upon mine host himself, and lived in respect and observance with the chambermaid, hostler and waiter.

Those halcyon days were too serene to last long. When his honour the Laird of Ganderscleugh, with his wife and three daughters, the minister, the gauger, mine esteemed patron Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, and some round dozen of the feuars and farmers, had been consigned to immortality by Tinto's brush, custom began to slacken, and it was impossible to wring more than crowns and half-crowns from the hard hands of the peasants, whose ambition led them to Dick's painting room.

Still though the horizon was over-clouded, no storm for some time ensued. Mine host had Christian faith with a lodger, who had been a good paymaster as long as he had the means; and from a portrait of our landlord himself, grouped with his wife and daughters, in the style of Rubens, which

suddenly appeared in the best parlour, it was evident that Dick had found some mode of bartering art for the necessaries of life.

Nothing, however, is more precarious than resources of this nature. It was observed, that Dick became in his turn the whetstone of mine host's wit, without venturing either at defence or retaliation; that his easel was transferred to a garret-room, in which there was scarce space for it to stand upright; and that he no longer ventured to join the weekly club, of which he had been once the life and soul. In short, Dick Tinto's friends feared that he had acted like the animal called the sloth, which, having eaten up the last green leaf upon the tree where it has established itself, ends by tumbling down from the top and dying of inanimation. I ventured to hint this to Dick, recommended his transferring the exercise of his inestimable talent to some other sphere, and forsaking the common which he might be said to have eaten bare.

"There is an obstacle to my change of residence," said my friend, grasping my hand with a look of solemnity.

"A bill due to my landlord, I am afraid," replied I, with heartfelt sympathy: "if any part of my slender means can assist in this emergence—"

"No, by the soul of Sir Joshua," answered the generous youth, "I will never involve a friend in the consequences of my own misfortune. There is

a mode by which I can regain my liberty; and to creep even through a common sewer is better than to remain in prison.

I did not perfectly understand what my friend meant. The muse of painting appeared to have failed him, and what other goddess he could invoke in his distress was a mystery to me. We parted, however, without further explanation, and I did not again see him until three days after, when he summoned me to partake of the *fog* with which his landlord proposed to regale him ere his departure for Edinburgh.

I found Dick in high spirits, whistling while he buckled up the small knapsack, which contained his colours, brushes, pallets, and clean shirts. That he parted on the best terms with mine host was obvious from the cold beef set forth in the low parlour, flanked by two mugs of admirable brown stout; and I own my curiosity was excited concerning the means through which the face of my friend's affairs had been so suddenly improved. I did not suspect Dick of dealing with the devil; and by what earthly means he had extricated himself thus happily, I was at a total loss to conjecture.

He perceived my curiosity, and took me by the hand: "My friend," he said, "fain would I conceal, even from you, the degradation to which it has been necessary to submit, in order to accomplish an honourable retreat from Ganderscleugh.

But what avails attempting to conceal that which must needs betray itself even by its superior excellence? All the village—all the parish—all the world—will soon discover to what poverty has reduced Richard Tinto."

A sudden thought here struck me. I had observed that our landlord wore, on that memorable morning, a pair of bran new velveteens, instead of his ancient thicksets.

"What," said I, drawing my right hands, with the fore finger and thumb pressed together, nimbly from my right haunch to my left shoulder, "you have condescended to resume the paternal arts to which you were first bred—long stitches, ha, Dick?"

He repelled this unlucky conjecture with a frown and a pshaw, indicative of indignant contempt, and leading me into another room, showed me, resting against the wall, the majestic head of Sir William Wallace, grim as when severed from the trunk by the orders of the felon Edward.

The painting was executed on boards of a substantial thickness, and the top decorated with irons, for suspending the honoured effigy upon a sign-post.

"There," he said "my friend, stands the honour of Scotland, and my shame—yet not so—rather the shame of those, who, instead of encouraging art in its proper sphere, reduce it to these unbecoming and unworthy extremities."

I endeavoured to smooth the ruffled feelings of my misused and indignant friend. I reminded him, that he ought not, like the stag in the fable, to despise the quality which had extricated him from difficulties, in which his talents, as a portrait or landscape painter, had been found unavailing. Above all, I praised the execution, as well as conception, of his painting, and reminded him, that far from feeling dishonoured by so superb a specimen of his talents being exposed to the general view of the public, he ought rather to congratulate himself upon the augmentation of his celebrity, to which its public exhibition must necessarily give rise.

"You are right, my friend—you are right," replied poor Dick, his eye kindling with enthusiasm; "why should I shun the name of an—an—(he hesitated for a phrase)—an out-of-doors artist? Hogarth has introduced himself in that character in one of his engravings. Dominichino, or somebody else in ancient times—Morland in our own, have exercised their talents in this manner; and wherefore limit to the rich and higher classes alone the delight which the exhibition of works of art is calculated to inspire into all classes? Statues are placed in the open air: why should painting be more niggardly in displaying her master-pieces than her sister sculpture? And yet, my friend, we must part suddenly; the men are coming in an hour to put

up the—the emblem; and truly, with all my philosophy, and your consolatory encouragement to boot, I would rather wish to leave Ganderscleugh before that operation commences."

We partook of our genial host's parting banquet, and I escorted Dick on his walk to Edinburgh. We parted about a mile from the village, just as we heard the distant cheer of the boys which accompanied the mountain of the new symbol of the Wallace-Head. Dick Tinto mended his pace to get out of hearing,—so little had either early practice or recent philosophy reconciled him to the character of sign-painter.

In Edinburgh, Dick's talents were discovered and appreciated, and he received dinners and hints from several distinguished judges of the Fine Arts. But these gentlemen dispensed their criticism more willingly than their cash, and Dick thought he needed cash more than criticism. He therefore sought London, the universal mart of talent, and where, as is usual in general marts of most descriptions, much more of the commodity is exposed to sale than can ever find purchasers. Dick, who, in serious earnest, was supposed to have considerable natural talents for his profession, and whose vain and sanguine disposition never permitted him to doubt for a moment of ultimate success, threw himself headlong into the crowd which jostled and struggled for notice and preferment. He elbowed

others, and was elbowed himself; and finally by a dint of intrepidity, fought his way into some notice, painted for the prize at the Institution, had pictures at the exhibition at Somerset-house, and damned the hanging committee. But poor Dick was doomed to lose the field he fought so gallantly. In the Fine Arts, there is scarce an alternative betwixt distinguished success and absolute failure; and as Dick's zeal and industry were unable to ensure the first, he fell into the distresses which, in his condition, were the natural consequences of the latter alternative. He was, for a time, patronized by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and laid him down as a load, upon the principle on which a spoilt child throws away its play-thing. Misery, I fear, took him up, and accompanied him to a premature grave, to which he was carried from an obscure lodging in Swallow Street, where he had been dunned by his landlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs without, until death came to his relief. A corner of the Morning Post noticed his death, generally adding, that his manner displayed considerable genius, though his style was rather sketchy; and referred to an advertisement, which announced that Mr. Varnish, the well-known printseller, had still on hand a very

few drawings and paintings by Richard Tinto, Esquire, which those of the nobility and gentry, who might wish to complete the collection of modern art, were invited to visit without delay. So ended Dick Tinto—a lamentable proof of the great truth, that in the Fine Arts mediocrity is not permitted, and that he who cannot ascend to the very top of the ladder, will do well not to put his foot upon it at all.

LIST OF POUSSIN'S PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS.

OLD TESTAMENT.

Sacrifice of Noah.—Rebecca and Eliezar.—Jacob asks Rachel in Marriage. *Twice.*—Moses exposed.—The finding of Moses. *Four Times.*—Moses trampling on the Crown of Pharaoh. *Twice.*—Moses defending the Daughters of Jethro. *Twice.*—Moses and the Burning Bush.—Aaron's Rod becomes a Serpent. Louvre.—The Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea.—The Gathering of the Manna in the Desert.—Moses Striking the Rock. *Fourteen Times.*—The Setting up of the Golden Calf. *Twice.*—The Triumph of David. *Twice.*—The Ark of God among the Philistines.—The Judgment of Solomon.—

NEW TESTAMENT.

The Annunciation. *Twice.*—The Marriage of the Virgin.—The Nativity. *Six Times.*—Adoration of the Magi. *Three Times.*—Holy Family. *Eighteen Times.*—Flight into Egypt. *Twice.*—The Baptism of Christ. *Twice.*—The Crucifixion. *Twice.*—The Intombment. *Three Times.*—The Seven Sacraments.—The small set painted before the others. Assumption of the Virgin. *Twice.*—Extasy of St. Paul. *Twice.*—

PROFANE HISTORY AND POETRY.

RAPE of the Sabines. *Twice.*—

LANDSCAPES.

THE Tomb of Phocion.—Diogenes throwing away his Pitcher, on seeing a Young Man drink out of the hollow of his hand.—Polyphemus, seated on the top of a high Rock.—Arcas and Callisto.—Mercury playing the Flute.—A storm.

PARMEGIANO AND THE SOLDIERS.

WHILE Parmegiano was engaged on one of his largest works, the memorable sack of Rome, in 1527 occurred; and an anecdote is recorded of him, similar to that which is related of Protogenes the Greek painter, during the siege of Rhodes by Demetrius. In consequence of his fixed attention to this work, he neither heard the roaring of the cannon, nor perceived the tumult of the assault, till some soldiers rushed into his apartment, and surprised him in the midst of his labours.

Fortunately, the chief of the troop, who entered his room was a man of taste, and being much struck with his compositions, checked the rapacity of his followers, and exacted from the painter, only some sketches in pen and ink, with which he was highly gratified.

Another party more regardless of the arts, insisting on money, he went out to borrow a sum from a friend, when he was seized by a third troop, by whom he was imprisoned until he had found means to satisfy their demands.

INHABITANTS OF THE MONTE PINCIO.

THE Monte Pincio, at Rome, was inhabited in the middle of the seventeenth century by personages more remarkable than princes and prelates, and exhibited edifices which, though of smaller pretension, were not less interesting than its palaces and convents. The pictorial genius of Rome has, at various epochs, chosen the Pincio as its temporary or final residence; and the house selected by Salvator Rosa to live and die in, stood nearly opposite to that silent angle in the Piazza della Trinità, which is formed by the elegant mansion raised by Federigo Zucchero, and still enriched by his frescoes; and it was situated between the houses of N. Poussin and Claude Lorraine—a proof of the good understanding which must have existed betwen these great masters, ere Salvator fixed upon so close a community for his permanent residence and last home.

DOMINICHINO'S ALLEGORIES.

DOMINICHINO, one of the most exact masters in the best of all the schools in Italy, and who is as much to be admired for his justness and correctness, as any modern painter, except Raffaelle, in his allegorical representations is far inferior to the ancients. Of this his celebrated paintings of the four cardinal virtues in the Jesuits' church at Rome may serve as an instance. In these repre-

sentations he expresses less, by endeavouring to express too much. Prudence is painted as supported by Time with a looking glass in her hand (to show she is produced by experience and reflection) and by her a boy holding a dove and a serpent (signifying, perhaps, that the Jesuits who employed him are wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.)—Justice cannot hold the scales for the sceptre she has in her hand. There are three little angels or Cupids about her, with a crown, the scales, and the fasces : and herself is supported (but why is not known) by Charity.—Fortitude is with a sword and shield, supported by a man with a dart in his hand and a lion ; on her right hand is the Jesuit's motto (*the Society of* Jesus,) and on her left a column not erect.—Temperance has a bit in her right, and a palm branch in her left hand ; a camel on one side, and two boys with pitchers (perhaps as pouring water into wine) on the other, as she is supported by Chastity.—By comparing Dominichino's manner of expressing those virtues with the representations of them in many antiques, some idea may be formed of the superior excellence of the ancient artists in subjects of this nature, and of that simplicity which generally runs through all their designs.

PAINTERS' WIVES.

It was the peculiar vanity of the painters who

were contemporaries of Salvator Rosa to have beautiful wives. Albano had set the example; Dominichino had followed it to his cost; Rubens turned it to the account of his profession; Francazani, still poor and struggling, married the proportionless daughter of the most indigent artist in Naples, and thought perhaps more of the model than the wife. This union, and still more a certain sympathy in talent and character between the brothers-in-law, frequently carried Salvator to the *stanza* or workroom of Francesco. Francesco, by some years the elder, was then deep in the faction and intrigues of the Neapolitan school, and was endowed with that bold eloquence which, displayed upon bold occasions, is always so captivating to young auditors. It was at the foot of this kinsman's easel, and listening to details which laid, perhaps the foundation of that contemptuous opinion he cherished through life for schools, academies, and all incorporated pedantry and pretensions, that Salvator occasionally amused himself in copying, on any scrap of board or paper which fell in his way, whatever pleased him in Francesco's pictures.

OBSERVATIONS ON PAINTING BY EMINENT WRITERS.

THE powers of Eloquence and Music are universally acknowledged, and so would be those of painting, were they as universally exercised. The Athe-

nians passed a law, that none who were not of a liberal birth should practise in this art; and they could not better shew the sense they had of its power, than in the care they took of its direction. They knew the dominion it had over our passions, and hence were careful to lodge it in the safest hands. Agreeably to this idea, the Greek writers often speak of the Drama of a Painter, of the Moral of Painting, expressions which mark, that they considered this art as on a level and co-operating with Poetry. One of the gravest and most judicious of the Romans viewed it in the same light. Picture, says Quintilian, is a silent and uniform address, yet penetrates so deeply into our inmost affections, that it seems often to exceed even the powers of eloquence. We cannot doubt of the sincerity of this decision, if we consider the character of the person from whom it comes. Cicero was equally sensible of the powers of the Pencil, and often sets them in competition with his favourite art. Their effects are sometimes wonderful. It is said that Alexander trembled and grew pale, on seeing a picture of Palamedes betrayed to death by his friends; it bringing to his mind a stinging remembrance of his treatment of Aristonicus. Portia could bear with an unshaken constancy her last separation from Brutus; but when she saw, some hours after, a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache, she burst into a flood of tears: full as seemed her

sorrow, the Painter suggested new ideas of grief, or impressed more strongly her own. WEBB.

Let the faint copier, on old Tyber's shore,
(Nor mean the task) each breathing bust explore;
Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;
Vain care of parts; if, impotent of soul,
Th' industrious workman fail to warm the whole;
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,
And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.

TICKELL.

I have somewhere met with a pretty story of an Athenian Courtezan, who in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye on the portrait of a philosopher that hung opposite to her seat; the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room, and retiring home, became ever after an example of temperance, as she had been before of debauchery. WEBB.

From hence the rudiments of art began,
A coal or chalk first imitated man;
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original,
E'er canvass yet was stain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or Cypress-tablets first received a face.
By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd,
As man grew polish'd, picture was enhanc'd;

Greece added posture, shade, and perspective,
And then the mimic piece began to live;
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true;
But all came forward in one common view;
No point of light was known, no bounds of art,
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But, glaring, on remoter objects play'd,
Nor languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

DRYDEN.

The landscape painter is to draw together, and form in one entire view certain beautiful or striking objects. This is his main care. It is not even essential to the merit of his piece to labour, with extreme exactness, the principal constituent parts; but for the rest a *shrub* or *flower*, a straggling *goat* or *sheep*, these may be touched very negligently; we have a great modern instance. Few painters have been known to furnish *finer* scenes, or have possessed the art of combining *woods*, *lakes*, and *rocks*, into more agreeable pictures than *G. Poussin*; yet his *animals* are observed to be scarce worthy an ordinary artist. The use of these is *simply* to decorate the scene, and so their beauty depends, not on the truth and correctness of the *drawing*, but on the elegance of their *disposition* only: for in a landscape, the eye carelessly glances over the smaller parts, and regards them only in reference to the surrounding objects. The painter's labour, therefore, is lost, or rather misemployed, to the prejudice of the

whole, when it strives to finish, so minutely, *particular* objects. If some great masters have shewn themselves ambitious of this fame, the objects they have laboured have always been such, as are most considerable in themselves, and have, besides, an *effect* in illustrating and setting off the entire scenery. It is chiefly in this view that *Ruysdale's Waters* and Claude Loraine's *Skies* are so admirable.

HURD.

——In a stupid military state,
The Pen and Pencil find an equal fate;
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a skreen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the sister arms in iron sleep
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep;
At length, in Raffaelle's age at once they rise,
Stretch out their limbs, and open all their eyes.
Then rose the Roman and the Lombard line,
One coloured best, and one did best design.
Raffaelle's like *Homer's* was the nobler part,
But *Titian's* painting look'd like *Virgil's* art.

DRYDEN.

If, instead of furnishing a room with separate portraits, a whole family were to be introduced into a single piece, and represented under some interesting historical subject, suitable to their rank and character, portraits, which are now so generally and so deservedly despised, might become of real service to the public. By this means, history-

painting would be encouraged amongst us, and a ridiculous vanity turned to the improvement of one of the most instructive, as well as the most pleasing of the imitative arts. It would, indeed, require great judgment and address in the painter to chuse and recommend subjects proper to the various characters which would present themselves to his pencil; and undoubtedly we should see many enormous absurdities committed, if this fashion were universally to be followed. It would certainly, however, afford a glorious scope to Genius, and probably supply us, in due time, with some productions which might be mentioned with those of the most celebrated schools. MELMOTH.

Good Heav'n! that sots and knaves should be so vain
To wish their vile resemblance may remain;
And stand recorded, at their own request!
To future times, a libel or a jest. DRYDEN.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that the prevailing fondness of having our persons copied out for posterity, is, in the present application of it, a most absurd and useless vanity; as, in general, nothing affords a more ridiculous scene, than those grotesque figures which usually line the mansions of a man who is fond of displaying his canvas-ancestry. I do not, however, absolutely condemn this lower application of one of the noblest arts. It has certainly a very just use, when employed in perpetuating the resemblance of that part of our species

who have distinguished themselves in their respective generations. To be desirous of an acquaintance with the persons of those who have recommended themselves by their writings, or their actions, to our esteem and applause, is a very natural and reasonable curiosity. MELMOTH.

> Dost thou love picture? We will fetch thee straight
> Adonis painted by a running brook;
> And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
> Which seems to move, and wanton with her breath,
> Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

That the painters find no encouragement among the *English* for any other works than portraits, has been imputed to national selfishness. It is vain, says the satirist, to set before an *Englishman* the scenes of landscape, or the heroes of history. Nature and antiquity are nothing in his eye; he has no value but for himself, nor desires any copy but of his own form. Whoever is delighted with his own picture, must derive his pleasure from the pleasure of another. Every man is always present to himself, and has therefore little need of his own resemblance; nor can desire it, but for the sake of those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection: and though like other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more laudable

than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue, nor excite it. JOHNSON.

[*Prometheus* badly painted.]

How wretched doth Prometheus' state appear,
While he his second misery suffers here!
Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great Jove's, less than the Painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once against his liver thus should grow,
Pity him, Jove, and his bold theft allow,
The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

COWLEY.

Genius is chiefly exerted in historical pictures, and the art of the painter of portraits is often lost in the obscurity of his subject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greatest, is not always best. I should grieve to see *Reynolds* transfer to heroes and to goddesses, to empty splendour and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in reviving tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead. JOHNSON.

Fain would I Raffaele's godlike art rehearse,
And shew th' immortal labours in my verse;
Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light,
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.

ADDISON.

It is certain, that the love of this art (Painting) has been considered by every civilized nation, not only as a proof of their politeness, but even as a test of their humanity. Virgil, who seldom hazards his reflections, has given us a singular instance of his judgment on this point. Æneas, on his landing in Afric, has many fears touching the temper and manners of the Africans; but he no sooner sees the walls of their temple covered with paintings, than, secure of a reception, he cries out, in a transport to his friend,*

> Here other's ills are felt, the wretched here
> Are sure to meet the tribute of a tear.—
> Vain are our fears.————
>
> WEBB.

> As when by Raffaelle's or by Kneller's hands,
> A warlike courser on the canvas stands,
> Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
> Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore;
> If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,
> He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold.
>
> TICKELL.

As it is the character of fine writing, so it is of excellent painting, that the thoughts should be natural and obvious; elegant, not remote. A Greek artist having painted a naval engagement on the river Nile, it was necessary to mark the scene

* Sunt lachyrmæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Solve metum. ÆN. I.

of action: to this end, he represented an ass feeding on its bank, beneath which was couched a crocodile, ready to spring upon his prey. A modern would have planted at one end a River God, with water issuing from seven urns—and this, with no small conceit of his erudition. The same simplicity and happiness of invention are attributed, in general, to the paintings of Timanthes; in one of which he represented, in a little picture, a Cyclops sleeping; and to give an extraordinary idea of his size, near him were drawn some Satyrs, measuring his finger with a thyrus; on which occasion, Pliny makes this remark: "In all his works there is more understood than expressed; and though his execution be masterly, yet his ideas exceed it."

WEBB.

———How faint by precept is exprest
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow.
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

POPE.

Painting has seldom been employed to any bad purpose. I question if Raffaelle himself could have made one convert, though he had exhausted all the expression of his eloquent pencil on a series of Popish doctrines and miracles. Pictures cannot adapt themselves to the meanest capacities, as

unhappily the tongue can. Nonsense may make an apprentice a Catholic or Methodist; but the apprentice would see that a very bad picture of St. Francis was not like truth; and a very good picture would be above his feeling. Pictures may serve as helps to religion, but are only an appendix to idolatry; for people must be taught to believe in false gods, and in the power of saints, before they will learn to worship their images.

WALPOLE.

But chiefly pleas'd, the curious eye
With nice discernment loves to try
The labour'd wonders, passing thought,
Which warm Italian pencils wrought;
Fables of love and stories bold,
By Greek and Latin poets told;
Or what celestial pen-men writ
Or what the Painter's genuine wit
From Fancy's store-house could devise,
Where Raffaelle claims the highest prize.
Madonas' here decline the head,
With fond maternal pleasures fed;
Or lift their lucid eyes above,
Where more is seen than holy love:
There temples stands display'd within,
And pillars in long order seen,
And roofs rush forward to the sight,
And lamps effect a living light.

COVENTRY.

If the design were not too multifarious and extensive, I should wish that our painters would

attempt the dissolution of the Parliament by* *Cromwell.* The point of time may be chosen when *Cromwell,* looking round the Pandæmonium with contempt, ordered the bauble to be taken away, and *Harrison* laid hands on the Speaker to drag him from the chair.

The various appearances which rage and terror, and astonishment and guilt might exhibit in the faces of that hateful assembly, of whom the principal persons may be faithfully drawn from portraits or prints; the irresolute repugnance of some, the hypocritical submission of others, the ferocious insolence of *Cromwell,* the rugged brutality of *Harrison,* and the general trepidation of fear and wickedness, would, if some proper disposition could be contrived, make a picture of unexampled variety and irresistible instruction.

JOHNSON.

JOHN HAMILTON MORTIMER.

MORTIMER in his youth, was much attached to sublime and romantic scenery, which gave his genius a turn for the terrible; and the hordes of savage robbers which abounded on the coast, opened a fine field for his inventive pencil. Upon his arrival in London, he became a scholar of

† The late President WEST painted this subject, which is one of his best pictures, and so like to this description that we doubt not but he followed it.—ED.

Hudson, under whom he acquired but little addition to his natural talent. The Duke of Richmond's gallery afforded him the greatest improvement, being constantly open for the admission of all artists who wished to study from that nobleman's collection. Cipriani conduced in the kindest manner towards his improvements, and used every endeavour to gain the patronage of the duke, who invited Mortimer to become a member of his family. His historical picture of St. Paul converting the Britons procured him the premium of one hundred guineas, bestowed by the Society for the encouragement of Arts: Dr. Bates afterwards possessed that picture, and gave it to the Church of Chipping Wycombe in Buckinghamshire. Mortimer's fame being established, he augmented his reputation by his pictures of Magna Charta, the Battle of Agincourt; and Vortigern and Rowena. He became a member of the Society of Artists, when an exhibition established at the Lyceum in 1769, and without any application, was appointed Royal Academician, by order of his Majesty. He died in Norfolk-street, in the Strand, February 4th, 1779.

JOHN RILEY.

THIS eminent artist was born in the Parish of Bishopsgate, in London, in 1646, and was instructed in the art of painting by Fuller and Zoust.

Lord Orford asserts that he was one of the best native painters that had flourished in England; and that there are draperies and hands painted by him which would do honour to Lely or Kneller; the portrait of the Lord Keeper North, at Wroxton, being in every respect a capital performance. After the death of Sir Peter Lely he advanced in the esteem of the public, and had the honour to paint the portrait of Charles II., who on looking at the picture said "Odd's fish! if it's like me, I am an ugly fellow." Riley was also in favour with James II., whose portrait as well as that of his Queen Mary of Modena, he painted. At the Revolution he was appointed state painter to William and Mary, whose portraits he also painted. He made nature his principal study, without adopting the manner of any master, and as far as he thought it prudent, he improved or embellished it in his pictures; but like many other men of parts, he seems to have been more respected by posterity than by the age in which he flourished. He was a humble modest man, of which he gave a proof by the diffidence he always expressed of his own powers, and with a quarter of Kneller's vanity, he might have persuaded the world that he was a great artist. He died of the gout in 1691, and was buried in Bishopsgate Church.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S OPINION OF RAFFAELLE.

"It has frequently happened," says he, "as I

was informed by the keeper of the Vatican, that many of those whom he had conducted through the various apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed, have asked for the works of Raffaelle, and would not believe that they had already passed through the rooms where they are preserved, so little impression had those performances made upon them.

One of the first painters now in France, once told me that this circumstance happened to himself though he now looks upon Raffaelle with that veneration which he deserves from all the painters and lovers of the art. I remember very well my own disappointment when I first visited the Vatican; but in confessing my feelings to a brother student of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raffaelle had the same effect upon him, or rather they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind, and enquiring further of other students, I found that those persons only who from natural imbecility appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine performances made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raffaelle, and those admiring paintings in particular, owed their repu-

tation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind, on the contrary, my not relishing them, as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. All the undigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was in the lowest state it had ever been in (it could not indeed be lower) were to be totally done away with, and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as a little child; notwithstanding my disappointment I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again, I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them more than I really did.

In a short time a new taste and new perception began to dawn upon me, and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of the art, and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these works had been really what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained. Having since that period, frequently revolved this subject in my mind, I am

now clearly of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of the art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, and great labour and attention. On such occasions as that which I have mentioned we are often ashamed of our apparent dulness, as if it were to be expected that our minds, like tinder, should instantly catch fire from the divine spark of Raffaelle's genius. I flatter myself that now it would be so, and that I have a just and lively perception of his great powers, but let it be always remembered that the excellence of his style is not on the surface but lies deep, and at first view is seen but mistily.

It is the florid style which strikes at once, and captivates the eye for a time, without ever satisfying the judgment. Nor does painting in this respect differ from other arts: a just poetical taste, and the acquisition of a nice discriminative musical ear, are equally the work of time. Even the eye however perfect in itself is often unable to distinguish between the brilliancy of two diamonds, though the experienced jeweller will be amazed at its blindness, not considering that there was a time when he himself could not have been able to pronounce which of the two was the most perfect, and that his own power of discrimination was acquired by slow and imperceptible degrees.

CHURCH OF ST. MAGNUS, LONDON BRIDGE.

When Sir Christopher Wren built the Church

of St. Magnus, there were houses on each side of London Bridge, which projected as far as the church. When these houses were pulled down, the foot path came directly against the church, so that the passengers on that side, were oblige to go round into the coach road. This was found very inconvenient, and a meeting of the inhabitants was held, to consider if they could with safety cut a road through, which was thought too hazardous an expedient, and the neighbours apprehending it might bring the church about their ears, abandoned the scheme. A second meeting was afterwards held, when it was determined by a small majority to make the experiment. The workmen, on breaking through the wall, found a complete and perfect arch, which Sir Christopher, forseeing with prophetic taste, that the houses would at some future period be pulled down, had left it in its present form.

END OF VOL. II.

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